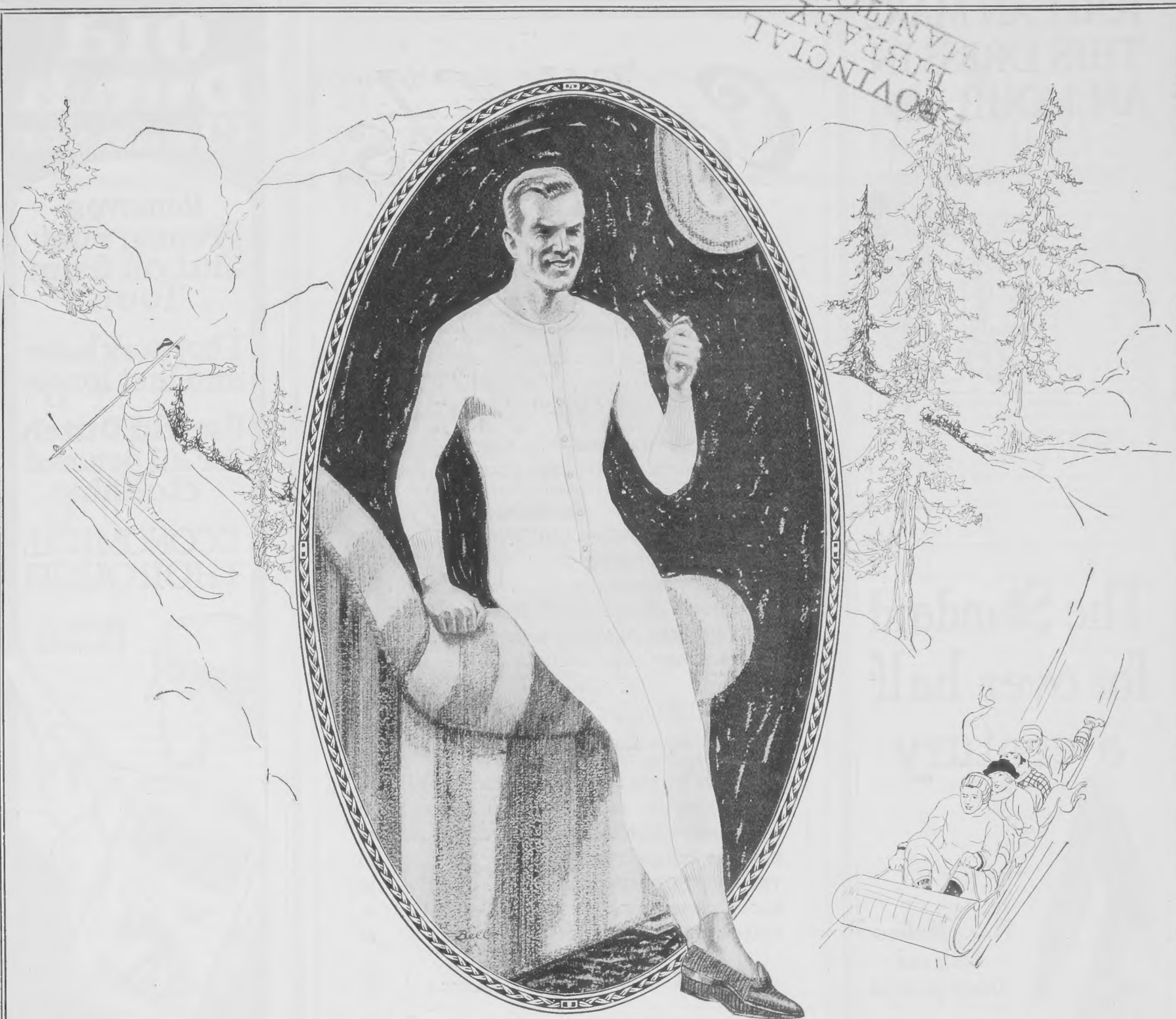




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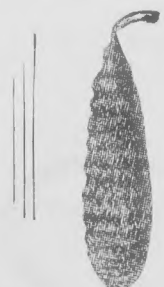
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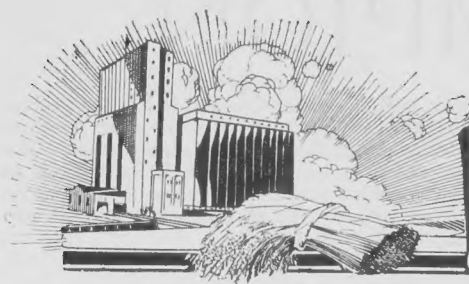
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EDITORIAL



Optimists and Pessimists

ALL summer long the absorbing topic of conversation has been wheat. One listening intently would find that speakers naturally divided into two classes—the pessimists and the optimists, or the disheartened and the cheerful, or if you like it better the despairing and the hopeful.

Early in spring the pessimists began their complaint. The winter was unduly prolonged, seeding was two and three weeks late. To this the optimists replied that early seeding is always a failure. 1915 had a very late spring, yet the harvest of that year was phenomenal. Then came the long cold spring and the grain even when sown did not do much more than germinate. The despairing uttered bitter lamentations, but the hopeful said that cold weather gave better roots to the plants. Then there was no rain and the little plants in many places grew to be only a few inches high. "The fields will not be worth cutting," said the despondent. "It will cost less for binder twine," said the cheerful.

Then came the rain, and following the showers the marvellous growth of July and early August. The optimists, who had consoled themselves with the thought that there would be at least a fair crop, became jubilant, as reports came in that in many places the yield would be doubled and trebled. Then they pointed out that with prices for wheat at a new high level the farmer was in better shape than for years. His profit would be four or five times what it was last year. That is, to say, if it costs ninety cents a bushel to produce wheat, and the market price of wheat is a dollar, the gain is only ten cents a bushel, but if the wheat sells at one dollar and forty cents the gain must be fifty cents a bushel. So the hopeful broadened their smile and endeavored to silence the clamor of the pessimists. These said "What of the rain? It will only bring rust and frost, or if the weather turns warm the grain will be destroyed by the hail." But the cheerful said "The rust could not thrive when the growth of the grain was delayed, and it will not thrive during heat—and as for frost, we have grown beyond it."

So the wordy warfare continued all summer and the rapidly maturing crops confirm the predictions of the optimists, while every increase in the selling price of grain brings joy to the heart of the farmer.

It was ever thus in the history of mankind. There are those who see only the doughnut and others who see only the hole, those who continually smile and those who are ever in tears. Perhaps the world needs both, but if we had to spare a few we would naturally select them from the ranks of the despondent. Thank Heaven for the men who can see the bright side, who can smile though they suffer, who can whistle to keep their courage alive; and thank Heaven for the women who can be brave in their sorrow, joyful in their misery, and hopeful when their fears are worst.

Girls and Cigarettes

THE world is largely ruled by custom, and custom changes with the centuries. It is not to be expected therefore that young people of this generation will think and act like their parents and grand parents. Nevertheless there are always enduring qualities of character that should evermore be the same. Honesty, industry, purity, reverence, cleanliness,—these are unchangeable viewed subjectively, even though the outward manifestations may differ from age to age.

One of the outstanding innovations of late years in this country is the habit young girls have formed of smoking cigarettes. Not only is this practice common in the older lands, including the Motherland, where the war revolutionized all customs, but it has become more and more noticeable in cabarets, at clubs and in drawing-rooms and dance halls throughout all Canada.

Now a young lady has in one sense just as much right to smoke as a young man. There should not be one law of behavior for men and another for women, if it is a question of morality. But here it is not a question of morality at all. For the present that whole question is waived. For the sake of argument let it be granted that though the habit of smoking is more or less filthy it is not morally wrong. That point is not under discussion just now.

Why then should there be any objection to the practice? Just because it is unbecoming for girls who might be sweet and attractive, to defile their breaths and cheapen their worth by adopting a practice that is repulsive to sensitive souls. Fathers think no more of their daughters when they see them smoking. Young men do not think more highly of their mothers and sisters when they find them puffing their cigarettes. Women of the right type are a refining, sweetening,

enobling influence in the world. Somehow they seem to lose their charm when they begin to smoke. This is not the opinion of cranks or prudes, but of those who have mingled with men and women whose opinions are worth while.

Nor is it possible for a young girl to defile her breath with tobacco, and then offset the evil by the unstinted use of perfume. As well might one try to destroy the odor of whiskey and onions by chewing peppermint. The only way for a maiden to get a reputation for sweetness is to keep herself sweet.

If this seems too sweeping just look around the club or party when you next go out, and see if the ladies, old or young, whom you esteem most highly are given to this habit—a habit encouraged during the war, and stimulated by the low example of the American movies.

A Menace to Society

SPEAKING of automobiles the Magistrate of the Traffic Court in New York said:

"In eighteen months of the World War 48,000 American soldiers were killed upon the battlefields of France. In the same length of time 96,000 people have been killed by automobiles in the streets and highways of America. Of this vast number, 25,000 were little children."

This is typical of what is taking place all over America. As soon as a man gets a machine he gets the insane notion that he owns the road. When as a pedestrian one appears on the highway, he is whistled at and hooted as if he were an interloper. Some young fellows do not even recognize this formality but keep on their way dodging whom they can and running down others. There is something in the following quotation.

"As a pedestrian I should like to plead for a few regulations that seem reasonable enough. First I should make it illegal for automobiles to use horns, sirens or whistles. They have no more right to whistle at me than I have to whistle at them. I have less reason to delay than they have, because necessarily I am limited to four miles an hour whereas they can make from ten to twenty. In the next place I should cancel the license of every driver who defies city or country traffic laws. The owner of an automobile is no better than anybody else."



The Return of the Prince of Wales

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

Amid the splendors of the court
In towered castle walls,
—The rich, ancestral pomp of kings
Where light on glory falls,

Sometimes our Prince, with absent eyes,
Will send his thoughts afar
To where, across a sapphire sea,
The restful prairies are.

To where, amongst the scattered homes,
His own home ranch-light glows,
Flanked by the mountains, girt by lakes
As changeless as the snows.

There, there, the skies are near and blue,
There kine and horses roam,
Voices are hearty, hearts are true,
—His own Alberta home!



Modernism

CHRISTIANITY is a crusade; it is being turned into a debate.

I think the present crusade for the establishment and enforcement of doctrinal tests throughout the church is in reality an anti-Christian movement running counter to the spirit of Jesus. But it must be admitted, that the Modernists are in no small measure to blame for the present Fundamentalist movement.

The net impression one gains from many liberal sermons is that it is the function of the ministry to harmonize Christianity year by year with the transient doubts of succeeding crops of college graduates, to harmonize Christianity with whatever happens to be the current mode in politics, economics, science, or philosophy. There is a type of Modernist who spends so much energy adjusting his religion that he has no energy left to apply it. Now, it is true that Christianity must talk in the vernacular of each succeeding generation, but this does not mean that Christianity must one day be made a sort of pious democracy, the next day a sort of mystical socialism, and the next day a mere sales talk for the latest results of biological research.

Modernism, if it is to be a vital force in contemporary life, must do more than reconstruct theology; it must rediscover the religion of Jesus. It is paganized theology that we must keep adjusting to contemporary thought. If we were wise enough to dispense with it we should, I think, find a timelessness and a universality about the religion of Jesus that would forever lift it above the sterile controversies on which the Fundamentalists and Modernists alike are wasting so much precious energy.—Glenn Frank in "The Century."

A Real Grievance

EVERY Fall there is a demand for harvesters by the Western farmers. Thousands come from the Eastern provinces and from the South. At the end of the season they do not return but endeavor to find homes in Winnipeg and other cities of the plains. Many go through their earnings in a month or two and then enter the ranks of the unemployed. The Dominion Government refuses to recognize any responsibility in this connection and so these people have to starve or the cities come to the rescue. Now why should the cities have to assume this burden?

Last year the railroad gave a ridiculously low fare to harvesters to get them to the West, but there was no effort to ensure or make easy a return. Citizens of Toronto styled the trains as "deportation trains," and laughed as they saw the undesirables leave for another city for the winter months. Surely the cities of Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Regina have a grievance in this matter.

True there are thousands of the harvesters who do excellent work and return to their homes or settle in the West. To these thanks are due. Nevertheless it is true that thousands come here who spend little or no time in the harvest fields and then settle down as a burden upon the cities of the West. What are we to do about it?

The Best Crop of All

THERE is a more important crop than wheat. It grows in both country and town, and it is always certain, no matter what the weather conditions may be. The children are always with us, and they are the target for criticism from half the grown population, and the chief attraction for the remainder. They are open to blights just as in the case of wheat, only there is this difference that no one blames the wheat for the frost and rust and hail, though many are ready to blame the children for the evils with which society surrounds them. If children grow up dishonest or ignorant, or lovers of the ugly and distorted, why should they be blamed? They are born with a tendency to imitate and parents should not expect them to be better than themselves. A society that is mildewed and corrupt cannot expect that the children will be clean and winsome. If the growing human plants would be strong and wholesome, they must find their roots in clean soil and there branches in an atmosphere which is filled with sunshine.

And speaking frankly, what are we to expect from the children when the four western provinces have chosen to surround them with the temptation of liquor, and when the administration of law seems to be impossible?

A YOUTHFUL CHAMPION

By W. R. Gilbert

ILLUSTRATED BY E. GORDON SMITH

"OH, if you please!" said Dolly. The postman swung round on his heel in the direction of the little voice. Then he looked down. Quite a long way his eyes had to travel, for cubits had added themselves to his stature long after he measured six feet and imagined he had finished his bean-like growth. And the little voice belonged to only three feet eight inches.

"I never 'erd you," he said.

Dolly looked apologetically at her shoes which were very small and light, and of the kind called ankle straps.

"They have no heels," she said; "but I breeved very loudly, Peterson. Didn't you hear me breathe?"

"No," said Peterson, "I never 'erd anythink atall." He sorted the letters and papers for this big square house as he spoke.

"But it's Thursday, Peterson," Dolly said. "You weren't going to forget, were you? You would have waited, wouldn't you, Peterson dear? You know I begged you so 'tidarly." Her sweet face was full of anxiety.

Peterson was holding a letter within an inch or two of his short-sighted eyes.

"You said as 'ow you'd be at the gate," he muttered. An envelope addressed in male caligraphy to Miss Bridget McElhone always took the edge off his temper. At other times he was very kind to Dolly.

"It was Bridget," Dolly said. "She wouldn't let me not go for the walk. But I kept behind all the way, Peterson, and as soon as we got to Smiff's corner, and I saw you, I ran back till all my breaving had gone. I shall always be here, Peterson, even if I'm a minute late. Oh, please don't forget!"

Peterson filled her hands hurriedly—three long papers, a dozen envelopes, several pamphlets. His voice was quite cheerful again.

"Is it 'round the corner Bridget tis?" he said, incipient happiness on his face.

"With the perramberrater and Brian and baby," Dolly nodded. The odd, sad expression that was in her eyes when she ran after him fled away as he slung his bag again and gave her no more. Her face brightened and dimpled like a little sun-touched daisy.

"Tell Bridget I'll catch her up when I've given this to my farvie," she said, tripping off on happy feet.

But Peterson halted one minute longer.

"Stop a bit," he said. "I've gotta 'nother paper, rafter rall."

Dolly came back, sad-eyed again.

"Not a reddish-pinkish one, is it?" she said anxiously. "Oh, please, Peterson, dear, not a horrid reddish-pinkish one?"

But it certainly was a reddish pinkish one that Peters was holding out, and Dolly shrinking almost piteously from taking.

"I ain't no 'thority yon colors," said the man; "they're slippery kind dof things, colors is. A name's good enough for me, and the Bulletin's the name."

Quite a little moan Dolly gave as she took it; her soft little lips drooped, the warmth of tears was in her eyes.

But Peterson's feet were turned Bridget-wards, and having ears he heard not. His long legs strode away down the gravelled drive, his red coat twinkled at intervals through the iron palisading, but the Japanese maples beyond hid it for half a hundred yards till it flashed out through a gap in the trees, turned a corner and was seen no more.

DOLLY was wearing a little frock of white, but over it, as the heat was hardly more than 80 degrees, Bridget had slipped a wide, comfortable little red cloak.

"It's not awakin' of me up tonight with bronchitis I'm wantin' you to do," the girl had said, resenting two gentle sneezes that had followed a cold bath. And Dolly, being the timidiest little soul in the world, had not ventured to complain of the weight and heat of the garment. She was glad of it now, however. She held all the budget of letters and white papers in her two hands, but under her arm and cloak she slipped the hateful red paper. Into the house she went, down the broad, cool hall, and through the double door that led to the study and kept nursery noises away.

"Here is the post, farvie," she said.

The man in the chair at the great littered desk revolved a quarter of a circle, his brow still knitted over a problem. He was forty, but his face

looked almost boyish; he wore no hair upon it at all. Fine eyes he had, straight looking, compelling; his forehead was broad and short, though his hair was cropped, little rings of brownish gold clustered at the side parting and about the temples. He had a trick of shooting out his lower lip when in deep thought and half closing one eye. Dolly thought no man in all the world was half so handsome; it was worship rather than love she gave him.

"Sort them out, Dollikins," he said.

He was too busy with the hundred and one clauses to a Bill he was bringing before the House to notice his little girl had not skipped across the room as usual, nor said "Post, po-o-o-st" in her gleeful way.

For half a minute she fidgeted beside him. Then he roughed up the curls that peeped under her hat, pinched her cheek, and bade her run off. But she walked soberly, carefully, all the way to the doors, closed them quietly, climbed all the stairs to the attics, pushed open the lumber-room door, and sat down on the flat cabin box that had gone so many voyages.

The old anxious look filled her eyes as she brought the bright pink paper into sight. She broke off the wrapper, smoothed it out on the box, turned its leaves with trembling fingers. Pages one, two, three were blanks to her; there was nothing which she sought and dreaded. But the fourth made scarlet rush all over her small face, great tears brim to her eyes, and a droop of shame and grief came to her little mouth corners.

Here was her father, the father she worshipped and glorified in a way exceedingly rare with a six-year old. The artist had drawn him in long clothes, a great fair-faced baby in the arms of someone dressed as a nurse, whom Dolly recognized instantly as one of the big, busy men who came to dinner with her father sometimes. The nurse's hand was occupied in stuffing the india-rubber of a great feeding-bottle down the baby's lips; on the bottle were the words, "Land Tax." The baby was represented as crying; it had its mouth open and great fat tears coursing down its cheeks and its long embroidered robe; its lower lips were pouted out, one of its eyes was half closed, and the effect was a horrible wink.

Dolly put down her little face and cried as if her heart would break, her shoulders rose and fell under

the red cloak, soft, hopeless sobs went to lose themselves among the trunks and portmanteaux, the paper blistered here and there under the heavy, scalding tears. The desecration was as great to the poor little child as to an earnest Catholic would be the image of his favorite saint depicted with a pipe in its mouth and its cap tilted tipsily.

THE trouble in her young life was like an ink-black cloud that rolled up once a week across the sunshiny clearness of her sky. Thursday was the day the paper always came; her mind had marked it in her calendar of happiness with a thick black cross. When she tumbled out of her narrow white bed in a morning, and, after the bath, set to work to struggle with the tapes and buttons and hooks that nurse, occupied with the toilets of Brian and baby, had no time for, her mind was like a slate washed perfectly clean with the sleep-sponge. But about hair-brushing time, when her tangle of curls hung over her face, and nurse with vigorous hand was endeavoring to flatten out each unruly lock; then recollections would come flooding.

"O!" she would say, her eyes flying very wide open, and her face tossing itself suddenly free of tickling hair, "O Bridget, what day is it?"

Sometimes Bridget would be short tempered, and would refuse to tell until brushing and even combing operations were over. At others she would laugh.

"It's a queer sort o' child you are, Miss Dolly," she said once, "always a-wantin' to know what's today an' what's today. Sure an' what's it matter, anyhow? There's Mondays and there's Toosdays sure enough, but Wednesdays and Thurrusdays are just as good, and Fridays and Satdays ain't no pin in difference, only Fridays I can't eat meat, and Satdays the nursery gets cleaned out. Sundays is different a bit p'raps. You wear your blue sash, and there's custard for dinner, and the master remembers there's chilrun in the world as well as Parlymunt. But it beats me whatever you want to know Mondays and Thurrusdays and common days for."

Dolly listened to the speech patiently, but in no wit removed from her desire to know the precise appellation of the day.

"Is it Wednesday?" she said.

Bridget's comb struggled with a wind-knot.

"An' sure an' I've no objection if it is," she said.

"But is it?" The little voice was still patient though anxious.

"No, it's Thurrusday, if you will be so particeler!"

Then the sun went out of Dolly's world, and till Peterson had left his budget and she had crept away and searched the red paper to "see if 'farvie's' beautiful face was depicted with horrible additions, she crept about the nursery silent and almost smileless.

But if Bridget said "Monday, for shure; an' what else whould it be?" or Tuesday, or anything but dread Thursday, then her dimples had full play and her face was cloudless. Reading was an art that had not yet made havoc or pleasure of her days. Her father's life, even from its earliest remembrances, had been so book-ridden he forbade even 'he alphabet to enter the nursery till, with her seventh year, Dolly began to be the new person whom, they tell us, each of us becomes after such term of years.

Pictures therefore were all the more important to her; she had a queer little mania for collecting all sorts and conditions of them. In her own special box in the nursery there was a heterogeneous mass of papers that grew larger every day, and that afforded her endless amusement when rainy days closed the garden to her. Almanacs, colored supplements from Christmas papers, crude and gaudy advertisements, picture-book leaves, snatched in fragmentary condition from Brian's three-year-old passion for destruction—the box was full and running over, yet still the small girl asked everyone shyly and pleadingly for "just one little picture for my c'lection." Her father indulged the hobby. When she brought the post, if he were not very busy, he would glance through any illustrated papers that came, take out perhaps a cutting or two, and toss the lot to her for pictures.

THIS is how she had first come across the dreadful Red Paper. He had been clearing away the confusion on his desk one evening just after dinner, and had thrown three or



Peterson was holding a letter within an inch or so of his short-sighted eyes. "You said as 'ow you'd be at the gate," he muttered.

Continued on page 20

The STRENGTH OF MEN

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

PART II

SACRE!" he ejaculated. "You big fool! Always it takes the very small man to make the biggest damn fool! Bah! I have been thinking you were one great coward and all the time you are just the crazy fool!"

But the other scarcely heard. His eyes were wide with a staring horror. The pistol from Old Quebec dropped from his shaking fingers with a clatter on the floor and a shudder came suddenly on the gentle Antoine of the once-beautiful thoughts. In some inexplicable way Bibault had escaped death; but in his own sight was he not now nonetheless a killer of men? He moaned with the realization of it and covered his white face with his hands.

And at that the untamed hare was not quicker than Alec Bibault on his feet. Near his chair hung a long pack-thong, very tough; this he snatched as he jumped and so swiftly was it done that surprise still held the face of poor Toupin as he stood, tightly bound, where a round upright log by the wall supported the roof.

"Ho-ho, my friend!" crowed his captor with a great laugh, not at all of good-nature; for his face went suddenly cruel in his triumph and he stepped closer with threat focusing through eyelids puckered to narrowness, arms folded. Thus he stood.

"This minute, but for the good saints, I would be very dead all over," he began slowly. "Very unlucky for you, that, eh? I hear you do not like for to be friend with me; so I watch you. Hah, but certainly! I watch very close and one day what do I see? I see you stuff them pistol of old man Gratton—*Ma foi!* yes—with bullets! Very much surprised, me. Maybe he goes for to shoot him the fine bird for the dinner of Monsieur le Cure, I say to myself. Maybe not!"

"So when you have went away, I go for to take them there pistol from where they are. I steal them there dangerous bullets—for to save the life of that poor big bird. It is true! See there!" and he tossed them to the table where they burst through the throat of the tiny sack that held them and rolled, dribbling off to the floor with pattering sound quite distinct. "Ho-ho, yes! It is so very funny a thing! Is not Alec Bibault very brave for to let you bust him up in his chair there? *Oui?* Why does not the honorable man laugh?"

He whacked the table with hard hand, mightily, so that the little buck-bullets left behind in the rolling hopped into the air.

"Pah!" he spat with wrinkled nose of disgust. "You are only one little wee very damn sick babby! You can only cry and whimper like the weak pup! I steal your girl, eh?"

"Lie! Lie! Lie!" he cried fiercely. He pounded the table with his fist, excitedly waved his arm with the fingers spread wide. "Alec Bibault steals no man's girl! You speak one damnable lie when you say so!"

"You have stolen my girl, Louise Rochon," repeated the other quietly, very white as he spoke.

The *voyageur's* swarthy face darkened in struggle at control. His teeth made a click as they held down his rage to mere growl in the throat and for a while were no words at all—just shrugs of his shoulders.

"Very well, monsieur," he said at length with successful calm.

THE heavy wooden table made a thump with the wall as he swung it out of the way. The legs of the heavy wooden chair made dents in the hard earth of the floor as he planted it in the space thus cleared. One big hand reached over his shoulder, grabbed the middle of his woolen shirt and stripped it over his head with a single pull. It tossed softly to the table with click of metal clasp on the wood. The hearth-fire rustled gently, nestling closer to the ashes, and the flames sprang anew to shine on the naked muscles of that big Hudson's Bay Company fellow—on the black hair of chest and arms, while like a watching ghost stared the face above the lesser shoulders, clamped so painfully by the deerskin thong.

"Attendez!" Strong arms swept apart to shoulder level; fists closed tightly and to slow crooking of elbows great biceps arched, arched—*Mon Dieu!* About face went Bibault till the firelight played on the chaos of muscle-knots in his back. Holy! they crawled! To the front again—a swift stoop for a grip on the chair, a bracing of moccasined feet, a quick outbreak of lumps bulging the skin and cracking to kindling went that stout chair of tamarac toughness!

It fell into the fire where he threw it, broken pieces making clusters of sparks that rode fast for the wide maw of the chimney, while intently he sought the stare of poor Toupin. The bare arms of Bibault were folded across the round of his chest so that they moved with his breathing, gently, as moves the chest of the man who sleeps.

"It is going for to be even more easy as that, my friend," he suggested with careful deliberation.

"It makes—no difference," murmured the dry lips huskily.

"But perhaps the Poet of St. Cecile does not understand?" he persisted. "I am not an honorable man like him. No, no! Me, I am very bad man. They call me *Le Diable Noir* in the North. *Oui*, just that, monsieur—the Black Devil!" He paused, watching.

"One time in the country of the Porcupine Hills I kill the cubs of the huge she-cat. And when the huge she-cat herself come along for to see 'bout that, I kill her too—with just my bare hands, monsieur! My knife—it was lost that time for sure. *Ba oui?*" he shrugged boastfully, "one most grand fight, that! It is going for to be such a little thing to kill the squeaking deermouse after so fine a fight! Do you not think so, Antoine Toupin?"

"It makes no difference."

"But see, Monsieur the Poet who says Alec Bibault steals his girl,—the knife! It is not lost this time! *Non!* A very fine knife, monsieur, *n'est-ce pas?*"

It gleamed wickedly in the firelight as he drew it gently along the edge of the table, where it made a white shaving that curled. It flashed like lightning as he plunged it into the wood, where its heavy bone handle made a quivering that was slow to die. During the space of its motion much eagerness was in the searching eyes; very useful indeed, such a look, for trapping betrayal of weakness.

"*Grace a Dieu!*" muttered Bibault at last with backward step. "Is it then that you are so ready to die, my friend?"

WHEREUPON he spoke, young Toupin of the memoriam verses—spoke with strange beauty of face and shining of spirit as when he had gone to his first Communion.



"I have said that it makes no difference, monsieur," he began patiently, "because it is better that one of us should die and if *le bon Dieu* wills that I am the one, I am ready for it. You think I should be afraid because my body is not like your body; but if I am not so great in the strength of sinew and bone, am I to blame for that, monsieur? If heaven had sent me to be son in your father's house and you to be son in my father's house, what then? Ah, you had not thought of that, perhaps?"

"And because you are so big and strong, with muscle to break tough wood with a single snap—because you eat and drink and laugh and think yourself a very smart man to tie up a smaller man like me, you cannot understand why I am not afraid of you." He smiled faintly. "There are so many things you can never understand, monsieur! What use is the body of the strong man when there is a bad pain in the stomach? The body is nothing and that is why Death takes it; but the soul is everything and that you cannot harm. Does monsieur understand now why I shall leave all the fearing to him?"

"You laugh at that!" His voice rose; his eyes burned with quick fire. "Listen to me, Alec Bibault!" he warned. "You are thinking that you will flee to some far country to hide. Maybe you will escape those who hunt you for the deed you do—yes. But *me* you will never escape! What is a far country to a spirit? No matter where you go it will follow. Where you are it will be—sometimes in the shadows when the moon shines at night; sometimes in the cry of the owl and the moan of the wind in the storm. *Mais oui!*"

He paused. In the silence of the darkening room the fire died to blood-red coals with rustling of gray ashes. The voice talked on, very low, like ghostly whispering in the gloom:

"And some night, maybe, you will camp on the shore of a big lake in that far country, and it will be a very still night. The sun will go down and leave the sky all deep orange color with the shore trees standing out very black. And you will say to yourself 'Now at last I have escaped,' for you will be very weary and sick in the heart."

"But it will not be so, monsieur. No, no, not ever will that be so! The leaves of the trees may all be still like Death beneath the silent stars; the piece of moon, hanging all dull yellow like candle-flame low over the marsh behind you—it, too, may say nothing; and the big lake may stretch away into the night, very still and tranquil in the bosom. But always at the edge, among the little stones, will be a restless whispering, monsieur—'*whish-whish*'—just like that—'*whish-achish*.' It will be the spirit. And you will not be able to make it stop, no matter what you do. And to you it will say always one thing—'*big thief!*'—always just that—'*big thief!*'"

"No, no, Mon Dieu, No!"

"But yes, monsieur! I am very sorry for you then. I am very glad I am not born in the house of your father. I am very glad indeed you stole those bullets from the pistol—" He shuddered. "May the saints forgive me! The devil talked in my ears till I was utterly mad. When a man has dwelt in the Garden of Love, then one day finds himself on the outside because of another man, he will do strange things."

"Ah, monsieur," he continued softly, "the Garden of Love—that is a very beautiful place to live. There the flower is prettiest and smells the nicest and is most plentiful. There the little bird sings his sweetest song. Perhaps you have never been in that Garden; but I have been there and what I tell you is true."

"*Non, non!* you have not been there, Alec Bibault; for your love is not as my love because of that big body. Louise Rochon, she does not love you! *Non, non!* If she thinks she loves you it is because you are bigger and stronger than any man she has ever seen, and because you flatter her with presents and smiles that make jealous the other girls! That is what has turned her head, monsieur. But she will grow tired of that."

"Listen! Some night you will get drunk with liquor and she will see you—just one great beast! Quick like lightning in the sky her eye will open, and she will be very much frightened—frightened of you, Alec Bibault, because you are so big and strong!"

"**F**RIGHTENED—of—me!" The *voyageur* was leaning heavily on the table, his face working strangely without control. "She will be frightened—of—me!" Over and over the man of the far northern trails mumbled the words, scarce audibly, like an old man who talks to himself. It was almost as if he were thinking rapidly and knew not that he spoke or what it was he said.

"Even so. She will be frightened of you and then she will remember me, her Antoine. Ah, very strange animal, the girl, Monsieur Bibault—very silly in the head sometimes, but very true and beautiful in the heart. The head may forget the heart for a little while; but always in the end it remembers, monsieur. When the heart begins to suffer—ah, then the head remembers. It is because you can never win the love of Louise Rochon that I am sorry for you. I have no more to say, monsieur."

A silence followed. Bibault broke it with a harsh laugh.

"Bah! You talk like a fool!" and there was a strange reckless light in his eyes, brutality in his tones. "I have been too patient. It is time I was going away—to that far country, Monsieur Toupin!" he scoffed. "Louise Rochon goes with me! We will sit on the shore of your fine big lake and talk and laugh, very merry with ourselves! Ho-ho! It will be very tame time for the little stones then, eh? What you think?" and he laughed again, loud with scorn.

On a peg hung rifle and ammunition. He took them down and set them on the table. He drew on his heavy woolen shirt and reached for his coat. In the corner were gray blankets which he rolled and tied; the rest of his outfit he could pick up at Le Fourche on his way. Behind, on a shelf, was a bottle that was black and stopped tight in the neck with whittled stick and bit of leather. This he seized, throwing the stick on the fire, and gulped a drink of the contents. He smacked his lips.

"Ho-ho!" he laughed noisily. He tilted the bottle till the liquid ran in his hair and dribbled into his clothes, while the reek of strong liquor grew pungent in the air. "Ho-ho! I am a very bad man indeed! But Monsieur the Poet is not afraid of me! Ho-ho, no!—*Sacre!* we will see!"

One wrench of the wrist and the hunting-knife no longer stuck upright in the table. He ran a tentative finger along its edge, laughed again disagreeably. He slowly advanced, lent sinister menace by his mockery. A tiny flame sprang to life on the hearth, playing with his gigantic shadow on wall and small loft of the roof. It flickered across the face of Antoine Toupin, revealing his marble calm. It gleamed

Continued on page 52

By Arthur Heming

SPIRIT LAKE

ILLUSTRATED BY
THE AUTHOR

A SERIAL

THOUGH it was growing late, the boys were in no mood for turning in. The thought of spending the night among these haunted hills drove sleep away. So they coaxed Standing Wolf to tell them a story.

"Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer, once spoke of the great fight you had with War-sa-ka-chark, The Mischief Maker," ventured At-tick, "but I have never heard the story. Will you tell it to us to-night?"

"My sons," began Standing Wolf, "that is a story of the long-ago. It began with the death of your grandfather, Oo-koo-hoo, The Owl. One day when I was hunting with my father, I happened to become separated from him for a little while. Presently I heard the report of his gun. As I wanted to ascend a hill first, I did not make an immediate effort to join him. But when I did find him, I gave a cry of horror as I beheld three forms lying on the ground. Three were stretched the carcasses of a moose and a bear; and between them lay the body of my father. He lived only long enough to tell me the tale of his disastrous encounter.

"He had shot the moose and was in the act of skinning it, when he heard behind him a snort. Turning, he saw not ten paces away a grizzly bear making for him. When he shot the moose, he had foolishly neglected to reload his gun. More foolishly still, he had left his gun standing against a tree; and between him and the tree was the bear. Undismayed, he clenched his knife and stood his ground. As the monster rose above him, he lunged with all his might, striving to bury his knife in its heart. The blow was stricken aside, and a terrible struggle ensued, terminating in the sad spectacle before me.

"After listening to my father's last words, I called upon the Master of Life to witness my vow that I would trail every grizzly I should ever after find; to avenge my father's death, I would kill or be killed. From that hour I felt no fear of death; for whenever I struck a grizzly trail, I always heard the spirit of my father encouraging me.

"At that time we lived in the mountains beyond the River of Peace, and it was as an avenger that for many years I unrelentingly pursued the grizzly bears among the hills where my father met his death. While fulfilling my vow, I supported my mother by selling the skins of the grizzlies I killed. When I was only fifteen, I traded at Hudson's Hope in one year on less than five small and twelve large grizzly skins. To the trader who asked me how I got so many, I replied: 'Mother helped me. Some we caught in traps, others in snares; but most we killed either with father's gun or with his dag.'

"It was upon the dag that I depended most. Unlike the gun—an old, single-barrelled, flint-lock affair—my dag never missed fire. A dag, you know, is a steel spear-head, with a blade half again as long and quite as broad as your hand, fastened to a stout staff about the length of a man. To-day the dag has been set aside only by grizzly bear hunters possessing rifles. Yet, even at the present time, there is no weapon more useful than the old muzzle-loading, percussion-capped trade gun. Not only is it more generally carried throughout the Strong Woods Country, but more game is brought down by it than by all other arms together. When a hunter has to make a long journey on foot and must depend for food upon what he shoots, there is no more useful weapon than the muzzle-loader, owing both to the light weight of its ammunition and to the variety of the charges that may be used.

"As time went on, I learned much of the ways of bears, not only from my mother and from the many skilful hunters I came in contact with, but also from my own experience. When hunters trail grizzly bears, they generally go in twos and threes, but I never had any one except my mother for my hunting partner, and often I went alone. I knew that when a grizzly turned to attack, it would always rise before striking. That gave me an opportunity to use my dag. The moment the bear rose upon his haunches, I would drop upon one knee, plant the butt of the dag on the ground under my left foot and slant the point obliquely toward the heart of the animal. Then I would throw myself back as far as possible without letting go the dag. Taking the dag to be a harmless stick, the bear would drop upon it, and by its own weight would drive the blade deep into its body. I would then leap aside and either hamstring it or stand ready to shoot it.

"For years I steadfastly adhered to my vow of revenge. To assist me in my work of extermination, I procured a double-barrelled, muzzle-loading percussion gun. Grizzly after grizzly I slew, until three, and only three, remained.

"I had then reached manhood. Though I had employed to the utmost all my skill and endurance, I had failed over and over again to kill the last three

bears. Of the three, the one I had stalked most frequently was a gigantic male. It had years of cunning to its score. Often had I seen it; several times I had wounded it—but it had always made its escape at the last. Sometimes I would lose sight of it for months at a time, and then, suddenly, I would come unexpectedly upon it. There was no mistaking its tracks for those of any other bear, because it had lost a toe, in the jaws of a trap, from its off hind foot. Moreover, I could easily recognize it when I saw it, for it had lost an ear. Off and on for years I had hunted War-sa-ka-chark, The Mischief Maker, as I called it. Time and again I had moved my camp,



With all its might it clutched at the slippery bank

hoping more easily to trail and kill the giant grizzly. It had evaded me so often, and for periods so long, that—had it not been for an occasional sign—I would have believed that it had either died or left the country. But no matter how long it might take, I was fully resolved to fulfil my vow. I would either kill that bear or be killed by it. The two other bears were females, mates of The Mischief Maker.

ON a certain sunny afternoon in early winter, when I was riding through the tall grass in that beautiful country, the Iroquois valley, I discerned in the middle distance the three grizzly bears eating berries on a hillside. Dismounting and dropping my muzzle-loader into the hollow of my left arm, I went cautiously forward, zigzagging from one boulder or bush or tree to another, all the while keeping well to leeward. Presently, coming to the last screen, I watched the animals through the rustling branches and decided to creep through the long, waving, dry grass to make good my approach. I covered two-thirds of the distance so stealthily that the bears neither saw nor heard me. But as I arose to cross a little brook, the nearest bear noticed me, and sat bolt upright. Instantly I stood motionless. A moment later, assuming that I was only the stump of a storm shattered tree, the bear went on contentedly eating among the berry bushes.

"I had been watching the bears so intently while creeping through the grass, that I failed to notice that I had dropped my powder-horn. Knowing that it was against the bears' keen sense of scent and hearing that I must guard, rather than against their power of seeing, I again moved rapidly forward. Presently, perceiving that the bear nearest to me was about to sit up again, I halted and stood perfectly still. It dropped on all fours, and began to move away. Realiz-

ing the restlessness of my quarry, I ran quickly forward. When the first bear sat up again to obtain a better view, the two others did likewise. I dropped upon one knee and, while taking aim, said in a quiet tone: 'Good day, brothers; my father was killed by one of your family. I am come to avenge his death.'

"Then I fired at the nearest bear. I took aim again, and gave the second bear the ball from the other barrel. I thus killed one and slightly wounded the other. Before the smoke was free of my gun, the two living bears charged me. To reload, I reached for my powder-horn. Then, for the first time, I discovered my loss. My horse being half a mile away, I realized that I was dependent solely upon my buffalo-knife. My first thought was to separate the bears. Swiftly I ran to gain the brink of a coulee; but the bears, being at almost an equal distance from it, rushed to cut me off. As I ran, I remembered a precipitous clay slope where the overhanging edge of the bank had slid away, and where in one long, almost perpendicular descent the side of the coulee joined the brink of the valley to its very bottom. To reach the coulee first, I turned and tried to enrage the now halting bears by pelting them with sticks and stones, and by jeering at them and taunting them; for the bears held back while I stood at bay.

"Ah, my brothers," I cried, "you may be very smart, but I am smarter, for I have killed one of you and have wounded you of the limping gait. No, you are not brave enough to fight me singly, so you must try to rush me, two at once. Perhaps I ought to let you kill me, for then you could grow brave by eating my heart! Why do you stand there, timid brothers, and let me keep you off with nothing but little stones?"

"Talking in this way, I hurled a stone at the head of the wounded female. With a snort of rage, the brute came for me. I waited till the last moment and then leaped over the edge of the precipice. Turning in the air, with my hands tightly gripping my knife, I landed on the steep incline and struck the blade deeply into the giving clay. Down, down I went, twenty man-lengths or more, before the blade found resistance enough to check my fall. The bear, in blind rage, sprang after me and came slipping down the slope just clear of me. With all its might it clutched at the slippery bank; but to no purpose, for every hold gave way. About half-way down, where the bank became more nearly perpendicular, it altogether lost its grip and whirled head-over-heels. Bounding like a ball, it shot out into space, and dropped among the tangled willows that grew on the coulee bottom. I glanced down to see how the foolish beast was faring. I saw it away down below slowly raise its head and peep up at me. Looking above, I discovered the other bear, The Mischief Maker, peering over the treacherous brink.

WITH an active bear above and a wounded one below, my better chance was gradually to slide down to the bottom. My greatest danger lay in the too hasty realization of my only desire. To rest my aching arms, I tried, one foot at a time, to kick toe-holes in the sun-baked bank, but in vain. I wore away my moccasins endeavoring to scrape a niche to give my feet some purchase. How long I had been hanging there, I could not remember; but my weary arms tried to persuade me that it must have been for countless days. I slightly tilted the knife-blade to ease its hold in the tough clay, and in little jerky slides dropped some distance down. Then, at last, the toe of my moccasin touched a tiny ledge and gained a doubtful foothold. In that position I decided to rest my arms alternately. Still grasping with one hand the embedded knife, I slowly withdrew the other hand and allowed the bulk of my weight to rest upon the slight footing I had gained. The tiny ledge crumbled instantly away, and my full weight fell upon the arm that held the knife. Before I could get my other hand upon the handle, the blade lost the proper angle and, with that, its grip; faster and ever faster I descended. Just where the incline took a sudden dip, and where the rapidity of my descent increased, I felt my body slowly toppling outward into space. A moment later I was whirling through the air.

"Some time afterward my eyes slowly opened. Overhead I saw broken branches and a sky that seemed the home of many long-tailed shooting stars. My eyes closed again. A little later I raised my head, but could not, for the life of me, think where I was or how I had come there.

"After a little while, when the shooting stars had gradually dissolved, I remembered the bears and—fearing lest the wounded one might be at hand—felt for my knife. It was gone. Listening long, and peering around, I made sure that the bear had either died or moved away. Though every bone in

my body ached, I got upon my feet and staggered about in search of my lost weapon. With cut and bleeding hands I felt among the leaves and grasses and interwoven willows. I found it at last, after a long, tiresome hunt, a considerable distance away. Once more armed, I took my way down the coulee bottom.

"I had not gone a hundred paces before I found the female grizzly lying dead beside a bush. But I was no mood to skin it. Continuing my way down the ravine, I at last found an easier incline, up which I clambered and hurried off, as best I could, in search of my cayuse. I found it grazing unconcernedly. As I rose stiffly into the saddle, I thought I heard a noise close by. The pony wheeled its head and stared, wild-eyed, at a clump of bushes. Looking in that direction, I saw the huge, one-eared grizzly rushing toward me. I drove my heels into the flanks of my mount, jerked its head about, and rained a shower of blows upon its ribs. Never a move would the little brute make. It stood trembling and sweating, paralyzed with fear. While trying to start my pony, I found myself dragged from the saddle and thrown violently to the ground. Then at last the cayuse found strength to move, and bolted. I rose to my feet, and seized my knife to face the charging bear. With one tremendous blow it knocked me dazed to the ground, and the knife fell far aside. Then the beast began to maul me. It would have killed me outright, had I not had the presence of mind to feign death, an easy enough thing for an almost lifeless man to do. After a while, the bear, with many doubts and misgivings, shambled away. Badly mangled and bleeding freely, I rose to my feet once more and staggered away in search of my cayuse.

"Following a long and exhausting trail, I found it, and dragged myself into the saddle. As I was about to ride away I caught sight of my lost powder-horn. I picked it up, and, mindful of my vow, reined my pony about and rode back to the spot where I had dropped my gun. I reloaded with the utmost care, and saw to my knife. Though I lacked my dog, I made my way resolutely back to trail the great Mischief Maker. Riding hard in pursuit, I caught sight of it going down to the river bottom. I galloped headlong down the slope, in order to cut off the grizzly before it could escape among the tangled willows on the flats. At the sound of my approach, it turned and saw the strange silhouette of my frantically shying pony looming large against the brilliant sunset. The vision seemed to fill it with sudden fury. It gave a snort of rage, and champing its ugly jaws, rushed at me.

IT is the way of all wild animals to attack more viciously during the twilight glow when even familiar objects shape themselves into unusual forms. Calming my pony, I dismounted and selected my battle-ground as the bear came loping up. Then I knelt down upon one knee and said weakly, 'Good day, brave Mischief Maker, you thought you had killed me, but now it is my turn.'

"I took aim and fired at short range into the open mouth of the bear. My shaggy foe halted and for a second or two clawed wildly at its wounded mouth. I waited a moment for a glimpse of some better spot. As the bear turned its head, I fired; but my aim, because of my weakened condition, was not true. Instead of hitting the grizzly behind the ear, the ball went crashing into its neck. With the glare of the sun in its small, venomous eyes, and coughing hoarsely from its bleeding throat, the great beast came for me. As it reared upon its haunches, I swung aloft my gun and dealt it a crushing blow upon the muzzle. The brute staggered back a pace. Again I swung my gun and brought it down with all my might; but this time the grizzly with a sudden, powerful side-stroke knocked the gun from my hands. Drawing my knife, I made several feints; then, when the brute was off its guard for an instant, plunged the blade deep into its chest. Before I could withdraw the weapon, the grizzly seized me in its fierce grasp and buried its fangs deep in my shoulder. I wrenched the knife free and stabbed the animal again and again, but apparently to no purpose. My head dropped back and I swooned away. When consciousness returned, I found The Mischief Maker dead by my side.

"Thus, I avenged my father's death by killing the last grizzly born among the mountains which overshadowed my father's grave."

When Standing Wolf had finished his story, the boys were still wide awake, and it was quite late before sleep finally overtook them, for—even while trusting implicitly to the protection of the Buffalo Spirit—they dreaded the awful Wetigoes.

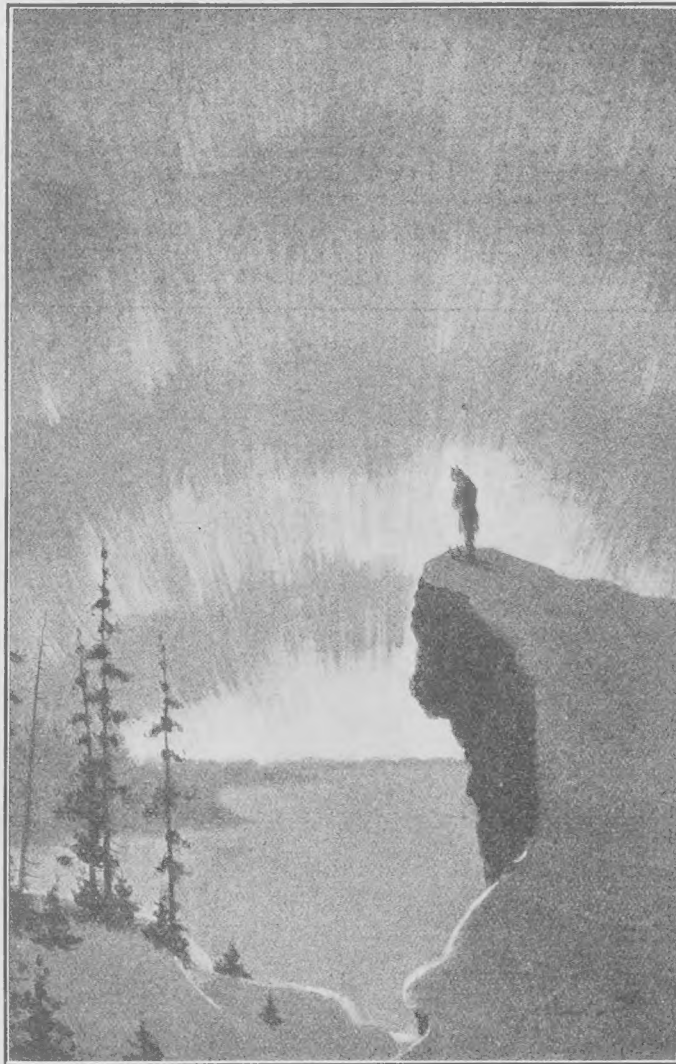
NEXT morning, at the first sign of dawn, Standing Wolf left the boys and the dogs resting by the fire and set out to trail the buffalo. He wanted to locate the game in order to determine whether he had better move his camp before beginning the kill. Passing westward between the hills, he circled the base of the northernmost before turning south. Not until he had rounded the eastern end of the southern hill did he see signs of his quarry. The tracks were old, and he passed on until he had discovered fresher signs. Then, feeling sure of finding game next day, he turned and headed straight for camp, which he

reached as darkness was setting in. After supper all squatted before the fire, smoking their pipes and talking about the morrow's hunt.

"My sons," began Standing Wolf, "the way of hunting buffalo is unlike that of hunting moose or caribou; and it is easier. The buffalo—on account of his short legs—is a heavy walker. He breaks through ice or crust that a moose of the same weight passes over. Snow to the depth of a child's knee, though it troubles not the moose at all, makes hard travelling for the buffalo. When the snow is thickly crusted, he makes little attempt to escape, and easily—especially with dogs—can he be run down.

"My sons, do not fire head on. Our guns are smooth-bores, and the balls may glance aside. Wait for a chance to get a rear or a broadside shot."

Next day, as they had decided to move camp, the Indians had eaten a hasty breakfast, packed the sled, and harnessed the dogs before the Northern Lights had gone to rest. They swung out upon the track that Standing Wolf had beaten on his return from the sunny side of the southern hill. They were under



He stood for a long time with his head bowed reverently toward the northwest; for he was communicating with the Buffalo Spirit

way nearly two hours before dawn rose through the upper branches of the eastern trees, and sunrise found them examining some broad trench-like tracks.

"The fresh signs are still some distance away," said Standing Wolf, "and, as this place is not too near, it will be good to camp on. Make no noise, my sons; for, though the wind is right, sound travels far through the winter forest."

He decided to leave the dogs behind. To prevent them from gnawing themselves free, he tied each by the collar to one end of a stout stick, the other end of which was made fast to a tree. To keep them from barking, he muzzled them.

THEY had gone but a scant mile when they came upon a trail that had been broken the day before. A little farther on they found tracks made that very morning. Standing Wolf, when trailing an animal, always took care not to disturb the tracks, in order that—should occasion arise—he could back-track the trail, and by studying the signs determine exactly what to expect from his quarry. Before continuing his advance now, he back-tracked the trail for some distance, and, on coming to a sheltered spot, found in the snow eleven imprints of various sizes, showing where the buffalo had lain during the previous night.

The wind being favorable, the hunters moved forward, taking the utmost care to approach silently. Fresher signs began to appear. At an opening in the wood they saw where the buffalo had been feeding. The snow had been tossed and pawed about in search of buffalo grass—a grass which cures naturally upon the stem and becomes an excellent hay, edible throughout the whole winter.

Keeping to the timber, the hunters made a slight detour to gain a better view of the prairie. Cautiously

they crept through the underbrush, uncovering their guns, and cocking and priming them as they went. When the trees began to thin out, avoiding the open places, they moved silently on in the shadows of the evergreens. Suddenly Standing Wolf stood still, and gazed through the branches of a spruce at something just ahead. The boys, following close behind, with their eyes on their leader, paused, too, for a moment, and then—assured that they were not observed—crept forward.

There, in a field of dazzling white, was a small herd of the little known "wood-bison." The bulls were quietly feeding, while the cows and calves lay basking in the sunshine. They were handsome creatures, somewhat larger than the prairie bison, and—probably owing to the fact of their sires having lived for a century, at least, in the sub-arctic timber—their coats were darker and richer in color than those of their kindred of the plains.

Cautiously whispering to The Marten, Standing Wolf said: "Abide here, my son; At-tick and I will work round. When we fire, the buffalo may run this way; and, perhaps, you may have a second chance for a broadside shot. Don't get excited, my son; take steady aim. Remember we want the skins, not to sell to the trader, but to use as robes. Try first for the cows and calves, since their hair is the softest. Don't fire at an old bull unless you have missed the others."

"Which shall I shoot first?" asked The Marten.

"Try for the standing cow," replied his father; "creep up a little closer, but don't fire until I do."

STANDING Wolf and At-tick turned and passed silently among the denser growths until they had found another point from which they could approach the game. There Standing Wolf left At-tick and pushed on a little farther to the right. Slipping off his snowshoes, he crouched low and wound his way from tree to tree until between the quarry and himself only one intervened. Taking careful aim the while, he addressed the buffaloes in kindly tones too low-pitched for them to hear.

"Good day, my big brothers; I am Standing Wolf of Spirit Lake. My family needs robes, and I have journeyed far to ask you for yours."

He fired. The report of At-tick's gun and, a moment later, that of The Marten followed. While the sounds went crashing from side to side of the opening, one cow fell over without even rising; another, leaping up, wheeled suddenly, ran a few yards, and sank slowly down. For a moment the startled herd snorted and gazed about in wonderment. A second later they galloped for the shelter of the woods.

Hastily recharging his muzzle-loader with powder, Standing Wolf dropped a ball into the barrel and, without adding a wad or ramming the bullet home, struck the butt of his gun against the hard snow and slipped a cap upon the nipple. Leaping up, he dodged quickly back among the bushes, ran to a clump of trees that stood a little farther out on the barren; then, throwing himself upon the snow, crept upon hands and knees to a tree that stood alone. The sound of hoofs beating heavily upon the hard snow grew louder. As he glanced round his evergreen screen, he saw a wild-eyed bull galloping toward him. On it came, slashing its huge head from side to side, and snorting and bellowing with rage. When it was almost upon him, and before he could bring his gun to his shoulder, he heard At-tick fire. The great beast gave one leap into the air, and then fell heavily to the ground. Jumping to his feet

Standing Wolf stood with his gun in readiness; but, seeing the bull to be mortally wounded, as the herd swept by, he brought his weapon to bear upon a two-year-old and killed it. Then he stepped up to the bull. It was dead, but still its savage gaze was fixed upon him. Stooping down, he drew the edge of his knife across its eyes, for he dared not skin the carcass while the glassy orbs were staring at him. He, with the rest of his tribe, believed that each of the larger and wiser animals of the forest embodied the spirit of some departed brave, and that the spirit could not take its leave until the eyes had lost their lustre.

At-tick soon joined him; and, wondering what had become of The Marten, both set out to find him. His tracks told that he had gone off at full speed in pursuit of buffalo. As they hurried along, they heard another shot; and, when at last they overtook the lad, they saw him peering over the brink of a snow-drift at a wounded bull, feebly struggling to rise.

The boy was saying in a gentle undertone, "My brother, be not angry, for it is the Master of Life who is calling you."

With the last word he fired, and the bull lay dead. Their hunt having proved a success, they hastened to skin the animals and cut out the choicest parts of the meat, lest the carcasses should freeze before their task was finished.

NEXT day they broke camp, and, before leaving the hills, visited the resting-place of the Buffalo Spirit, and once more placed upon the stone an offering of tobacco. Then they began in earnest their long homeward journey. For five days they plodded on without incident. On the morning of the sixth day they smelt smoke. Standing Wolf went ahead to

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ROSE OF THE WORLD

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

BRENT'S first dim consciousness was so merged with dreams that the unfamiliar surroundings seemed part of the last fevered figment of fancy in which he had been making love in a garden of roses to her whom he had designated "The Unresponsive One."

When he became aware that a jade bowl containing roses of a deep crimson hue actually lay within reach on a small table, he knew that the other had been the dream and that these were actuality. He stirred, probably with the intention of drawing the fragrant blooms nearer, but a sharp stab of agony ran like an electric current through his being, the pain concentrating in his left shoulder. At the same moment he realized that the upper part of his head felt rather unusual, stiffish and tight, also that the left eye was subjugated beneath a close-drawn bandage. Evidently something not quite in the ordinary course of events had occurred, but it was some minutes before memory flowed back.

"Drink this," a voice near at hand said. Something pungent rose from the cup that was held to his lips. He turned his head aside in weak protest.

"Go on! 'Twon't pickle you," the voice assured him. "It'll just make you feel nicely lit up so's you can talk."

Brent drank. The pain in his shoulder was almost unbearable and he groaned as he sank back. Out of his one good eye he beheld a girl of about twelve years of age replacing the cup on the table. She then took a chair at the window, apparently returning to some work there. She wasn't a pretty child. She had red

hair worn in "basket handles," a saucy nose plentifully sprinkled with freckles as he saw when the light fell across it, and she seemed to be all elbows and knees. There was about her an uncompromising air. He watched her a moment or two in lazy silence. She seemed to be polishing something on her lap and her mouth was drawn sideways into a knot as she briskly wielded a chamamois buffer.

"Who," he asked faintly, "are you?"

She turned, buffer in hand and regarded him sharply.

"I knew that'd fetch you round!" she remarked, with kind of acid satisfaction. "That's the jolt we always hand to them as keels over here at the sayawnces. But Aunt Cassy was a little afraid to give you it—being what you are. I'm Mrs. Seeley's niece," she added, resuming her occupation.

"Being what I am!" remonstrated Brent, feebly.

For answer the girl nodded in the direction of a chair over which hung some black broadcloth garments, topped by a low broad felt hat. A clerical collar clung fondly round the chair knob.

Memory now rushed over Brent in a flood.

"My soul!" he observed, weakly and essayed to laugh, but the effort cost too much. "So that's when and how it was! I was driving along Market Street and turned to let a truck go by and—and—"

"You run into me—or tried to! You were only hitting her up at seventy or so! I let out a yelp and got clear somehow, but you—you mixed it up with a telephone pole. Right here at our corner 'twas. When they got to you you were sitting up against the wreck, with the windshield round your neck. Aunt Cassy's gone for the doctor."

"I hope he's out," Brent said. "And what became of the boys?"

"Boys?"

"Never mind. Who is this Aunt Cassy you speak of? Where am I?"

"Aunt Cassy is Mrs. Seeley. Her professional name is Madame Cassandra. You are at her sayawnce parlors, No. 23 Grove Street."

The child's manner seemed to say she hoped he realized the honor. Brent digested this news in silence, the while his eye roamed about the room. It appeared to be a back bedroom, but it was separated from another apartment only by a heavy black curtain, the other side of which he guessed correctly was of velvet. Mysterious wires hung above this curtain.

criss-crossing each other in a series of spangles, and pulley-ropes hung from the wall opposite. He glanced again at the child and saw with a start that the thing she had been polishing was a replica of a human hand! She now laid it down and took up a child's size hand and began operations on it. He watched, fascinated. The material seemed to be cotton-filled rubber and at the wrist end a cord hung out which, when she pulled on it, drew the fingers together in the form of a close handclasp. In spite of the pain he suffered, a prickly shudder ran up Brent's spine at the sight of these objects.

"Who rendered first-aid, Elizabeth Anne?"

"My name," she observed with dignity, "is Pauline."

"Well, Pauline, whom should I thank for—"

"Aunt Cassy bandaged you up. She—she hadn't time to do more than take off your coat and vest and boots and then leave me to set here and watch you. But she sure fell for you hard, mister. She says you're to stay right here and there's to be no talk of hospittle. She says you got an awful handsome face and figger for a preacher."

Brent stirred uncomfortably.

"I—I think you'd better give me another—jolt as you call it," he said, faintly. "You must have over-rated that stuff."

A DOOR opened below and closed. Steps began to ascend the stairs and a murmur of voices came to Brent's ears. The thought of a doctor was

DURING the course of the next few days, Brent mended slowly. The nurse was dispensed with at length, and the patient graduated from the couch to an armchair. He was strangely weak yet and felt disinclined to move—or at any rate so he told his hostess. But every afternoon toward three o'clock a very keen observer might have noticed that a healthy interest and even excitement was visible in his demeanor. His left eye had now emerged from cover, and except for fading rainbow tints in its immediate vicinity, was as good as the other. Brent could see Madame Cassandra's clients coming to her seances by taking up his post at the window, which overlooked the corner of Market and Grove Streets. He found them an interesting lot. But of the seances he knew little and saw nothing. Various sounds came to him, the murmur of rapt voices, an occasional wondering cry, prayers, pleadings for "light," and now and then an intense, half-hysterical moaning, from some particularly overwrought one.

Pauline was discreetly frank.

"It's all bunk," she assured Brent one day as she carried him his mid-afternoon egg-nogg.

"I wouldn't go so far as that," he protested, sincerely or otherwise, but with gravity. "There must be something in it when such men as Sir—"

"Has she been trying to get you going?" Pauline demanded in a whisper. "A girl fainted yesterday. Here, let me warm that up for you. Aunt Cassy's awful close with the brandy, but I know where it's kept. . . . Don't you fall for it!"

"She only asked me if I were interested in the astral plane."

"Did she tell you your psychic aura was deep yellow—or that in a former incarnation you were Julius Caesar?"

"Not yet, but I daresay she's coming to that. Give her time."

"This girl that fainted—my it's awful sad," said Pauline, with a sigh. She sat down opposite Brent and shook her head mournfully. "I'm that sorry for her, Mr. Brent! Gen'rally I don't waste no pity over Aunt Cassy's suckers but Miss Manning, she's diff'runt. She's so terrible in earnest and she's so pretty and—and sort of sweet. Y'see she lost her lover and she's all cut up about it and wants to communicate with him. Were you ever in love, Mr. Brent?"

Brent drained the glass and set it down. He heaved a prodigious sigh.

"Yes," he said, simply, sadly.

"Well, then you'll understand. Did you win her or lose her?"

"Neither. She

didn't give me a chance to try."

"Is she nice looking?"—curiously.

"Very lovely. But she has other qualities than mere looks—dignity and charm and intelligence." Brent's eyes took on a faraway look. "It's because of the last-named that she—er—sees me for what I am—a mere worm. I almost wish she had less of it—and more spontaneity and heart!"

He had forgotten Pauline for the moment. But that serious maiden regarded him with awe, not unmixed with sympathy, her blue green eyes wide.

"My! You sound just like a book!" she sighed.

"Well, there ain't no dignity about Miss Manning, so she ain't the type you'd admire. But just the same you couldn't help but be sorry for her. She gets all worked up and clings on to Aunt Cassy and moans and screeches. Now yesterday what made her flop over was this: she kept asking for Robert—that's this dead sweetheart you know—and we shot her some messages that didn't get over somehow so Aunt Cassy give me the wink to fetch on the hand-lasp stunt. I went in back here—you were having a little snooze I think—and just as I was ready I found that the lectricity was off. We gotta use that to warm the hand you know. So I had to put it to her cold and I s'pose it give her a shock. Like holding on to a corpse's hand. Anyhow, over she went, bingo!"

Pauline gave a touching demonstration.

"Last week we tried the wax roses on her and it

Continued on page 45



"None can describe the sweets of country life, but those blest men that do enjoy and taste them"

—May

somehow rather agreeable and comforting after all.

"Here's Aunt Cassy at last," said Pauline, springing up. "And I guess she didn't bother to phone, but ran all the way! It'll be awful bad for her heart."

The black curtain parted and two women entered. One was large and stout and puffed heavily, the other was tall, thin and angular and wore rubber-tired spectacles.

"I've brought Doctor Fleetwind," announced the former in a stage whisper. "Did he come to, Polly?"

The doctor was brisk and business-like. In no time at all she ascertained the extent of Brent's injuries—a broken collar-bone, near-concussion, and a large surface cut on the left cheek and temple. On no account should he be moved. She would send a male nurse over from the clinic.

"Poor dear young man!" murmured Mrs. Seeley from the foot of the couch. "He's the image of my first husband. What did you say your name was, dearie?"

"Brent," answered the patient. "John Brent."

"He must be a stranger in town," remarked the doctor, shutting up her case and rising. "What are these things—wax roses? I think you had better take them away. They're scented too heavily."

"Polly was fixing the leaves," explained Mrs. Seeley, and Brent saw that at a meaning look from her Aunt the child whisked the wax or rubber hands into a drawer of the table that stood in the window recess. "My, I wish you could have seen that car, doctor! Junk! Just junk! They took it away in wheelbarrows. It's a mercy he wasn't killed, poor young man!"

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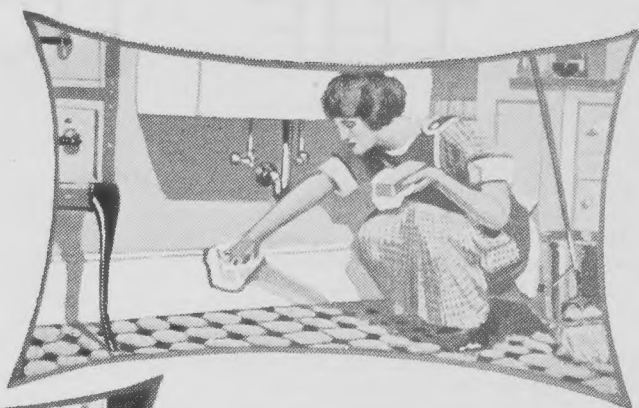


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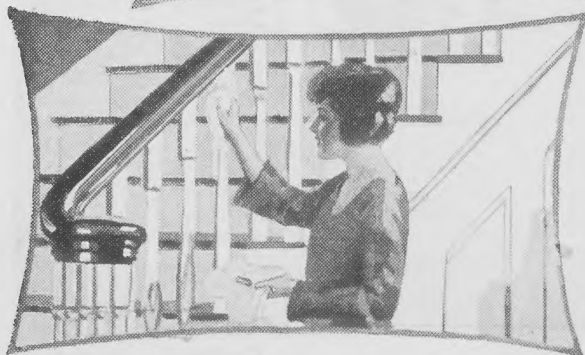
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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

THE "HOSANNA SONG"

By I. C. R.

"Skeeters am a hummin'
On de honeysuckle vine,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!"

THE gay little lullaby floated up the corridor of the Clairemont House in a sweet childish voice. It came from Number Eight, where Annabel was playing paper-dolls by the window.

"Someone am a comin'
To dis little coon of mine,
Sleep—"

Suddenly the small voice was all swallowed up in the delicious music of another voice.

Annabel listened with parted lips, and pressed the paper lady's cheek against her own, saying in the very softest whisper, "Hark, Marcella! Gladys is singing 'The Holy City'."

Then, after a moment or two, "Now, Marcella, hear the Hosannas!"

"Hosanna! Hosanna!
Lift up your voice and sing!
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Hosanna to your King!"

Down stairs in the office the gentlemen stopped talking to hear it. The waitress in the dining-room left off rattling the dishes long enough to listen all the way through, and after that she seemed to set them down ever so much more gently. The janitor, who had brought a skuttle of coal to fill the base-burner in the hall, rested it against the top of the stove till the last echo died away and then emptied it as if he hated to. The ladies in their rooms heard and exclaimed in admiration, "Who can it be?"

Down the stairs from the parlor the fat little music professor came beaming and smiling, as if he trod the air. He greeted the men, who had not yet resumed their conversation, with a proud flourish of his music roll.

"Beautiful, gentlemen, *beautiful!* Better be on hand at the service Christmas, if you want to have a treat. Such a voice!"

Upstairs in Number Eight a pretty brown-haired girl swept in among the circle of the paper ladies to a chair beside a real live lady, where she appropriated without a word, a letter lying open in her lap.

It was written in a round, business-like hand, which Gladys knew quite well.

"Oh, from father!
What news? Any hopes
of getting away from
here?"

Mother smiled.
"Read it."
The long lashes were
lowered above the bright
eyes that hurried across
the page. Then, "Oh,
mother, what luck."

A shade of vexation
came across the elder face.
"Really, Gladys, I
don't believe it is best,
dear. You see you have
promised the solo for
Christmas and the people
here expect it."

"But, mother, the idea!
What possible difference
can it make? Nobody
will care and I do so
want to go."

For father had written
in haste from Chicago,
"There is a Charity Con-
cert billed for Christmas
Eve—a swell affair, I
can tell you. They want
Gladys to sing. So if
you see your way clear
to send her along, wire
me at once and I will
meet her."

MR. INGRAM was
traveller for a boot
and shoe firm and the
family had been making
the rounds with him,
from Chicago through
Wisconsin to Duluth and
back across Minnesota,
Nebraska, Iowa and Illin-
ois. It had been a jolly
trip and the chief cause of
its being taken at all had
brought back two roses
in her pale cheeks that
were not there when she
left the High School in
June. That cause was
Gladys. The precious
voice which had never

been quite the same since an attack of diphtheria the winter before was just as good as new.

The house had been rented until Easter. On that account, the Ingrams were here in Ashton, Iowa, where they had pleasant quarters, while father took in some small out-of-the-way places by himself. Unexpectedly called to Chicago, he wrote as stated.

Annabel danced the wide skirts of the paper lady across the window sill and flattened her nose against the pane until it looked green from the outside.

"Gladys," said she, "you sing beautifully. It's nice to think that old frog has gone out of your throat. We were all listening."

No reply.

"I think the Hosannas are the best part."

Silence.

"They made me feel so glad all over! You know I can sing 'em. You taught me. I would now if you'd play."

"Yes, honeybug, after awhile. Hush."

Then, impatiently, to mother, "Now, *why* can't I go?"

"I told you. You promised the people here, my daughter. Besides, they really need you so much more."

"Is that the only reason?"

"It ought to be enough."

Mother seldom used that tone, and when she did it meant Finis.

GLADYS took the letter and fled into Number Nine, across the hall, to have a disappointed little weep. She was crying into the pillow with all her might when a thought came winging through her head, like a bird of ill omen.

She sat up, making a most ungracious dab at her tearful eyes with a wet ball of a handkerchief, and announced to the walls in a tone of decision, "I have a mind to go anyway, no matter what she says."

In the whole nineteen years of her life before, Gladys Ingram had never spoken of mother with that air of a domestic anarchist.

The roses gathered in the long vacation had brightened to an angry crimson.

"I'll show her I'm some older than Annabel." And the foolish young thoughts went galloping on, making all sorts of unheard-of accusations of that placid little mother who, all her usual calm restored, sat making a new green tissue dress for the paper lady.

They were there yet chatting happily, when a young girl in hat and furs, carrying a suit case, slipped by the door and passed down stairs.

The station was only a block from the hotel, and they watched the afternoon flyer come rushing in. They never dreamed that anybody they knew went East upon it.

The supper hour came and all the dolls in their gorgeous new gowns were tucked up in a box and Annabel went hopping over to Number Nine. Seeing the empty room, the tiny maid was off to the parlor. The lamps were lighted and the ladies rising to go downstairs, but no Gladys. Back went the busy feet to Number Eight and a breathless, puzzled little voice demanded:

"Where's Gladys? I can't find her *anywhere*, at all. And the Hosanna Song is gone from the piano, 'cause I looked."

"Oh, we'll go down, dearie," answered mother easily. "sister will be along. Maybe the Professor took the song."

But the supper room was deserted and the parlor as well. Eleven o'clock came. Mother peered out into the darkness of the stormy evening and tried to think what to do. Annabel, her big brown eyes propped wide open with excitement, clung to her.

From the clothes press in Number Nine mother had missed the hat and furs, the suitcase, and a certain dainty evening dress. She recalled the letter and the conversation following. Then she set her pale lips in a pathetic attempt to be sensible and told herself she must not worry. Surely the child was all right.

Annabel fell asleep in her arms and the customary stillness of night settled over the hotel, but mother didn't go to bed. At two-thirty she wrote a message hastily and taking it to the office, dispatched it to father.

It read—"Meet Gladys at Wells Street Station seven-thirty. If she is not there wire."

After being assured that the word would be delivered immediately upon arrival she went back and finally fell into a troubled sleep.

They were just passing into breakfast at eight next morning when the clerk came towards her with an ominous, yellow envelope. She opened it with trembling fingers, "Train just came. Do not see Gladys. Reply."

Which she did,—"*Come at once.*"

IT seemed to Annabel that folks were somewhat too kind that day. The landlady invited her to bring her whole collection of paper dolls into her private parlor to play and the chamber-maid took her on a visit to the big, funny kitchen. The lady guests outdid each other to amuse her. But Annabel's lip would quiver when she thought of mother. She hid her face in the landlady's ruffled apron and wailed, "Gladys is a naughty, naughty girl to run away!"

It was very still in Number Eight, where mother had spent the day alone, save for the waitress who brought her dinner, which was sent back untouched. The news had spread through the town that the young lady from the hotel who was to sing at the Christmas service



On Vermilion River, Lake Emerald, Quebec

Continued on page 46

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Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"WORLDLY GOODS"
Starring AGNES AYRES. By Sophie Kerr.
Directed by Paul Bern.

"THE ENEMY SEX"
JAMES CRUZE Production. With Betty
Compson. Owen Johnson's novel. Adapted
by Walter Woods and Harvey Thew.

"LILY OF THE DUST"
Starring POLA NEGRI, DIMITRI BUCHO-
WETZKI Production. From a story by Suder-
man and play by Edward Sheldon. Adapted
by Paul Bern.

"THE SIDE-SHOW OF LIFE"
HERBERT BRENON Production. Ernest Tor-
rence, Anna O. Nilsson. From Wm. J.
Locke's novel, "The Mountebank" and the
play by Ernest Denny. Adapted by Willis
Goldbeck and Julie Herne.

"THE COVERED WAGON"
JAMES CRUZE Production. By Emerson
Hough. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"
ALAN CROSLAND Production. With Bebe
Daniels, Richard Dix. By Clive Arden. Screen
play by James Creelman.

REX BEACH'S
"A SAINTED DEVIL"
Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO with Nita
Naldi. JOSEPH HENABERY Production. From
"Rope's End." Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"THE MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE"
Starring WILLIAM FARNUM. WALLACE
WORSLEY Production. With Lois Wilson.
By Wm. Blacke and J. S. Hamilton. Screen
play by Jack Cunningham.

"FEET OF CLAY"
CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. Rod La-
Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi, Julia
Faye, Ricardo Cortez, Kosloff. By Margaretta
Tuttle. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix and
Bertram Millhauser.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S
"THE ALASKAN"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. HERBERT
BRENON Production. Screen play by Willis
Goldbeck.

"OPEN ALL NIGHT"
Viola Dana, Jetta Goudal, Adolphe Menjou,
Raymond Griffith. By Willis Goldbeck. From
Paul Morand's stories. Directed by Paul Bern.

"HER LOVE STORY"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON. ALLAN DWAN
Production. From "Her Majesty, The Queen"
by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Frank
Tuttle.

"EMPTY HANDS"
VICTOR FLEMING Production with Jack
Holt. Supported by Norma Shearer. By
Arthur Stringer. Scenario by Carey Wilson.

"THE FEMALE"
Starring BETTY COMPSON. SAM WOOD
Production. From "Dalla, The Lion Cub,"
by Cynthia Stockley. Adapted by Agnes
Christine Johnston.

"THE FAST SET"
WILLIAM de MILLE Production. Betty
Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Zasu Pitts, Elliott
Dexter. Screen play by Clara Beranger from
Frederick Lonsdale's play "Spring Cleaning."

"DANGEROUS MONEY"
Starring BEBE DANIELS. Adapted from
"Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick. Screen
play by Julie Herne.

"THE STORY WITHOUT A NAME"
IRVIN WILLAT Production. Agnes Ayres,
Antonio Moreno. By Arthur Stringer.
Adapted by Victor Irvin.

"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"
Starring POLA NEGRI with Rod LaRocque.
LUBITSCH Production. From "The Czarina"
by Melchior Lengyel and Lagos Biro.

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"
Starring GLENN HUNTER. JAMES CRUZE
Production. With Viola Dana. From the novel
by Harry Leon Wilson and the play by Kauf-
man and Connelly. Adapted by Walter Woods.

"BED ROCK"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Jack Bethae.

"UNGUARDED WOMEN"
ALAN CROSLAND Production. Bebe Daniels,
Richard Dix, Mary Astor. Story by Lucy S.
Terrill. Screen play by James Creelman.

"THE GOLDEN BED"
CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. Screen play
by Jeanie Macpherson. From Wallace Irwin's
novel of the same name.

"MANHATTAN"
Starring RICHARD DIX. R. H. BURNSIDE
Production with Jacqueline Logan. From
"The Definite Object," by Jeffrey Farnol.

"ARGENTINE LOVE"
ALLAN DWAN Production. Bebe Daniels,
Ricardo Cortez. By Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

"THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS"
JAMES CRUZE Production. By Leroy Scott.
Adapted by Walter Woods and Anthony
Coldewey.

"THE GARDEN OF WEEDS"
A JAMES CRUZE Production. Starring BETTY
COMPSON. By Leon Gordon and Doris
Marquette.

"JUNGLE LAW"
(Tentative Title)
Starring RICHARD DIX. Directed by Paul
Sloane. Supervised by Forrest Halsey. From
"Jungle Law," by I. A. R. Wylie.

"PETER PAN"
HERBERT BRENON Production. Assisted by
Roy Pomeroy. From Sir J. M. Barrie's famous
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ZANE GREY'S
"THE BORDER LEGION"
With Antonio Moreno and Helene Chadwick.
Directed by William Howard.

"TONGUES OF FLAME"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Peter Clark
Macfarlane.

"NORTH OF 36"
IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Ernest
Torrence, Lois Wilson, Noah Beery. By Em-
erson Hough.

"MISS BLUEBEARD"
Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play
"Little Miss Bluebeard," by Avery Hopwood
and Gabriel Dredgely. Directed by Frank
Tuttle.

"A WOMAN SCORNFUL"
Starring POLA NEGRI. JAMES CRUZE Pro-
duction.

"INTERLOCUTORY"
(Tentative Title)
Starring AGNES AYRES. By Charles Brack-
ett. Directed by Alan Crosland.

"WAGES OF VIRTUE"
By Percival Wren. Starring GLORIA SWAN-
SON. ALLAN DWAN Production. Adapted
by Forrest Halsey.

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Keeping young involves more than looking young. It comes from the buoyancy of feeling young. It necessitates, first of all, the prevention of sickness. The sickly, weak mother is hardly an inspiring companion for her intense, eager children.

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Use "Lysol" as an antiseptic solution
One-half teaspoonful to one quart water
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Two teaspoonfuls to one quart water
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UNFOUNDED FEARS

By MARIE WILSON



"BUT, mother, I think it's preposterous for you to arrange things like this, as though I were a princess or something." Elva Keane patted her mother's shoulder, but her eyes were determined.

"We have not arranged things, daughter. Mr. Kenderdine and I have simply talked of how very nice it would be if you and his son would care for each other. It would please us very much, and we want you to become acquainted. You know, Elva, that Mr. Kenderdine and I were very much in love at one time, and we would like to see our children have the joy we missed."

"But, mother, just because you loved Mr. Kenderdine is no reason for my loving his son. Why, I might loathe him! I do believe I will, just because you and Mr. Kenderdine expect me to fall in love with him at once. You know, mother, I never have been in love yet, and I simply wouldn't know how to do it. I don't think I'll ever marry."

"Elva, I have something important to tell you. Please sit down and listen to me." Mrs. Keane folded her white hands in her lap and gazed keenly at her rebellious daughter.

"Elva, I have not told you before that our finances are at very low ebb. Your father's investments before his death have proven worthless, and we will not be able to keep up this big house and the cars very much longer. When everything is settled our income will be very small."

"I have suspected this, mother, but I am willing to work. I—"

"Elva," interrupted her mother with white lips. "don't you know that it would break my heart to leave this house?"

"Oh, mother, darling, I'm sorry," cried Elva. "But after all, there is no other way. Unless—oh, mother, you didn't mean that, did you?"

"I do not know what you mean by that, Elva," said her mother coldly.

"You wouldn't have me marry for money, mother?" pleaded Elva, her big blue eyes looking directly into her mother's gray ones.

"No, certainly not. I want you to marry for love, for I now see my mistake in letting love slip by. Your father loved me, Elva, and I admired him, but I have always loved Will Kenderdine."

"Why did you not marry him, mother?"

"I intended to do so, but he was a poor workingman at that time, and my mother persuaded me that I would be happier with your father, who was wealthy."

"Oh, mother, how funny! And now Mr. Kenderdine is simply rolling in wealth while father has died poor! Surely, in the face of all that, you wouldn't persuade me to marry a rich man?"

"No, but there is no reason why you should not love a rich man, if he loves you, since you have no other lover. At any rate, I wanted to speak to you about it, for Mr. Kenderdine's son is going to visit us some time this summer, and I want you to be nice to him. He will not come before July, probably. Now I must go change my dress, for my train is nearly due. Here comes Miss West now."

Miss West, a tall, bony person with a straight mouth and high cheek bones, announced raspingly, "Your bag is packed, Mrs. Keane."

"Thank you, Miss West, I will get ready at once. Did you hire a new chauffeur?"

"Yes, he is to report this afternoon." "If he is not satisfactory, Miss West, do not keep him. Attend to things during my absence as though I were here. I will be home in two weeks."

Elva went to the station with her mother, and returning, ran to the kitchen, where she greeted the cook warmly.

"Now, Anna, I may do as I please for two whole weeks. I'm going to cook every meal. I want to make some cookies with nuts in them."

The cookies were almost finished when Elva pricked up her ears and asked, "What is that noise, Anna?"

"I think it's the new chauffeur in the garage, Miss Elva."

"Oh, I'm going for a drive. I thought I would go and bring Mary Wesley home

for dinner." She quickly finished her work and ran upstairs.

"I'm going for a drive, Miss West. Does the new chauffeur look capable?"

"Quite," replied Miss West, with more warmth in her tone than Elva had ever heard from her before. "He seemed an exceptionally energetic young man. His name is Dick Robertson."

Elva sat in the back of the car watching the steady dark head of the chauffeur. There was something wonderfully attractive about his broad shoulders. She wished she could talk to him. She quite forgot to call for Mary Wesley and arrived home with dreamy eyes. She ate her dinner in silence, regarding Miss West with unseeing eyes.

THE next morning Elva prepared vegetables and meat and eagerly tried a salad. Immediately after lunch she announced, rather apologetically, "I think I will have a drive. I really have some shopping to do."

For a whole week Elva watched the broad shoulders and dark head of the chauffeur. At last she could stand it no longer. She ordered him to drive out to the country, and near a green field she told him to stop.

"I have brought some sewing," she said. "Mother and I love the country, and we often come out here to read and talk. Sometimes we bring our lunch. One does get tired of the city. You—do you come from the country?"

"From a farm in the west," he answered, standing straight and looking down at her with serious brown eyes.

"Oh, I know some people on a farm in the west. That is, I don't really know them, for I've never seen them, but they are coming to visit us—that is, one of them is. I think it's a ranch they have, though, and some mines, too. You see this man used to be poor, but they found valuable ore on some of his land."

"Very interesting," replied the chauffeur, standing stiffly attentive.

"Oh, dear," thought poor Elva, "how proper he is. That's the way with a man after he's been a chauffeur or any kind of a servant for a long time—he forgets how to be human. And he's so handsome and his eyes look so nice. I wish he would talk and be friendly." She looked up at him pleadingly, but the chauffeur was regarding his car with professional eyes.

"I never saw a man who seemed so human, and so—nice," continued Elva to herself, "and here he is just as stiff as a poker. I'll give him one more chance to talk to me, and if he won't, I'll give him up forever." She looked up and said aloud, "Are there any ranches near your farm, Mr. Robertson?"

Elva almost fell off the mossy rock on which she was sitting, so loud and ringing was the chauffeur's laugh. She wondered what he was laughing at. Was it because she had called him "Mr. Robertson?" Well, of course that was no way to address a chauffeur, but couldn't he understand that she wished to be friendly?

"Lots of them, Miss Keane," said the chauffeur, when he could speak for laughing, and he threw himself on the grass beside her, and told her western stories until her eyes shone.

"It's getting late," he said at last. "Perhaps I should take you home."

Elva blushed to think that she had not been the one to notice how late it was growing, but when she left him she said softly, "Tomorrow at the same hour, Mr.—er—Robertson?" His eyes held a most unprofessional twinkle as he answered, "Yes, Miss Keane."

Coming home after a perfect afternoon the next day, the chauffeur said quietly, "Perhaps it would be easier to call me Dick."

Two more afternoons they enjoyed together. Then the blow fell. Miss West said at lunch in freezing tones, "The new chauffeur will come at about three o'clock."

"New chauffeur?" exclaimed Elva, dropping her fork.

"Yes, I dismissed Robertson."

Continued on page 45



The Suicide



By Berenice Bouck

IT takes a brave man to commit suicide. Make no mistake about that! It requires a high degree of "nerve" to take the fatal plunge or make the quick deft stab that will bring—oblivion.

The door opened and a young man entered the room—it was a sort of overflow library or "den"—and stood for a moment just inside the threshold. The afternoon sun was streaming full into the apartment, and a broad patch of sunlight lay athwart the rich Oriental rug, at the young man's feet. A breath of soft summer air gently stirred the silken curtains at the window. The divan, strewn with all manner of cushions, invited ease, as did also a deep wing chair near the fireplace. A sort of charming disarray marked the arrangement of books, desk, chairs and mantelpiece and gave ample evidence of the room's being well lived in. But the young man noted none of these things. He was pale, distraught. In his deep-set dark eyes there lurked an indescribable despair. It was the most hopeless expression that could possibly visit human features. His mouth was set in a straight, thin, bitter line and his shoulders sagged. His hands clenched and unclenched themselves at his sides, ceaselessly. It was as though he had just received a blow and was only now coming out of the first stunned horror of it.

Presently, still with absent eye, he closed the door behind him and moved forward to the roll-top desk and stood there looking down upon its litter and seeing nothing. Some moments passed and then he drew a long, long sigh, closed his eyes as though to shut out some dreadful sight, ran the back of one hand across his brow, and then, opening his eyes, began to tug wildly at his collar as though he were choking. As he panted, his broad shoulders heaved and his eyes opened and closed with each shudder. He dropped into the swivel chair and sunk his head in his arms on the blotting pad. One hand accidentally overturned a crystal vase that had contained a deep red rose and a sheaf of maidenhair fern. The water slowly trickled among the papers and on to the rug, but he paid no heed. Indeed, he did not know. The poor rose lay at his feet like a huge drop of blood that had congealed in flower form.

AFTER a time the young man lifted his head, brushed back his hair and glanced across the room at the ticker by the window.

One faint hope remained! If K. and L. had advanced half a point it would be something. Drowning men catch at straws, and this was the only glimmer of hope left, the only straw in the mad whirlpool. With a bound, curiously at variance with his former step that had faltered like an old man's, he was at the ticker and holding the tape in fingers that shook so that he was obliged to make several efforts to read the quotations.

Strange that he had forgotten K. and L. in the midst of the other smash! And yet not so strange either, for he had never built on it. He had called it his white elephant.

But now—wait! If, by some miraculous means it had taken a tiny jump! But no—no! It stood just as it had all week, two points below its last quotation. Steadily dropping—that was its temperature.

The young man flung the ticker-tape from him and again drew his hand across his forehead. It was wet with perspiration.

If only he had had sense enough not to use the bank's money in that last venture! The loss of all his own savings was bad enough! But W. and P. had promised so well! Consolidated Steel! He hadn't the least doubt of that, with men all around him making fabulous fortunes on it. But W. and P. was the Jonah of the market. That was evident now—so evident that the young man had decided to take the only way out.

Yes, there was a way out—albeit a cowardly one. Cowardly? Why hardly that either, for it takes a brave man to—

THE young man returned to his desk and flung himself into his chair again, but this time sat gazing before him with eyes wide and lips parted.

It takes a brave man. Was he brave enough? All along he had said that he would do it.

Drowning, poison, the knife—these held elements of objection. So he had chosen the clean, swift, sure method, the method that could not fail.

But there was Margaret. Not for a moment had he forgotten her. Yet, why should he pause at the thought of the girl? After all, wasn't it for her he was doing this? Wasn't it best to take himself and his failures out of her life, leaving her free?

The blood of new courage flowed back into his pale cheeks. A new determination lit his sombre eyes—replaced the hopeless look. Yes—for her!

He drew a key-ring from his pocket, selected a key, fitted it into the lock of the upper left-hand drawer and pulled the drawer out. Swiftly he ran his hand along to the very back.

It struck something. He smiled and drew the "something" out.

It was a beautiful thing—beautiful and terrible like a reptile, and it flashed in the sunlight. The short barrel glistened in all its pristine steel newness, and the butt was jewel-set.

The young man smiled again as he looked at it, but he was not impressed with its beauty. He thought only of its utility, its potentiality.

It would be such a quick death—if he took careful aim. Only a slight shock—to be expected, of course, followed by a little blood, a gradual sensation of faintness, very little actual pain, and then—peace.

He turned the revolver about in his hands, toying with it, seeing and yet not seeing it. Perhaps it gave him courage just to feel it in his grasp.

Then he began to practise how he would go about it. But first he went over to the window and drew the shade down low. Still, he could not quite shut out the daylight. He returned to the chair. A sitting posture—yes that was best, for it would lessen the sound of the falling body!

DURING all of this time, indeed, from the very moment of his entrance, there had been a quite audible sound from the other end of the room. It was a steady, insistent, low, rather grating, metallic sound, but not harsh. If the young man heard it sub-consciously he gave no sign. He had come there for a grim purpose, and not to listen to any sounds. He had, therefore, removed the telephone receiver from its hook, for he did not want to be interrupted, but to any possible onlooker it might have seemed strange that that dull, methodical, rasping sound from the rear of the room quite escaped him.

Now, with the revolver turned full upon his temple, he leaned back and began to count.

"One, two three"—and "go!"

At the last word his finger would press the spring. It was very simple, and easier, much easier, than facing ruin.

But Margaret! Wait—he had quite forgotten that he had left no parting word, no token of farewell to the girl who was to have been his wife. He ought to write her a line so that she might understand just why he was doing this.

Placing the weapon down, he drew forward a sheet of paper, took his pen from his vest pocket and commenced to write. His hand was strangely firm for one who was about to take his own life!

All the time that odd grating sound from behind! When he had concluded the note, he held it up for a moment, rapidly scanning the words that the girl he loved would read when the hand that held the paper was stiff and cold. The writing was in his usual well-defined script. No tremor, no blot displayed sign of nervousness. He who had coped with big issues was now about to cope with the greatest of all, and he had mastered

Continued on page 44



We've Made You

*A unique Shaving Cream
Will you please accept a test?*

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

Here is a Shaving Cream which millions are discussing.

It does five things which men desire in a surpassing way. Countless men have written their amazement that one creation could so excel the rest

The history is this:

Palmolive Soap, through its effects on the skin, had become the world's leading toilet soap. We desired to bring men those same effects in shaving.

But men, we knew, wanted other results. So we asked 1,000 men to tell us what they wanted most.

Then we worked 18 months to meet their requirements as no one else had done. We made up and tested 130 formulas to attain the utmost in a Shaving Cream.

The result surprised us no less than others. We never dreamed that Shaving Cream offered such room for improvement.

Five astonishing results

- 1—Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit suffices for a shave.
- 2—It softens the beard in one minute, by causing the hairs to absorb 15 per cent of water.
- 3—Its lather maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
- 4—The extra-strong bubbles, acting like wedges, support the hairs for cutting. That means a quick, clean shave.
- 5—The palm and olive oil content makes the cream lotion-like in its effect. The after-results are delightful.

The result has been a sensation. Few new creations have ever won so many folks so quickly. Few articles have ever been so talked about as this

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An invisible way to that well-groomed look.
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She's lulled into a dreamy mood as she sits beside you. Then when you slow down there's a box of Moir's for companionship—chocolates that match her mood and yours. What more could one ask—save a couple of bluebirds—and they're in the picture.

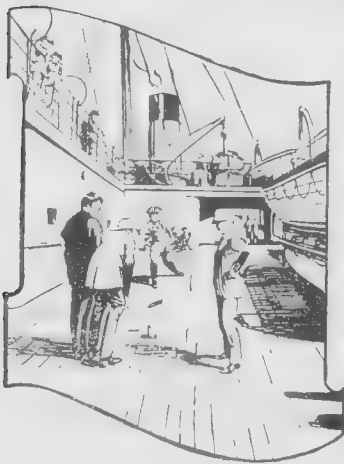
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Travelling to Europe via the Cunard-Canadian Route, long before you lose sight of the banks of the glorious St. Lawrence, you realize that no other existence could be more free from care and worry. Truly you are "monarch of all you survey."

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service are extended at every turn. Cosy places and genial companions are everywhere.

If you wish to travel THIRD CABIN, you may do so in utmost enjoyment — spacious, airy staterooms with comfortable berths — clean linen, blankets, and counterpanes cover Marshall spring mattresses—wash basins in rooms.

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HEIRLOOM MASCOTS

By N. Tournear

AT no time other than the present day have mascots or talismans been so popular, whether worn as an article of dress, or affixed to automobile or other personal property. In Europe, however, and Britain in especial, there are historic mascots—heirlooms, in which more than romance and tragedy, history and tradition, and mystery, are bound up, for they are concerned with the existence of the families owning them. What of the turquoise of the Earl of Wharncliffe's family?—the Muncaster Cup, so strictly guarded?—the mysterious "Lyon of Glamis?"—or, again, the Coalston Pear? Visitors to the British Isles may see almost everything in many of the ancient houses and castles of the old families. But these mentioned talismen none is allowed to inspect except most intimate friends of the family.

The mystery mascot of the Stuart-Wortleys, of whom the Earl of Wharncliffe is the representative, consists of a large and exquisite turquoise, which has been in the family's hands for some 800 years. The mystery concerning it has most undoubtedly a direct and powerful influence on the family's fortunes, and it is indicated in the inscription graved on the jewel in a form of Arabic that died out eleven centuries ago. The turquoise is an inheritance of the Second Crusade, and was brought to England by a Knights-Templar ancestor of the family.

As extraordinary is the treasure of Muncaster Castle in Cumberland, which is guarded as rigorously as the British Crown Jewels in the Tower of London. The cup or rather goblet is of singularly clear rock-crystal, engraved with mystic signs said to be connected with Rosacruicism. In 1455 when Henry VI took shelter with Sir John Pennington, the then head of the family, on his forces having been defeated by Edward of York, he handed the goblet to his host in memory of his great kindness to the royal fugitives. With it the king uttered an invocation that a direct heir be never lacking, and the family fortunes be assured, so long as this cup remained in the hands of Sir John's line safe and sound.

During the Civil War in the 17th century the case holding it was accidentally dropped in the flight from the Roundheads, and not for many a year had the inheritor of it enough courage to open the

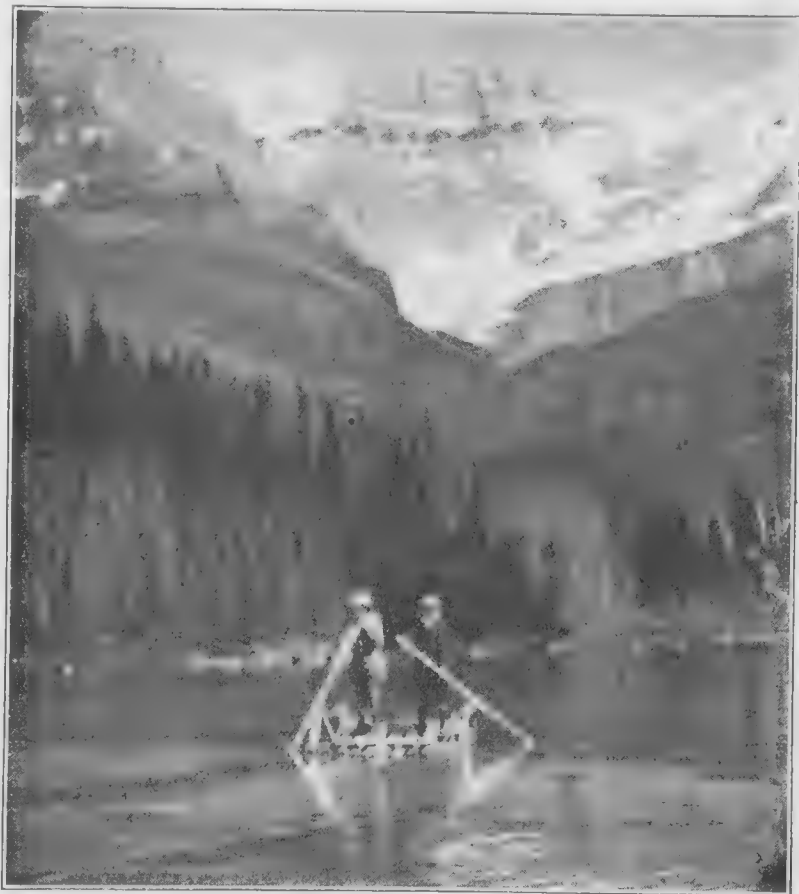
small cabinet. Then it was to find the beautiful and fragile thing wholly intact. Oddly enough, the family fortunes have always been prosperous, and a direct heir has always succeeded to the inheritance. Not even the last war brought about the exception.

EUROPE has several famous and mysterious heirlooms—including the christening cup, as it is called, of the da Capo family, and the scarab of the Magniacs—but heading them is the "Lyon of Glamis," which belong to a Scots family, of which the Earl of Strathmore is the chief. It is a beautiful mediaeval loving-cup, shaped in the form of a lion rampant, and most richly and curiously chased. Experts and connoisseurs in gold-work differ concerning it. According to one, this lovely heirloom is a fine example of Graeco-Norman goldware, wrought when the Normans were masters of the Morea and other parts of Greece of the Middle Ages. According to another, it is the work of an early Venetian goldsmith. According to yet another, the "Lyon of Glamis" is of early French make.

Only one person other than the Earl of Strathmore and his heir know the story of this most famous mascot. It is understood, however, to be connected with the Glamis Mystery. For, somewhere in the walls or foundations of Glamis Castle, which dates back to the 13th century, lies a secret room; and what it hides is known to three and three only;—to the earl, to his heir when he arrives at manhood, and to the chamberlain or factor of the Estates. Innumerable people have tried to fathom the mystery. The secret of the Lyon Cup and the mysterious chamber remains unknown to any outsider.

ANOTHER well-known talisman in Scotland is the Lee Penny which the Lockharts of Carnwath in Lanarkshire have possessed since the fourteenth century. It is a small silver coin, in which is embedded a peculiar dark-red stone, and it was given to a Lockhart when he was fighting against the Moors in Spain. He had captured a Moorish prince, and put him to ransom, treating him with great kindness. With the money purchasing his freedom, the Moor presented this mascot

Continued on page 48



Raft on Lake O'Hara, Canadian Rockies



Get Your Man



By Mable D. Balfour

"REWARD! \$5,000.00....dead. or alive." The printed words fairly danced before Sergeant Burke's steel-grey eyes.

"If this comes into my possession..... and it will," he added with a decided shake of his slightly greying head, "I'll apply for leave—take a long holiday, God knows I need one, but a fellow can't save much from our pay to travel very far." He fumbled for his pipe.

"\$5,000.00. Umh," reflectively. "What a time I'll have!"

He folded the paper, returned it to the enveloped and thrust them both into his breast pocket. As was his usual custom, Sergeant Burke sat apart from the other occupants in the barrack-room. Each had received the notice of the reward and each in his own mind was formulating plans on how he would dispose of the small fortune.

The other two occupants of the room were conversing in low tones. "It'd put me on 'Easy-street'" said snub-nosed Scotty, "and I'd send the kids to school in the East."

"Well, don't ever think you're going to get it," said the other man, and he glanced through half-closed lids at the silent officer in the corner, who was gazing thoughtfully at the red coals in the little stove.

"What! You don't think Burke'll get it, do you?" whispered Scotty nervously.

"Think? Why, man, I know he will. Burke gets everything he goes after. You haven't been here long, or else you'd know that Sphinx."

The two left the room and Burke was alone.

"\$5,000.00!" he said to himself. He drew from his pocket a notebook and with a stubby pencil started calculating, and before an hour had passed his plans were made. He lolled back comfortably in his chair and watched the smoke curl from his pipe.

"I'll surprise them all. I haven't heard from home for years. But then I haven't written. What will Sadie do when she sees me? She's married now and has a brood. Gosh, but I'd like to see them all!" He knocked the ashes from his Meerschaum and commenced re-filling it.

"I wonder where Ted is?" contemplatively.

THE next morning, the clack, clack, clack of a horse's hoofs broke the stillness of the Plains and fear crept into the heart of the pursued man as he crawled along the ground in the hope of reaching a clump of dried trees and thus affect a partial hiding-place before being detected by the oncoming Officer.

Silence. Hardly daring to breathe, the crouching man lay absolutely still. Had he been seen, and was the stalwart Man of the Law covering his prostrate form? What was happening just beyond that sharp turn in the road? These thoughts ran in quick succession through the brain of the hunted man.

Sergeant Burke as he galloped along in the early morning, following on a trail, espied a small object in the centre of the road, and dismounting picked up an empty soft leather wallet.

"Ah, a clue!" he said, then his stern face softened. The name "Sandy" had been burned on the outer flap, and that name brought up almost forgotten memories. As he stood on the dusty road, the reserve of the officer fell from him, and he was a boy again, back on the old farm. How he had disliked the work in the fields and how he had fretted and fumed to come West! His library had consisted of one book which had been read over and over again. It was the story of the early days of the Royal North-West Mounted Police! No matter with what work he was engaged, he dreamed incessantly that he was galloping over the plains after a hardened criminal—who never escaped.

"Wall, I can't make a farmer out of that kid," he had overheard his father remark one evening. "Think I'll let him go West, and try it out."

Arnold Burke lay in the next room scarcely breathing, waiting for his mother's reply. Then, after a long silence, "Oh, Pa, he's young and the West is so wild. Don't you think if we got him some books he'd be content to stay at home?" A tear had glistened for a moment, then rolled down the withered cheek.

"Tain't no use," came his father's voice again, "He does nothing but think of the Mounted. He'll get homesick and we'll see him back before Christmas," was the parting remark.

Arnold thought he had heard a sob—perhaps he was mistaken.

It was hard parting from his mother, but harder to part from Theodore, who had clung to him, with tears in his wistful eyes and a quivering of his weak chin.

Twenty years had passed since he had repeated after the Superintendent the oath of the Royal Mounted, and another member had been added to the Troop of Scarlet Horsemen. He had almost forgotten the oath now. Ah, yes. ".....and perform all lawful orders and instructions which I shall receive without fear, favor or affection of or toward any person. So help me, God."

"Get your Man," is the classic motto of the Force, and with almost uncanny certainty Sergeant Burke had brought in every man he sought. His cold grey eyes seemed to penetrate the landscape and any object moving or immobile was instantly detected. Criminals feared this stalwart, taciturn officer, and tried to give him a wide berth.

HE still stood on the hot road meditating.

"He was a little shaver when I left," he said to himself, "but he must be almost a man now. He must be thirty. Sandy—thirty! Gad, how the time flies! But loitering never yet captured a criminal," and placing the wallet in his pocket he remounted and again became the stern, relentless officer of the plains.

The hunted man had almost reached the sheltering clump of trees when horse and rider came into view. Slowly he crawled along the dried ground, but not before the keen eyes of the searcher had noticed the movement.

"Another one bagged," he said to himself and a sardonic smile crossed his face. "The \$5,000.00 is mine!"

Turning his head from left to right as though still in search of the offender, nearer and nearer came the rider, and as he drew closer he could see the laboured breathing of the hunted man.

Almost unconsciously the right hand of the Officer felt the holster and the horse was reined in suddenly.

The silence of the plains was unbroken as he stared at the shock of sandy hair and gazed into the blue eyes of Theodore Burke. The words of the oath again flashed through his mind, "without fear, favor or affection of or toward any man," and he slumped forward in the saddle.

"Oh, God, oh, God," he moaned and with eyes still closed spurred his horse on past the clump of dried trees and again resumed his journey. Through the long hot afternoon his eyes scanned the expansive level tract, as though in search of a criminal, but there was no sign of a human being.

He dismounted and prepared his evening meal in the open, and then sat, far into the night, with bowed head, alone on the plains.

Only the moon saw him draw from his pocket a soft leather wallet and a notice of a reward for \$5,000.00, then stir the coals and throw both into the flames and watch as they writhed and shrivelled in the heat.



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A ten-day test is offered to anyone who asks. Get it and see the delightful effects. Learn what this new way means.

Combats the film

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush, used in old ways, does not end it. So nearly everyone has suffered from some film attack.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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New-day methods

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ELSIE'S FLIGHT

BY MRS. NESTOR NOEL

FOR ten years, I've stood the weary monotony of this place," said Elsie King to herself as she packed her trunk with energy. She had no pangs at leaving her home, nor when the litter was cleared up and all useless scraps of paper and string put away, did she look with regret at the lonely, empty bedroom. She tidied up methodically; she must leave the house tidy for Robert.

"Goodness knows how he'll keep it straight after I'm gone," she thought when she looked at her watch. "Half an hour more," she added. "I'll see that all the rooms are right before I go."

A chair pushed back against the wall, a saucepan turned with its handle back so no one could knock it over, a book put tidily on the shelf and no more was necessary. For a week Elsie had been tidying up, so as to leave her house just right, yet the thought uppermost in her mind had always been: "How long will Robert leave it tidy?" She gave a last glance around and then shrugged her shoulders. "After all," she said, "I shan't be here to see the disorder. It's hard for me to realize that Robert will have coats in every chair, newspapers on the floor, ashes in the saucers, everything in a muddle—and no one to put things straight." She sighed! She did love a tidy place.

"Ready," called a man's voice from the door. There stood her husband. The horses were hitched to a wagon outside. On the way to the station, little was said. In fact, the bumping of the wheels on the rough road made speech impossible. They were just in time for the train. Womanlike, Elsie had wanted to be there before it started. Robert, however, had said he must get ready for seeding.

"He need not have grudged me that last hour," thought Elsie; but neither she nor Robert were the kind that quarrelled, so she said nothing. Although she was going on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Walker, yet both she and her husband knew that she would not return to the farm, not if she could help it! She had grown tired of the eternal monotony of the farm, feeling that "human nature could stand it no more." In one of these moments of despondency, Robert had said: "Why not go and stay with your mother," and Elsie had jumped at the idea, "but I'll never come back," she added to herself. "No; never!"

"I hope you'll enjoy yourself," said Robert, cheerily, as the train started. Elsie waved back as cheerfully, then she was gone.

"I hope Robert will find the pie in the cupboard," she thought. "He won't have to cook any dinner, only to warm it up." She never thought of the other dinners, day after day and week after week, which he would have to prepare. She looked out of the window at the dreary expanse of prairie broken here and there by a solitary farm or a small village. "I am thankful to leave it all," she mused. As she drew nearer to the city and saw the houses crowded together, she grew happier.

"Here is life," she thought. "Life and people!"

How she had longed for *people*! No woman, unless she has herself experienced it, can realize the longing for the lonely farmer's wife for "*people*." This is especially apparent when the woman is town bred. Not all the comforts of "one's own place," the animals and the security of earning a living can make up for a woman's longing for "*people*." So thought Elsie as her train stopped at last and, in the eager, pushing crowd she espied her mother.

"Oh mother," she exclaimed. "How good of you to meet me. Isn't the crowd lovely!"

Mrs. Walker smiled. She understood exactly how her daughter felt.

"You should have been here this morning," she remarked. "There was an excursion train on then."

She arranged to have the luggage sent to her flat, then took her daughter to a restaurant for dinner. "You'll enjoy it better than if we were alone," she observed. So, for the rest of the day, they went where there was a crowd. There was plenty of shopping to be done, for Elsie wanted "real, town clothes."

She gave a sigh of satisfaction and tiredness as she sank to rest at last, in one of her mother's comfortable arm-chairs. "The pavements do hurt one's feet at first," she admitted, but she was quite happy about it all the same.

Her mother had asked no questions, but in her heart wondered if Elsie and Robert had quarrelled. "Mother," asked Elsie, gazing into the open fireplace. "Why do you think I left home?"

Her mother started. It was as if Elsie were reading her thoughts.

"You need not tell me unless you choose," she answered.

Elsie replied by another question. She no longer looked abstractedly into the fire. She turned her gaze full on her mother. "Why do people ever marry?" she asked.

"No girl in love," she replied. "Will take Punch's advice to those about to be married: 'Don't!'"

"It's so monotonous," went on Elsie, following her own train of thought. "But mother, I want you to understand, from the start, that Robert and I have not quarrelled. You believe that, don't you?"

"Of course," answered Mrs. Walker. "You had nothing to quarrel about. You had everything you needed on the farm."

"Things," scoffed Elsie. "Yes, *things and things!* We had all the modern up-to-date machinery. We had a cream separator, a churn, a washing machine, heaps of labor saving devices, and conveniences! Yes, indeed, we had *things!* But people—*never*."

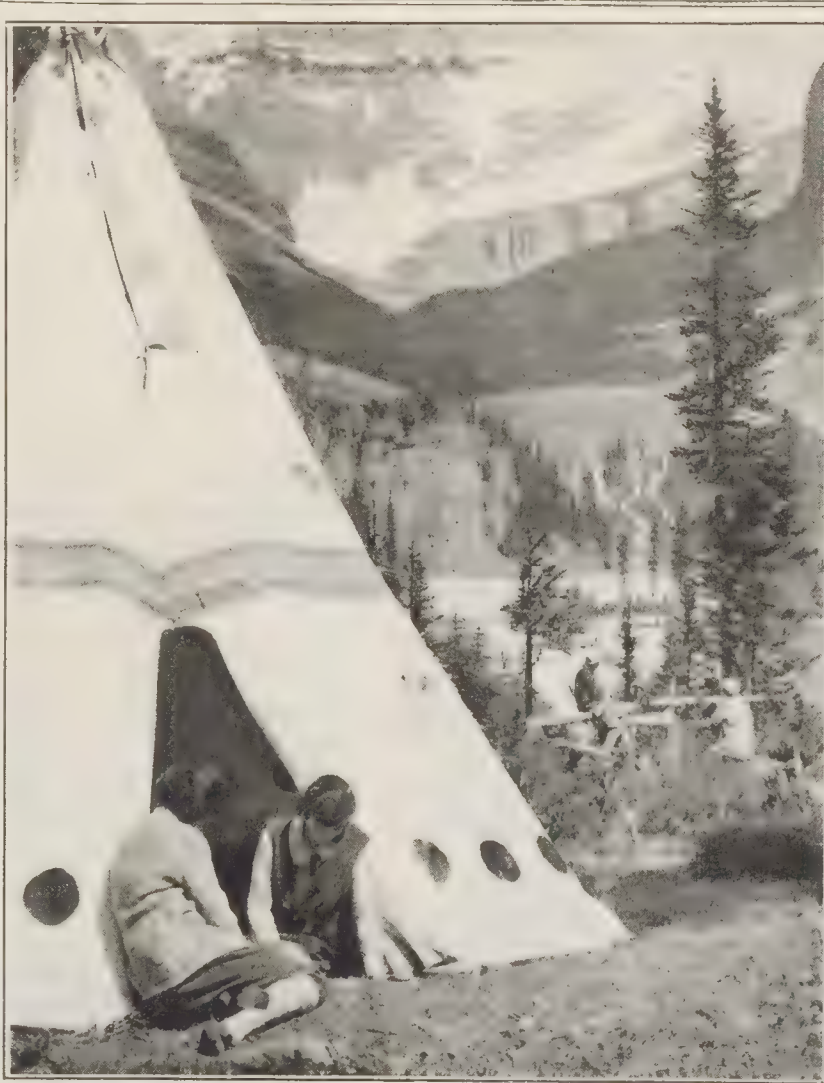
"Did no one ever visit you," asked Mrs. Walker.

"Visit! Oh mother!" Elsie gave a harsh laugh.

"Shall I tell you the kind of people I saw? Men came round to borrow a plow or a disc, or a binder. That's one drawback on a farm. The more you own, the more borrowers you have! They came there in dirty overalls, hung around my place, smoked evil-smelling tobacco, borrowed our things, broke them and forgot to return them."

"Doesn't Robert complain?" asked Mrs. Walker.

"Robert *complain!*" echoed the daughter. "You know the kind of man Robert is. He never complains—unless a pie be burnt. He says we never know, in those lonely farms, when we may need a neighbor; so we just have to put up with them, and not be too particular. You know how I love a tidy place, mother? Oh, the times I have tidied up after one of those borrowing callers!"



Camping in the Canadian Rockies, where Sargent painted his picture of Lake O'Hara

"If you could only go somewhere on Sundays," observed Mrs. Walker.

"But we can't, as I have told you in my letters," rejoined Elsie. "The horses are tired, and we have no car. In any case, there's no one I would care to visit nearer than ten miles. Do you know, most of the people round there never read anything but a weekly paper? They're so worried about the crops and drought and hail and frost and pigs, Robert says, they have no time nor inclination to cultivate their minds. He says farming makes them stupid."

"Robert is not stupid, and he is a farmer," put in Mrs. Walker. "There must be men like him on farms."

"I expect there are," agreed the daughter. "But

they are few and far between. They do not live our way."

"How many papers do you take besides those I send you," asked the mother.

"Twenty," responded Elsie. "We get more mail than the whole village put together. The post office is seven miles away, you remember. We fetch our letters and papers once a week. This is the way we are linked to civilization. Oh mother, I can't imagine how I could have lived all these years if I hadn't had my mail! Your letter, too, was always there. I'd have gone mad without it."

Mrs. Walker nodded. She knew her daughter was not exaggerating. She had read of women going mad on the prairie, from monotony. "You need not go back," she said. "My home is always yours."

"I know," replied Elsie gratefully.

FOR three more days, she enjoyed the pleasure of being in town, then one morning, after breakfast, her mother found her in tears in her room. She guessed the cause.

"You've had a letter from Robert," she ventured sitting on the bed beside her daughter. "He isn't ill, is he?"

"No," answered Elsie. "He doesn't even say he misses me; but between the lines, I see it all. He must be dreadfully lonely."

"Didn't you foresee that," asked Mrs. Walker.

"No," said Elsie. "Robert always seemed satisfied with everything."

"He had you," put in Mrs. Walker.

"I never thought he really would care," sighed Elsie. "But he does seem to do so now. Read his letter." She handed the missive to her mother who perused it and then gave it back.

"He cares all right," the elder woman said. "Do you want to return?"

"I can't! Oh, mother, I simply can't!" said Elsie. "Don't you see it will be exactly the same all over again?"

"That's true," said Mrs. Walker. "We must think of a remedy."

"There is none, except to sell the farm. Robert has told me that, time after time. Who wants to buy now? No one has any money." Elsie tried to dry her eyes, but she found it hard to do so. "Mother, do you realize," she went on excitedly. "I'm thirty years of age, and for the last ten years, I've not really *lived!* I've simply vegetated! I might as well be a cabbage." Here both laughed. It broke the tension and gave Elsie time to stop crying; but it could not stem the torrent of words that flowed out.

"I read a story yesterday," she began. "It was one of those 'back to the land' stories. In one part of it, it said: 'We must keep the people on the land, so that the railways can make more money.' Mother, don't you think it a crying shame the way they fool people on to the land?"

"I agree with you," responded Mrs. Walker.

"Yes," went on Elsie, eagerly. "They get you on the land, and there you are, caught like a mouse in a trap, and no escape."

"There must be farms," observed Mrs. Walker, thinking it all a great puzzle.

"I'm not saying there mustn't," almost snapped Elsie. "Still, they needn't fool people. They could tell the truth. What they need is strong, hustling workers—the kind who have no thought beyond earning their daily bread—those to whom a meal and a roof are sufficient. That kind would be content on the land all right. But the pamphlets can't stop there! No! Everyone must go on the land, as quickly as he or she can! Never mind if a person be utterly unsuited."

"To be fair, educated people should be warned *not* to go on the land. They should be told of the starvation of mind they would have there. After all, if the truth were really told there would be fewer discontented couples and fewer broken-up homes. Do you know what I would like to do, mother?"

"No, what?" questioned Mrs. Walker.

"I'd like to be a great writer: I'd tell the truth." "You couldn't have the book published," said the mother.

"That's the unfairness of it," remarked Elsie. "Don't you notice in how many stories people leave the land; but if you've read much, you must have observed that they *always go back!* These stories sell like hot cakes. I'm sick to death of them. Now, as for me, I'm *never* going back! But no one will write about *me!* No one would dare."

"It's very sad," sighed Mrs. Walker, rising. "Sometimes I'm afraid you too will have to go back. Love of husband drags a woman to the wilderness."

Continued on page 47



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Speaking of Ornaments

By M. MacLean Cautley

OF course I must have been more or less aware of them all my life—for no house is a "home" without them and my dear Mother has always been essentially a home-maker—but it was a quite unconscious awareness; the same vague, ill-defined impression of their presence that curtains and cushions convey to me. For alas, I was born with no instinctive domestic tastes—an anomaly, an incomprehensibility in a family whose females all inherit the most dominant strains of house-wifely interest, intuition and skill.

I—woe's me!—am the domestic runt, the Mendelian hybrid that suddenly appeared in the family line devoid of all those priceless gifts; one who would rather feast on crusts and water of another's preparing than to share a banquet meet for the gods if she herself had to cook it; who would rather have ungarnished windows than to have to make and hang adorning draperies; who can never remember a recipe or even be interested in it; and would rather, any day, go to the tea-and-biscuit and high-thought soirees of the Women's Press Club than the most sumptuous repast of the merely domestic kind. You see by all this how intellectual I am. One must, of course, be something if one has missed the heritage of a really feminine woman, and it was only from hearing my dear Mother explain to suspicious, disapproving aunts that I could do all things well in the house if I came down to it, but that my mind was on too lofty and intellectual a plane to be brought down to the petty details of menial tasks, that I first learned of my great and peculiar gifts.

I regret to say that my Mother and I are as yet the only staunch believers in them. My aunts' suspicion and disapproval have increased rather than diminished, and my sisters have remained consistently contemptuous ever since my first—and last—attempt to throw together (apt term) a cake and my one experiment in accomplishing that awe-some rite known at broiling a steak.

The steak and I were both rescued by a capable sister but unfortunately not before irreparable damage had been done to each of us. The memory of the seven times heated coals, the fearsomely sizzling meat, the diabolically hissing fat squirting globules of the liquid fire all over me as it scorched and blackened, and the appalling smoke, will never leave me.

HOWEVER, that is a far cry from ornaments and lest you have by this time forgotten my opening remark, I shall repeat it: I daresay I have always been subconsciously aware of them in other people's houses, and a captious critic glancing about my own room would contend that I must, at some time, have been acutely cognizant of them to have acquired my own collection, but I retort that these articles that cover my mantelpiece, bureaux, tables, walls, desk and book-cases, are not and never have been to my mind—or anyone else's—"Ornaments," but are cherished by me as objects d'art, souvenirs, or merely as objects of special or peculiar interest, their reasons d'être for me being as diverse as they themselves. Indeed, after my sudden awakening to the ubiquity and universal dominance of "Ornaments" I went very carefully over my own collection of trifles and decided that considered as Ornaments, they simply did not exist.

Take, for instance, that quaint little brown-faced sailor lad clad in faded paper garments, clinging to the right-hand support of my mirror—he is not there as an Ornament, obviously. I quite agree with my sister Cora that the mirror would look much better without him, but he was presented to me by a charming young gallant on the occasion of my coming-out at a yacht club ball where he—the little sailor—formed part of the supper-table decorations, and he reminds me of pleasant things. When my mirror with malicious frankness blazons forth the sad fact that a silver hair is gleaming through the brown, or a new wrinkle marring my ivory skin, I look at my

little Jack-tar and remember what some men thought of my hair and eyes not so awfully long ago and—in short, I like my little sailor lad and he shall stay. But he is a "Memory," and not an "Ornament."

Then that Monkey's skull on the book-case which my sister Ida contends looks like a murdered baby's, and is neither decent nor ornamental. It is not intended to be ornamental. It was a gift in my early college days from a fiery, impetuous youth who swore he loved me to distraction and would claim me for his bride though the heavens fell—in twenty years or so when he had taken his degree, walked half a dozen hospitals, been made a Fellow of all research societies, and otherwise acquired fame and fortune.

He faded from my (and the College) horizon before he had completed his second year, but the little skull remains, the only pledge of affection I ever received from him—and a very suitable one as it proved, a constant memento mori alike of the affections of youth and the loyalty of man, as of the corruptible body.

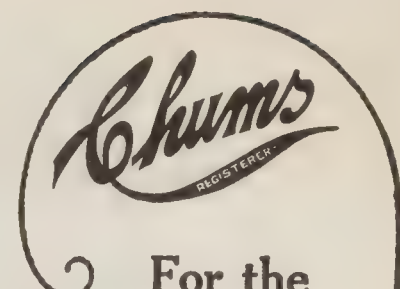
So it remains, not an "Ornament" but a "Warning."

So with the plaster lady on the lion who dominates my mantelpiece. Her body is really very graceful, astonishingly so considering the workmanship of the rest of the piece. She rests very easily on the lion's broad back, which has been thoughtfully squared off to make a comfortable and safe seat; one leg—quite a nice one—is tucked under the other, but the other, I regret to say, is of amazing length, the distance between knee and ankle being quite twice that between knee and hip. Yet there is a certain grace and allurements about the figure that intrigues one. But the sculptor fell down utterly on the lion, and that is the reason I bought him. His tail, made like a donkey's, has such a surprising loop; his paws are so unusual, and his pleasant face, encircled by

Continued on page 48



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A YOUTHFUL CHAMPION

Continued from page 4

four copies of it in a heap on the floor with other litter. "Give those to Miss Dolly for her collection," he said to the housemaid, who came to carry away the rubbish to the copper fire. The girl took them into the kitchen first, both she and the garden-er, and the cook and the odd boy liked the publication, especially the weeks when "the master" figured on the pages. Of late the Bill he was trying to force into the House had brought him very much into public notice, and to a certain extent into public opprobrium, and scarcely a week passed but the pen of the comic artist made itself merry with his features and little peculiarities. Ann enjoyed the pages with her fellows for half an hour or so, then she took it up to the nursery where Dolly was peacefully putting her large family of dolls to bed.

"I've brought you three gran' new picters Miss Dolly, dear," she said and giggled.

Dolly laid her seventh youngest down in its petticoat, and moved to the table.

"Two before and free now—that's five today," she said gleefully. "Are they colored ones, Ann? Are they little boys and girls, or ships, or dogs? Is there one with a doll in it?"

Ann laughed again uproariously, and fetched Bridget to share the fun.

"It's the master, Miss Dolly," she said; "they've been drawing picters of the master, 'cause he's such a great big clever man."

Pride came to the little trustful face—tender beautiful pride for the father who was so great they had to make pictures of him for all the world to see.

"Show me, Ann," she said softly. And Ann opened the red covers and showed the three pictures that had made the kitchen laugh till it cried.

THE master's face, certainly—even Brian could not have mistaken it. Every line brought out the likeness, every little black curve made it truer, more exact. But in the first, great long ears were added and the whole body and legs of a hideous kangaroo. He was represented as hopping along over a great plain, a tiny kangaroo in his pouch with "Land Bill" written upon it, behind galloped a pack of hunters with guns levelled at him. In the second one he was attired in the shortest possible ballet skirts, and was pirouetting coquet-tishly on the top of a great pile of Bills differently marked; his lip was thrust out and his finger was in his mouth; one eye was half closed. In the third he had grown enormously stout, his chin hung in folds, his eyes peeped out (one half closed) from great layers of flesh. He was represented sitting on a great sack labelled "The People's Money," and underneath it said, "Dis is what I growed on."

Dolly gazed incredulous with surprise, horror and anguish.

"It's not my farvie," she whispered again and again; "it's not really my farvie, it's only like him."

But Bridget and Ann could not let such an opportunity of enjoyment slip. They told her carefully and seriously that it was, that these were meant for portraits of the master for everyone to see.

"Sure, an' it's just the look of him; you can't be afther sayin' it's not, Miss Dolly," Bridget said. "Look at the lips of him! I've seen him look like that a 'undred times a day."

"But his legs," said Dolly piteously, "And the body, Bridget. Oh, Ann, Ann, it isn't! Is it? Darling Biddy don't say it is; they don't think my farvie's like that! Oh, how could they? Ann, dearest, why do they make him like that? Haven't they ever seen my farvie?"

"No," Ann said, gravely; "the fellows that draw the picters in papers ain't allowed to see the whole bodies of the men they draw. They only have the head showed them from a portrait, and then just accordin' to the things they do in Parl'ment they have to guess what their bodies is like."

Dolly nearly wept. "But how could they think he was like this? Dearest Biddy, what makes them think he is like this? Oh, why can't they see him walking about with his proper legs and body? And he is thin, thin! Whatever do they think he is so fat for?"

But the girls would give her no comfort; that's what the paper men thought the master was like, and so they drew him,

and now all the world thought that was what he was like.

"It was no use worriting," Bridget said, going back to pat baby who was banging his cradle about in his efforts to show he was wide awake and intended to remain so.

"But what does my farvie say? Has he seen?" said the poor little girl, her tears dripping down on the paper.

"Oh," Ann said, "he was very sensitive about it, of course. It made him awful wild to see things like that about; but it was no good him saying anything, or telling the paper people he only had two legs and had never danced a step-dance in his life—nobody believed what members of Parl'ment said about themselves. And Dolly had better not say anything to him either, unless she wanted to rile him awful."

BUT Dolly did—at least she thought of making the attempt, greatly though her timid soul shrank from "riling" the dear, busy father who, since months ago when baby slipped into the world and mother slipped out, had tried his very best to combine the duties of father, mother, playmate, and Minister of the Crown. She took him the letters as usual next morning, and lingered and fidgeted about his chair so long that he felt instinctively something had gone wrong with her small life. He put down his pen and picked her up on his knee.

"Well, my Dollikin," he said, and roughed her hair back in the way he always did, "how's the world treating my own little maid?"

"Oh," said Dolly. Then words failed, her tears burst forth, and her head went to bury itself on his coat shoulder.

"Why," he said, "my little one, my dear little woman! What have they been doing to you? Is Miranda's head broken? or has Brian been eating your share of cake?"

The sobs increased, the little arms clung to him tighter, tighter.

"Oh," she said, with a strangle in her throat. "Oh, I want my mamma, my mamma!" Not till that moment had she known that was what she wanted—not till she put down her little face, and sorrowful consciousness came that the coat shoulder at such a crisis was not so beautiful a place to cry on as the dear soft breast that had gone.

The old wave of sorrow, that piled sand ramparts of hard work could not always keep back, swept over the man. He went over to the low arm-chair with his little one; he forgot such a thing as a Land Bill existed. He rocked her to and fro, he kissed her curls and the bit of neck they allowed to show. Her tears wetted his shoulder, his own, fierce and hot, ached in his eyes. But when her chest grew quieter, and the desperate clinging of her arms relaxed, he put his own grief swiftly away to comfort her.

"Now, my small one," he said, "tell farvie all about it. Isn't it anything farvie can do? He will try very hard."

But Dolly, looking up to tell all about it, caught the wet misery of his eyes, and a strange, pathetic almost grown-up feeling of restraint and sympathy came to her, and shut her lips from telling him. He was unhappy too about it—so unhappy he was crying—farvie, who had never cried in all his life. And had not Ann said he was so very sensitive about it that to talk of it made him miserable? She would not even speak of it to him.

WHEN he found that no confidence was forthcoming he concluded it was a new burst of grief for the dead mother that had so shaken her soul, and he rocked and petted and soothed and cuddled her, and was hard on himself, because lately he had watched her at play, and said bitterly to himself that she had forgotten. Then after a time he tried to cheer her.

"Let's see if I have any pictures," he said, and unfastened a cupboard. A crude red cover met his eye. "The very thing," he said. He opened it out on his knee. "Look here, Doll," he said, "just look here at the way they treat your poor father! Aren't you sorry for him? Look, some horrid man has made a lion of him—a lion with its mouth open to growl and an eyeglass on. Farvie doesn't growl so

very much, does he?—at least not at his own pet girlie."

Dolly gazed at the terrible thing speechless. She could not understand his light tone of voice.

"Don't you care?" she said, very low.

He looked tragic. "Care!" he said. "Shouldn't you think I'd care? I'm not such a very bad-looking farvie, am I?—not when I'm smiling and have both my eyes open? Why, I nearly cry, Dollikin, nearly get out my handkerchief, and have a big weep when they make such an ugly, horrible thing of me. If it goes on much longer I shall smash all the looking-glasses for fear they'll tell me I'm really getting to look like they make me here."

And Dolly, usually keen as any intelligent child to detect ridicule and "making up" in anything told her was so miserable and depressed that she took it all to heart and was a shade more unhappy than before.

FROM that day she watched Peterson. It was he, she found, who brought the horrible things to the house. Soon she discovered it was Thursdays only they came. On Mondays and Tuesdays and other days there would come pink papers, and blue, and green, yellow and white, but on Thursdays only the bright red one she was beginning to know half a hundred yards away.

All the other days of the week she played and sang and laughed, was good, timidly naughty, quiet, and less quiet, just as the fit took her. But when Bridget told her the day was Thursday she was dull and quiet till the post had been and the pages had been feverishly searched.

Her father's secretary wrote at last, after some five or six numbers had failed to come, to the proprietors of the Red Paper to make a complaint. The Red Paper made inquiries. It found it had been posted safely each time. The fault was not with the office. Then it sent a clerk down to the post office to sift the matter, and the post office sent an inspector, and the inspector interviewed Peterson. And in the end they found a scrap of a girl, three feet eight, had been steadily purloining the package every week and hiding it away in an attic.

"For her clection, I suppose," the secretary said. How was he to guess the small one found the publication unfit for her father's eyes.

"You must always bring everything straight in, sweetheart," farvie said, "or I shall have to let Ann take the letters in. I will give you the pictures afterwards."

Obedience made the trouble greater. For six weeks it continued, growing harder and harder to bear as the Bill, already through its first reading, was approaching its second, and pricking the artist's fingers to fresh endeavors. And at the end of that time Dolly took things into her own hands and underwent and overcame.

ONE morning Peterson, approaching the end of his rounds, and about half-a-mile from the square house where dwelt the Bridget his heart enshrined, heard soft panting breaths and little light feet behind him. He swung round on his heel at the familiarity of them, his eyes looked expectantly for a well-developed figure and a ruddy face framed in red—expectantly but coldly, for had he not that very morning delivered her an envelope whereon the writing was distinctly masculine. But Dolly was quite alone and there was no sign of her body-guard. "What-tever rar you after, Miss Dolly?" he said in amazement. "Where's Bridget?"

An eye more trained than that of an amorous postman might have noticed the whiteness of the child's face and the heroic steadfastness of her lips. But Peterson's nature was a slow one; he merely stared at her as if he expected she had Bridget hidden away under the folds of her little red cloak.

"Isn't she coming atall?" he said, and looked behind the small figure and in front of it, and then, as his brain worked it out, away down the road he had traversed.

Dolly's timidity was replaced by the dignity of resolution and independence.

"Bridget is making herself a new cap," she said. "She's in the nursery with Brian. I've been walking behind you all the way, Peterson."

"Well, I'm blessed," said Peterson. "Why you might have been run over forty times."

And so she might. Every time he had crossed the road she had dodged over too; once or twice just under the nose of a horse, in her anxiety not to lose sight of him for a moment.

He rubbed his nose and looked at her in great perturbation.

"What-tever ram I goin' to do with you?" he said.

Dolly explained to him clearly, gently. She wanted to go to the place where the Red Paper man drew his pictures. "And you said, Peterson," she added, "that you passed it every day on your rounds, so I thought I would walk with you till you came to it. Are we nearly there, Peterson? We haven't passed it, have we? Please, Peterson, be sure to tell me when we get near."

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Peterson. The slow machinery of his mind had just shown him Bridget, in great distress, hunting the place over for the lost child. "Bridget'll think you're stolen."

There came a look of grief into Dolly's face, but her eyes lost none of their determination.

"Yes," she said; "I'm very sorry. Poor Bridget! But I couldn't help it, Peterson. You see I must go to the Red Paper place."

"I am blessed!" said Peterson. "Why, it's right across the water, Miss Dolly."

"Is it?" said Dolly. "Then would you mind lending me a penny, Peterson, please, for the boat? My farvie will pay you back."

THEY were almost at the ferry wharf by this and the boat that ran to town was coming in sideways, with much froth and excitement, to pick up passengers.

"I'll have to catch this boat," said Peterson, waking up. "What ton nearth am I goin' to do with you, Miss Dolly?"

But Miss Dolly had decided the question by running on as fast as her small legs would carry her. "Hurry, Peterson," she said; "we shall be left behind." And breathlessly, as she skimmed over the gangway, "I was getting afraid we could not do it. Weren't you afraid, Peterson?"

During the six minutes' passage of the boat Peterson had time to think. He was not very sorry for Bridget's anxiety; it would be just retribution for all she made him suffer. And after all, what a welcome she would give him if he took half an hour from his duties and bore the child back to her. His heart swelled at the thought of it.

What the child wanted at the Red Paper office he did not even try to imagine, knowing the limitations of his own brain and just guessing at the marvellous fecundity of a small girl's. He simply took it for granted that she had to go there for some reason best known to herself, and that he must lay his plans accordingly.

"Look-kere," he said as they stepped on dry land again and turned to walk up to the city. "Look-kere, Miss Dolly, I've got to report myself at the post-office up there, so what I'll do is leave you at the paper-office on my way-yup, and then come back for you; mind you're standing ready on the steps. I'll have no time to waste. And mind you don't go nowhere-else. You could get killed-din a minute in this street."

Dolly promised punctuality and prudence.

"Well, 'ere you are," he said and put her with kindly arm up the steps of the dingy building. "Mind you're-rere when I come back." Then he shifted his leather bag to a more comfortable position and strode away followed, till the crowd swallowed him, by a pair of blue eyes from which the heroism was dying.

A COUNTER confronted her when she turned her gaze inside—a counter with never a man behind, but only a series of partitions making little rooms. But a staircase running close at hand suggested itself, especially as there was a man ascending. Up she went on timidiest tip-toe.

The man turned round at the top. He had heard the footfall, light though it was, for the boards were bare. He waited for her smilingly. It was not often so small and earnest a maid climbed up to this landing, nor often he saw the prevailing gray dullness of the place made gay with a little red cloak, a big hat and a bunch of yellowy curls.

The blue, gentle eyes looked up at him searchingly.

"Well, you very small girl," he said, "and what can we do for you?"

Continued on page 50

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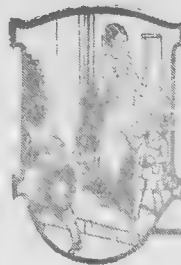
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MOTHER'S PAGE



The Habit You Ought to Avoid

By Emma Gary Wallace

ALMOST everyone has some habit which he or she would do well to avoid. A habit of this character is quite certain to prove displeasing and to make people avoid us. Thus our indulgence in the habit which we have acquired reacts against us, and lessens the number of our friends, and often prevents social and business opportunities opening their doors to us.

When we come right down to it, a disagreeable habit which can be overcome, is nothing more nor less than selfishness. It is as if we said, "I'll do as I please and you can make the best of it!"

Many disagreeable habits persist until they endanger happiness and home harmony. A number of such cases come to mind.

One is that of a man who always makes a peculiar clucking noise by drawing his breath in at the side of his mouth and tensing that corner of his mouth when he is angry. As soon as the first "cluck" is heard, his children and everyone who knows him, will look at him anxiously to discover what has gone wrong, and as he can be very unpleasant when he chooses, his family and friends fade away as quickly as possible.

It would be far more manly in him to exercise self-control and not to hang a flag of warning of this kind out upon the slightest occasion. He has earned the reputation of being exceedingly irritable and rather unreasonable.

A woman who is excellent in many ways, and who is possessed of a great many virtues, has had one habit which has been very annoying to her family, and in her old age, actually prevented her having a comfortable home offered her by well-to-do relatives.

This lady has always been very fond of reading, and this entertainment has been a great education and recreation for her. More than this, she has had a desire that others should share with her the specially fine thoughts or valuable arguments which she comes across in her reading. From even her young womanhood, she has permitted herself to burst out and read aloud, fugitive passages which pleased her. It really made no difference at any time whom she was interrupting, or how much she disturbed others about her.

Her children were accustomed to study their lessons in the family living room. Often in cold weather this was the only warm place, and it was disturbing to them to say the least, to have their concentration broken into again and again by excerpts from readings which meant nothing to them. When requested timidly not to do it, she replied firmly:

"I shall read good things aloud to my family whenever I please!"

In the course of time her children grew up and went away from home and she continued this habit. It was impossible for anyone else to read with any enjoyment in the same room with her. So the members who constituted her family took to remaining in their own rooms after supper in mere self-defence. Then she complained that she was not appreciated and neglected.

Even when she went to visit in the homes of her relatives, she continued the same habit to their great annoyance. When the time came that she was left without a home, several made remarks of this character:

"We would be glad to have Mary live with us, but she has certain habits which irritate us very much when she

spends a few days under our roof, and to face deliberately the thought of being tied to those habits for the rest of her life at least, is intolerable."

Now it would have been the simplest thing in the world for this good woman to have cultivated a little appreciation of what the other person might be doing or thinking, and whether her interruption would be welcome or vexatious. Habits of this class are very tenacious once they are acquired.

Another woman who made her home with her son and daughter-in-law, had the seemingly trifling habit of taking her place at the family table with the rest—but always within a few minutes she would have excuses for jumping up and leaving the room. She needed a handkerchief; or there was a spoon lacking at her place; or she thought of something which she wished to give a moment's attention in another room.

This woman's daughter-in-law was orderly and systematic, and enjoyed a well set and well served table. It was disturbing to her to have this constant confusion. As she said to a friend of hers:

"I could stand it once in awhile, but three times a day, year in and year out, taxes my patience. If mother only knew it, she could give such matters as need attention, thought before coming to the table. Both of my children think they ought to be permitted to do the same thing, and you can imagine how much we are disturbed in consequence."

A young lady who enjoyed the advantage of a short stay abroad, came home much pleased with her experiences. There was a little disposition to air a foreign word and phrase now and again, but her friends overlooked the ill-breeding of this. However, the idea seemed to give her pleasure, and she proceeded to cultivate a markedly foreign accent, and to drag in more and more foreign phrases until she became almost a laughing stock in consequence. The absurdity of her mannerisms did not even occur to her evidently, for she would often remark:

"I prefer continental manners and speech and cooking. I can't see why, but I do"—and this after a few months residence abroad as a student.

A business man of more than usual experience and also possessing a better-than-average education, has possessed an ambition for a long time to serve as the mayor of his town or at least as president of the Chamber of Commerce of which he is a member. He probably has no suspicion that one of the main barriers to such honors, is the way in which he uses his handkerchief. He employs it frequently and vigorously, literally trumpeting as he clears his head, and all too often that handkerchief is not as fresh as it might be. Otherwise he is reasonably refined and sensible, but this one habit is so obnoxious that it obscures many of his better qualities.

A girl who is in High School, was recently asked why she did not take her friends home more frequently, and her reply was that her mother's habit of asking everyone over-many questions, mortified her. Said she:

"My friends come from good homes and they do not understand what it means to be cross-examined like that. My mother means well and only intends to be sociable, but many of her questions are almost impertinent. I have tried to explain to her what I mean without hurting her feelings, but she does not seem inclined to attempt to make any improvement, and so rather than have the girls offended or amused at her manner, I do not take them home with me."

THE HABIT YOU OUGHT TO AVOID

Continued from page 22

In still another case, a young professional woman has acquired the habit of using certain high-pitched tones of voice which may sound vivacious for a little while, but soon get to be shrill and grating to anyone obliged to listen.

A woman of middle age who is really very kindly and charming, has recently moved to a new home. She cannot understand why people do not seem more cordial. She is lonesome and longs for friends. The truth of the matter is that she talks so fast that people look at her in amazement. It is even hard to keep up with her in understanding what she is saying. One man described it as sounding like 'a flapping chain on the wheel of an automobile which was going very fast'; and another wondered how she could keep track of what she was saying herself.

Her habit of very rapid talking had been overlooked by those who had known her from childhood, but among strangers she is discounted and regarded as peculiar.

An elderly woman whose false teeth do not fit any too well has permitted herself to get into the habit of mumbling speech. Her home is always the headquarters for much company, for she has a large family of sons and daughters. This elderly lady loves to talk, and the nerve strain of trying to be polite and to listen and understand what she says, is so great that she does not receive as many invitations to join the outings and fun of the younger people as she would otherwise.

A young man who is enthusiastic in his make-up, punctuates every phrase and every sentence by interjecting the word "See." Sometimes he uses a rising accent, and sometimes a falling one in saying the word. But imagine how it gets on the nerves of the listener to hear the word "See" repeated from seventy-five to two hundred times in an ordinary conversation. One finds oneself listening anxiously for the word and forgetting the rest of the conversation entirely.

A father who has made an earnest effort to be a good pal to his boy, cannot quite understand why the lad is rather avoiding going out with him lately. The reason is that when father and son go to a public entertainment, that the father always takes the end seat and sits with feet and knees slantwise out in the aisle. Everyone who passes along the aisle must step over the feet, or the owner of them pulls them in for a moment and pushes them out again.

The father has acquired this habit because he is very tall and the seats are often so closely placed as to cramp him somewhat. Nevertheless, the habit

mortifies the boy and indulgence is really unnecessary in many instances.

An energetic woman has made much trouble for herself by yielding to a certain habit of mind. She does not like to wait. If she can avoid it, she will not wait. This is all right where her own actions are concerned, but where others are to be considered, she has given offence in countless cases.

For example, she once asked her husband to brush some rugs for her, and he readily consented, saying, "I'll do it, Hattie, as soon as I finish writing this letter."

But "Hattie" wouldn't wait. With a toss of her head, she went out and proceeded to brush the rugs. As she did so she thought, "I'll make him sorry and ashamed that he kept me waiting."

But Hattie did not know her husband as well as she thought, for in place of being sorry and ashamed, he was annoyed, and said to himself, "If she can't wait a reasonable time and until I get this important letter off, she can do it herself."

The next time she wanted rugs brushed, she would not ask him because he had not offered to come out and finish them for her before. The result is he has never brushed rugs again in all their married life.

In this same woman's home, a guest put some fine lingerie and dainty handkerchiefs to soak. Hostess "Hattie" was not willing to leave these articles until the guest was ready to do them. She went at it herself and practically spoiled everything. The guest could not quite understand the impatience of her hostess, and a strained relationship sprung up which resulted in a final and permanent break of friendship.

It is a good thing to remember that we cannot plan for other people at all times, nor push them into taking their part in the programme we have planned, just when we decide we would like to have them.

All in all, one good habit to cultivate is that of watching ourselves carefully lest we fall into some habit which expresses selfishness on our part, or intolerance, or lack of consideration for others, or plain ignorance.

We may not realize that this or that act or mannerism is actually becoming a habit, but when we find that people resent what we say or do repeatedly—or when they begin to avoid us—then we should examine ourselves for the habit which is fastening itself upon us and which is of such a nature as to cause prejudice and resistance.

If we are to influence others in the right way, we must be considerate, winsome, and above all things, unselfish and free from those maddening habits which so often are real blemishes and mar the lives of well-meaning people.

What about it? Have you, personally a habit which you would do well to prune or to root out altogether?

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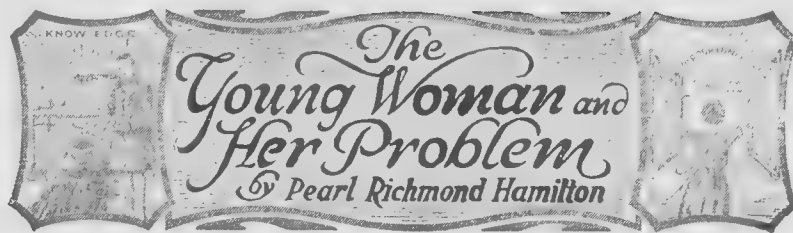
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ON PAGE FOUR



RECENTLY I asked a business girls' club to prepare a problem programme.

There were no signatures, so we discussed the questions without embarrassment. After the formal opening, the young women sat on the floor around the open grate where a fire created just the right atmosphere for heart to heart talks. It occurred to me that our Western Home Monthly girls might be interested in some of the problems that puzzled us. Perhaps our readers would send in helpful ideas concerning the solution of one or all.

The following are the problems that prompted the most discussion:

"Is it true that in general men's interests are more in their business than in their home life?"

"How much work should a stenographer be expected to do at home, provided she pays ample for board and room?"

"How may I cultivate the give and take spirit?"

"Is it fair to say that women are more deceitful than men?"

"Do you think a girl should leave home and go away to work if she thinks she can do better away from home?"

"How may I cultivate a happy disposition?"

"How may a girl discover her talent?"

"Should a stenographer always be dignified?"

"Will it sacrifice the dignity of a teacher if she bobs her hair?"

The first question is the subject of many bitter arguments and I feel in most cases we are most unjust to men when we accuse them of being more interested in their business than in their home life.

In the first place, the reason men are ambitious for business success is because of their desire to support the family comfortably. It seems to be human nature for a woman to increase her demands until she requires not only comforts but luxuries, and in his desire to satisfy the demands of his family the husband and father must devote increasing interest and time to his business. Now, in this age, his business activities do not always confine him to the office. He meets his associates in recreation, which is necessary. The tension is high today and men must relax at times.

When I hear women complain because their husbands are more interested in business than in home life, I feel like asking the wife: "What would become of the home if he were not interested in his business—if his business failed?" I believe as women we do not appreciate the ambitious husband who is interested in his business. Most husbands appreciate their homes. They may not acknowledge it in words, but surely when they support the home financially so the family is comfortable, that is sufficient expression. Remember, life claims the husband through his business, the community, the state. On the whole, as I know men, they are big hearted and kind. They have vision and faith and ambition to brighten and broaden life both in the home and in the community.

They will do their part if we are true and loyal home-makers. For, after all, as a friend so truthfully expressed in my hearing one day—"The greatest gift that can come to a woman is the love of a good man."

The second question is one that has to be very carefully argued, for we do want our girls to respect and love their mothers, but I believe there are mothers who do not understand the strain and energy business life demands of a girl. It is really necessary for a girl who has a position in a business office or in any kind of business to conserve her energy for her work. She needs to relax when she goes home.

I have known young women who failed in their work because of too many home duties.

Last winter a girl who tried to save expenses by working for part of her board came to me in a serious state of worry. She had little strength left for her work in the office, and, as she was trying to advance, she was seriously handicapped. The last I heard of her she had lost her position.

Anna Stesse Richardson says in an article entitled: "Are You Helping Your Daughter Make Good?"

"The girl who adds to intelligence and a good appearance, a knowledge of stenography and typewriting, can walk into a job. But it is a different matter to hold the job and to earn promotion." The writer then illustrates why some girls failed.

The mother of Esther gave her so many little errands to do—shopping and other tasks that she was often tardy. She thus stole time from the firm—though she was honest in other things.

Gertrude lost her position for extreme dressing and too much gossip. She never would have lost her job if her mother had taught her that business and social life should be lived separately.

Jane lost her position because she did not have enough to eat. She rejoiced in the fashionable slender model and so ate very little. Of course, she had headaches and dizziness and lost office time. The firm hired a healthy girl in her place.

Eileen had a good mind, a real love and an hysterical mother. After she reached the office the lines of worry and fret seemed to vanish as she became absorbed in her work. Then the telephone would ring, and as she talked the lines would come back as her mother excitedly harassed her about different things. Where did she put this and that? Would she stop at the store on the way home? Eileen has had three positions in the last year. Girls are not paid for telephone interruptions.

The author of the article further states:

"If your daughter succeeds in her work as a wage-earner, she must have good health, respect for discipline, good manners, and freedom from domestic duties and anxieties, which will interfere with earning the salary she is paid.

When you have helped your daughter to build up her health, to understand the need of discipline in business, to realize that criticism is not personal but official, to dress appropriately and to bear herself with dignity toward her co-workers, you have contributed in a positive way to her chances of securing promotion. Do not encroach on her working hours. From the moment your daughter takes a position, her time belongs to the firm that pays for it."

A girl's future success in business depends much on fairness in the home.

How may I cultivate the give and take spirit?

Eliminate self-pity, unfair critical thoughts of others, and play the game of life on the square. Join clubs—athletic sports, like tennis, golf (if possible), learn to do team work.

There is peace around the pain of life if we develop the spirit of harmony.

Is it fair to say that women are more deceitful than men? We invite discussion of this question from both men and women.

Do you think a girl should leave home and go away to work if she thinks she can do better away from home?

I think, not before she is twenty. During the teen age her judgment may not be as sound as that of her parents.

Today there are so many snares that a girl must be very careful about leaving home. Besides the development of

character in a good home environment is of greater value to a girl's future than the earning of money. There is time for a girl to carry out her ambition, if it be sound, after she is twenty.

When I was in my teens I had an ambition that might have ended in tragedy if I had left my home. I can understand sympathetically the girl in her teens, because my own teen age left such an indelible impression on my memory. A girl can usually bank on the wisdom of the judgment of her parents.

How may I cultivate a happy disposition?

Learn to see the beautiful. It is everywhere—in the flowers, the sky—all nature pictures belong to God's great gallery of beauty. Commit to memory gems from literature. Fill the mind with hope, love, faith, and truth, so dark ugly fear and worry cannot find room.

Work in harmony with Divine Law and you will bring to your work the kind of industry and cheerfulness that generates force and personality.

There is power obtained in going the right way to work.

The whole purpose of existence is growth. Nothing grows well in darkness. Sunshine in the mind is necessary for our growth. There is something about the personality that one feels. The photographer cannot catch it, the biographer has difficulty to record even a breath of it, but it is the indescribable quality of success.

The happy disposition creates that charm of personality—that magnetic power that unlocks the hearts of others and broadens our own horizon. Let us bear in mind that the love of beauty plays a very important part in the poised, symmetrical life.

When we learn to be responsive to the beautiful that is about us everywhere, we realize it is a life giving recuperator, and we then have the happy disposition cultivated. "We can make our minds art galleries of beauty or chambers of horror: we can furnish them with anything we please.

The question regarding a girl and her talent brought from one of the club members this reply: "Sometimes others discover our talent." This is true—especially in music, painting, writing or any of the arts. Yes, in other gifts it may be true. If a metal, possessing only a few coarse material qualities, is capable of great increase in value, who can estimate the possibilities of the development of a talent?

Perhaps in the metal only a dozen processes are possible to produce a watch spring, whereas in the human talent a thousand influences—patience, toil, study, struggle—all draw out and develop the material to marvellous accomplishment.

There may be very little difference between the human material given to a hundred girls at birth—perhaps one will raise the value of her talent a hundred fold while ninety-nine will wonder why they are failures. The extent to which we raise the value of our talent depends upon ourselves. It depends on our ideals and our determination to excel.

"The heights of great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

The last two problems concern dignity. I cannot understand why lobbed hair would sacrifice a teacher's dignity.

Dignity is not awkward, stiff straight-laced stuff. Dignity is a certain personal charm of strength that defies any kind of common or coarse approach. It is a quality that inspires respect and admiration. A girl can never afford to sacrifice her dignity for one minute anywhere. But do not distort the definition of dignity.

The Kingdom of Right

We are told there's a beautiful kingdom,
And the night it shall all pass away,
We are told there's a God full of mercy,
It is promised and coming some day;
And no sorrow shall darken the Kingdom,
Happy voices of children we'll hear,
The "Desire of the Nations" 'tis promised,
By the signs of the times, it is near.

We are told in that Beautiful Kingdom,
The oppressor, and grief are no more,
What a day, when the mists all have lifted,
We will praise Him, but not as of yore.
But, all hearts shall unite in their worship,
In the Kingdom we're longing to see,
When the desert shall bloom as a garden,
In the Kingdom we're promised 'twill be.

We are told in that Beautiful Kingdom,
That the plough share and sword shall unite,
That no more there'll be clashing of Nations,
They'll be merged in the Kingdom of Right.

—Margaret Vance Lody



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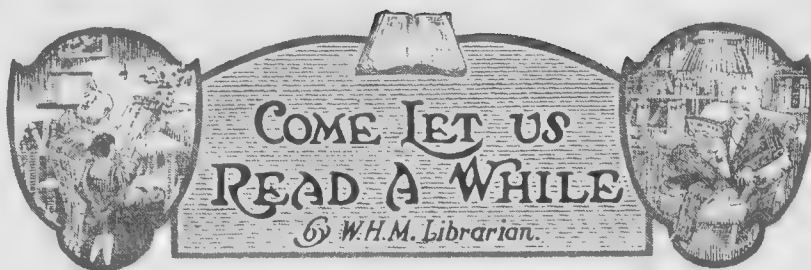
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FROM the point of view of authors and publishers, new books are naturally very important. But not from the reader's point of view. Their newness, I mean. This, to an avid reader is of little moment. What care I if a certain novel was published as far back as 1888? I did not read it until 1924. It was quite "new" to me. I derived as much pleasure from it as did my mother who read it a quarter of a century earlier. This, I think, is one of the most lovable characteristics about books. They are always new to someone; always, providing they are worth reading at all, capable of giving pleasure to more and more folks, this year, next year, some year, ever!

At the conclusion of the summer holidays, many of you must have made a similar reflection to this. Especially if you have been, like myself, cut off from bookshops and public libraries where the new publications are to be found. Lucky "you" if you have been brought in contact with somebody's well stocked home library. Such has been my experience and it has been rare joy to comb the well-stocked shelves for novels that I have heard of many times but have never read. And what a lot there were. Novels that I have heard my mother speak of, novels that I have seen reviewed, novels that I have even seen depicted on the silver screen and yet, for some reason or the other, have never read until the summer of 1924. There is this comforting thought that arises from such an experience: no matter how "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable" the rest of the world is, one cannot be in the company of books without finding new and interesting friends with whom one may spend many a pleasant hour.

Beatrice Harraden

MANY years ago I read "Ships That Pass in the Night" by Beatrice Harraden. Read it and wept over it and read it again and again. I remember my father telling me how Beatrice Harraden, then unknown to fame, had sold the manuscript of this novel for a paltry sum and that her publishers had reaped unprecedented financial success from it. That's how the story went among book folks those days, although of course no one knows whether or not the publishers were as generous to Miss Harraden as George Eliot's publishers were to her. I remember reading the life of George Eliot wherein she made mention of the generosity of her publishers who paid her much more than her contract called forth because they had made so much more from the sale of her novel than had been anticipated.

But I am wandering. I really wanted to tell you that the first books I discovered in my friend's library were several novels by Beatrice Harraden, all of them "new" to me. These were "Katharine Frensham," "In Varying Moods," "Hilda Stratford," and "Out of the Wreck I Rise." When I tell you that I read them all, and one after each other, not because I thought I ought to, but because I wanted to, you can guess what pleasure these "new" books gave me. Including "Ships That Pass in the Night," I can heartily recommend these five novels. Place them on your list for fall and winter reading. So great an impression have they made upon me that I am preparing an article on "The Women of Beatrice Harraden's Imagination." A nice study this for a winter-time literary club. I pass on the suggestion for what it is worth and shall be delighted to hear from any of my readers who are interested in this subject.

Cosmo Hamilton

HAVING read all of Beatrice Harraden's novels to be found in this vacation-time library, I picked out

"The Blindness of Virtue," by Cosmo Hamilton. I didn't expect to enjoy it because I have read serials by Cosmo Hamilton not worth the paper on which they were printed—sensational rubbish with no more relationship to life than the theory of relativity! I was pleasantly surprised by "The Blindness of Virtue." It is a book for parents to read. It expresses and interprets a great lesson. It shows the folly of those parents who allow their daughters to grow up in ignorance of the truths of life. It is a well written story, dominated by a fine character, the Reverend Harry Pemberton. I have a faint recollection of reading about a screen version of this novel. If it has not been "screened," it should be.

Kate Douglas Wiggin

"A CATHEDRAL Courtship!" The quiet title intrigued me one down-poury day. I took this little book from the shelf. The title page showed that it was published in 1893. Yet I had never read it. Had never, so far as I can remember, seen this little volume before. Before the rain was over, I had finished the love story of Kitty and was well into the other story included in this quaint, quiet book. One bit amused me greatly—it was so human. Penelope is giving a vivacious account of her English Experiences. She, like the authoress is an American. Apparently Penelope and her two American girl friends would have enjoyed themselves thoroughly in England had they dared to eat boiled eggs! Oh no, they were not afraid of eggs as part of their daily diet. But they couldn't eat a boiled egg without emptying the contents into a glass. What would their English hostess say? She who so cleverly and quickly decapitated the egg and ate it from the shell without spilling a drop! Charming little book is this "Cathedral Courtship," and in its gentle way somewhat of a historical record of manners and customs both sides of the Atlantic.

I'm In Hot Water

IN the June issue, I made certain remarks about a pernicious habit practised by some reviewers who are paid for writing fullsome or dishonest praise. Since then I have had a letter from Nellie McClung calling me to order for giving my readers a false impression about a certain novel and authoress which she names and I will not. Had my paragraph been read with a little care it would have been apparent that I was not referring to any one book or authoress, nor did I know at the time of writing that this book and authoress had been criticised for inciting such reviews. What I deprecated was the pernicious custom of "puffing" in return for payment. I know that this does occur and I still maintain it is a pernicious custom. I was amazed to learn from Mrs. McClung that there was a definite book attached to my criticism especially as I myself had reviewed it with sympathy and appreciation many months before! I would like to tell you the name of this excellent novel but I do not wish to give it any further publicity for fear Mrs. McClung should still further "resent" my "unfair criticism." As for the authoress herself, I ask her in justice to me, to read the June issue where she will see that I was deprecating a custom and made absolutely no mention of any book whatsoever. I am amazed to learn that my paragraph has been so misread, and regret it all the more because I thoroughly enjoyed the book I am accused of being unfair about. I'll go into the garden and eat worms.



Wild Rose Luncheon Cloth With Napkins to Match

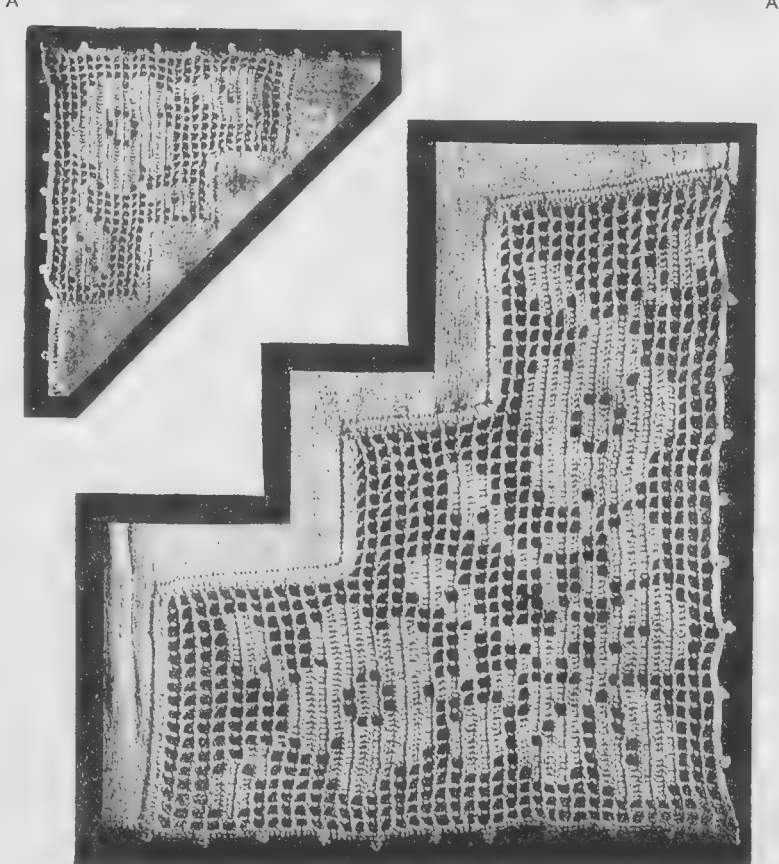
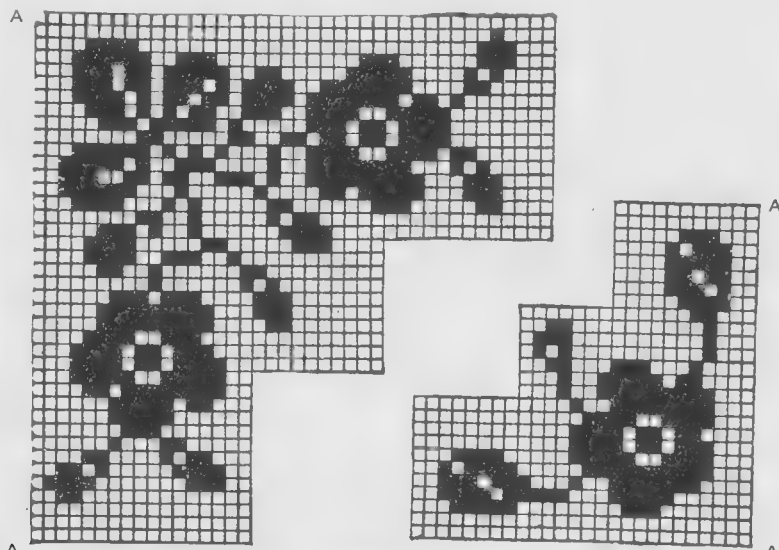
DEEP in the heart of every woman is an innate love of beautiful linen, and more particularly perhaps, beautiful table linen. A well set table and dainty linen are necessary for the success of any entertainment, and for the poise and confidence of the hostess.

Filet crochet still remains popular as a decoration for household linens, and the pretty wild rose design shown below is lovely when made up. Any woman would be proud to possess it and use it for luncheons, informal teas and late suppers. You may want to make it for yourself, or it forms a much appreciated gift for bride, bachelor-girl or matron.

Luncheon cloths are usually 36-in. or 38-in. square, and the napkins no more than 12-in. or 14-in. The set illustrated was worked in No. 50 thread, and the edges finished with picot. A double row of open meshes on the cloth and a single row on the napkins before doing the picot would add materially to their attractiveness.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Preparation

DURING September we see the return of the city man from his holidays and, while the farmer is striving at this time to reap the fruits of his labor, he, too, looks a few weeks ahead and sees the possibility of some leisure time in the approaching fall and winter months. In city and country, these are the months when the young man should make preparation for the proper use of his spare time. The men who are now devoting some of their spare time preparing for the future will occupy much better positions in the years to come than those who may be giving too many of their spare hours to social affairs and amusements.

In deciding upon some subjects of study, the young man should consider them in relation to his natural inclinations and to his surroundings. If he expects to stay in a rural community it may be that from a practical point of view, the study of Spanish, for instance, would not prove of much value. If he expects to move away he should have some idea of the work he wants to follow and should begin at once to prepare himself technically for it.

Among the subjects in which instruction is to be had in Canada may be mentioned accountancy, advertising, architecture, bookkeeping, building construction, commercial art, drawing, engineering subjects, modern languages, plumbing, salesmanship, shorthand, typewriting, business arithmetic, business letter writing, showcard writing, English composition, spelling, penmanship, history, political economy and finance, logic, psychology, algebra and geometry, physics, botany, literature, journalism, and agricultural subjects.

Those who live near the larger towns and cities may be fortunate enough to secure instruction in evening schools. Others who are working during the day and are unable to attend the regular schools may secure help through correspondence courses. Others again secure the necessary books and work through them without outside assistance. Knowledge gained in this way is hard to get, but sometimes it is more appreciated than it is in the case of those who have to make little sacrifice to secure it. Education is, after all, not so much listening and receptivity as it is activity or self-achievement.

How to Study

WHEN a young man has decided upon a course of study, it is important that nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of its successful completion. Richard L. Sandwick, in his book, "How to Study and What to Study," says:

"Not only must you gain the full consent of your mind to the proposition that your work is worth doing—you must also have confidence that you can do it. Remember: the right emotional tone is one of happy-earnest confidence. If you know that your work is worth doing you cannot dislike it. If you know that you can do it, you cannot despair of it.

"Enormous energy has to be spent in studying what one dislikes or despairs of acquiring. Displeasure depresses and exhausts. The brow contracts, the shoulders droop together, the corners of the mouth drop down, the whole form stoops, the hands close, and the arms bend into a more or less defensive attitude. In that position, the body is on guard, as it were; shut up, so far as may be, to outside influence. The mind follows the body. In such a condition of mind and body, learning is almost impossible.

"But the right emotional tone of happy-earnest confidence smooths out the wrinkles in the brow, lifts the corners of the mouth, opens the chest to deep breathing and strong heart action. The whole body becomes receptive. The mind is then alert and ready to receive suggestions and stimulation.

"Now, the question is, how may we acquire this confidence? Lincoln sustained himself in the years of self-directed study with the belief, 'What man has done before, man can do again.' It is a sustaining thought for you. Generations of students have mastered this mathematics, this Latin, this physics, over which you sigh. Others in a thousand schools are mastering these studies today. Perhaps some of these others are far less equipped than you with energy and endurance to bear the stress of mental work. What all these have done and are doing successfully, you can do.

"Lack of money need not daunt the student. Scholarship thrives best on plain fare. After a dinner of cornmeal and milk, no sleepy dullness follows, such as halts the studies of the overfed. Never was it so easy for the poor to acquire an education. Thousands are working their way through high schools and colleges. Many earn every cent it costs them."

Ten Questions

DO you believe that—
A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world?

To a man nothing is miserable unless it is unreasonable?

Those who speak always and those who never speak are equally unfit for friendship?

There is virtue in country houses, in gardens and orchards, in fields, streams and groves, in rustic recreations and plain manners, that neither cities nor universities enjoy?

Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but being resolutely minded in a just cause?

No one reaches a high position without daring?

Life is warfare; and he who easily desponds deserts a noble duty?

Difficulties strengthen the mind, as well as labor does the body?

Men judge things more fully by the eye than by the ear?

The great man is to be the servant of mankind, not they of him?

What Education is Not

ACCORDING to Dr. Horne, education is not a gift to be bestowed; it is a trophy to be won. It is not the transmission of mental power from teacher to pupil; it is making latent mental power in the pupil kinetic. It is not the divine gift of tongues from the teacher, but a human, hard-earned victory for the pupil. "The telling teacher is not the telling teacher."

Education is not a jack-knife to be presented, it is an intellectual pilgrimage to be taken. The teacher is not the pupil's "pony" but his experienced traveling companion.

Education is not receptivity but activity; not impression, but expression; not learning, but thinking; not knowledge, but power.

Education is not primarily fitting a child to do something; it is getting him to be something. It is not primarily utilitarian, but cultural.

Lines that Inspire

IF you are not familiar with them, read carefully the following lines from Tennyson's Ulysses. In part they were quoted by Dr. W. A. McIntyre, Principal of the Provincial Normal School, in an address before some five hundred students in the summer courses at the Manitoba Agricultural College:

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin
fades

Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

The Great City

FOR some years past, the cities of the West have not grown in accordance with prophecy. The doubling and trebling of population that was expected has not occurred. Naturally there is some disappointment but, after all, the great city is not necessarily the large city. Perhaps this is a time when cities can go in for stock-taking. They may not be larger cities, but perhaps they can become better cities. This is the time for town-planning improvements, for the wise administration of laws carefully designed, for a new emphasis perhaps upon those cultural opportunities that ought to afford an excuse for a city's being.

The individual is most successful who learns how to make the most of what he has. A city of two hundred thousand ought not to regret that its directories cannot record a population of four hundred thousand. There are many distressing features about a large city; slums, for instance, may come into existence, and the transportation problem becomes very complicated. If leisure time is of value, the young man is better off in a city where he can reach his work in thirty minutes or one hour than in a city where he must travel for an hour-and-a-half or two hours before he can begin his day's work.

Perhaps one of our Manitoba communities could debate this question: Resolved that it is more desirable for Selkirk to become a city of two hundred thousand people than it is for Winnipeg to double its population.

Letter Writing

BESIDES being the study months, the fall and winter months are also better letter-writing months. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair and one way of doing this is to write letters. On this point, B. A. Heydrick says that letters are, after all, the one form of composition that is universal.

We may go through life and play our parts quite respectably without ever making a speech or writing an article, but we cannot escape the postman. Much depends upon the mood in which one sits down to write a letter. It is a good rule never to write unless you feel like writing. If it is a blue day with you, you could sit down and order a dozen lead pencils, and the stationer be none the wiser, but beware of writing to a friend in such a mood.

If you were talking to him, he would know by your expression, by the tone of your voice, that you were not yourself, and would make allowances. But in a letter he sees only coolness, and not the reason for it.

Again, it is not well to write when under great excitement. At such times you may say more than you mean. If you spoke these things, your friend, seeing your agitation, would understand that what you said was not your sober judgment. But when it is written in cold black and white, and read by someone a hundred miles away, it has quite a different effect. We have all, I suppose, written letters that we would be glad to recall: they are usually written at such times. Wait for calmer moments: your friends deserve your golden hours.

The style of a letter of friendship may vary widely, yet there are two qualities which it should always possess: charm and courtesy. Charm, that elusive thing which means so much, is not to be attained by following rules; it springs from character, from temperament, and in part from mood. But courtesy is within the reach of all. Courtesy forbids, for example, the letter illegibly written. What would be thought of a person who, in conversation, out of sheer carelessness, would mumble and mouth his words so that people would have to ask him to repeat what he said? Yet, is it any worse to write what must be read a second time?

The question as to what to put in a letter may be answered in a word: yourself. What you are doing, thinking, planning, what you read, what you see, what you hear—these are the things that your friend will be glad to know. Your letters will be valued just in proportion as you put yourself into them. The best letters are usually those that have the least of so-called "news."

The whole matter is very completely discussed in Mr. Heydrick's book, "Short Studies in Composition," published by Hines, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., 11-15 Union Square West, New York City. This pocket manual of one hundred and four pages includes also discussions on descriptive writing, narration, exposition, spoken discourse, newspaper reporting and correspondence, words, sentences and paragraphs, qualities of style, writing in verse, and capitalization and punctuation.

The Influence of Books

BAD BOOKS" wrote Samuel Smiles, "are worse than bad words." Like evil deeds, they mould the thought and will of future generations. The printed book lives while the author is dust and ashes. The bad author lives forever in his race. Thus Schlegel argues about the responsibility of authors. They are responsible for the good they do, as well as for the evil that they inculcate. The leprous book gets into our libraries; it gets into our homes. The books may be very clever. Their style draws the reader on, yet they may be full of vicious thoughts.

When Sir Walter Scott, toward the close of his life, was congratulated by Dr. Cheney on the purity of his works of fiction, he answered: "I am drawing near to the close of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish blotted."

The same might be said of Charles Dickens. He was the Apostle of the People. "I have read," said the Bishop of Manchester, "most of Mr. Dickens' works, and, so far as I can remember, there is not one single page, or one single sentence, tainted with any impurity or anything that would suggest a vile or vicious thought."

A book is a living voice. It is a spirit walking on the face of the earth. It continues to be the living thought of a person separated from us by space and time. Men pass away; monuments crumble into dust. What remains and survives is human thought.

CORRESPONDENCE

On "A Sense of Humor"

DEAR Mr. Editor:

In The Western Home Monthly for June I came across a little article entitled "A Sense of Humor in the Home," and I felt I really must write and say, "Hear! Hear!" When I am playfully asked to give advice to prospective brides, I always say, "Keep your sense of humor, whatever else in life you have to lose, for it is your most precious possession."

When great tragedies come into our lives, we are always given the strength to bear them. It is the little pin-prick irritations of daily life that wreck homes. A large percentage of divorces could be avoided if only people would allow their sense of humor—which most people possess—to have full play.

A silly little experience in my own life has helped me greatly. One day shortly after I was married, I made a perfect cake. After carefully putting it in the pantry to cool, I proceeded to tidy the kitchen. My small and playful kitten annoyed me, so I picked him up and slipped him into the pantry for the few moments I required. When, my work done, I opened the door to release the kitten, he was nowhere to be seen. Finally I discovered him cosily curled up on the cloth covering my precious cake. For a moment I "saw red." In my early married days my cakes were not always a success and that had been such a truly good one. I have always been a lover of cats, but for a moment I was murderously inclined toward that wee kitten. Though not as a rule a hysterical person, I did want that day to throw my arms over my head and yell my indignation to the still afternoon air. Then suddenly my sense of humor whispered to me, "A year from now you will be laughing at this, and telling it to your friends as a good joke on you, so why not laugh now?"

I decided it was wiser to save my emotions and laugh at once, so when my husband came home, instead of being met with a doleful tale of a spoiled cake, he was greeted with the story of our clever kitten who had discovered and utilized the one warm spot in the cool pantry.

Now when I begin to feel internally agitated over any problem, I always ask myself the question, "How will you feel about this a year from now?" and nine times out of ten, if the incident is worthy of remembrance at all, it is only as a joke. When people sometimes wonder how it is I take things so calmly, I tell them the little story of the cat and the cake.

Not only must one strive in the home for the blessing of a sense of humor, but for the true understanding of values. A long and serious illness of my husband's taught me this most valuable of lessons. I learnt then that there are some things, such as health and happiness, which really count, and others which, in spite of one's longings for them, do not really matter. I do not enjoy sitting in the "peanut gallery" and trying with the aid of powerful field glasses to enjoy a play; I do not feel particularly happy in cotton dresses when my friends are in the latest silken fabrics, and when I am trudging through the dust and beautiful cars pass me, I have my secret longings, God knows, but I have at last learnt that health and happiness are all that really matter, and so I can smile at the world in spite of my cotton dresses and gallery seats. No longer do I allow my wishes for purely material things to spoil my life with their fret and worry. To have one's husband and children well and happy, to make one's home a place where not only the family but friends too, love to congregate, to make of oneself the best and finest character possible, this is all that really matters.

I got my sense of true value during the long and trying illness of my life-partner. Many a woman learnt it dur-

ing the war. I remember looking aghast at a friend who shortly after returning from the old land, told me she was planning to sell all her lovely old furniture.

"Oh!" I said, "how can you bear to part with it?"

She looked at me quietly for a moment and then said, "I don't care at all. Since the war I realize that things don't count." Her furniture has gone, and in its stead she has a little adopted child, in whose love she has found a happiness her antiques could never give her. If only we could all realize as she has done, that things—mere things—do not count! Eva.

An Adventurous Maid

DEAR Editor and Readers:

It has been rather a long time since I wrote last, and as the editor was kind enough to publish my former letter, I hope I will be as lucky again.

I have been a trapping pardner with my father since February 8th, and was only home four days from then until the end of May. It seems rather queer, only three years ago I was a stenographer and now I am a trapping pardner. We had a very good dog team of four dogs, and this last trip we were gone about two months. We ran out of salt, baking powder and grease, and we used to mix some shorts in with the flour so that it would not pack together quite so solidly as straight flour, and I must say, it was the hardest kind of hardtack a person ever tried to eat. We had this kind of food for about two weeks. The only change of diet was a duck or some kind of small game we would get now and again.

We went with the dogs and sleigh and came back with pack dogs. We had to cross two rivers on rafts, but we got home all safe and sound except for being a little bit tired. We were five and a half days getting home, and that was pretty quick time. My father had a pack of about fifty or fifty-five pounds, and I had one of about thirty pounds.

Well, this is rather long now, so will close now.

Thanks, Editor, for forwarding my letters, and hoping to hear from others soon, I remain

Buffalo Gal.

A Note For Dot

DEAR Dot:

I am exceedingly sorry that I had to leave Canada without getting for you the promised snapshot of those interesting trees I mentioned in my letter of some months ago. It is not likely that I shall be returning that way for a long time, but perhaps I can persuade some of my camera fan acquaintances out there to sometime take the photo, so that I can keep my promise after all. I'll do my best, but if I do not succeed will you be so generous as to accept the good intention in lieu of the deed? Best wishes.

Flo.

P.S. As I have not seen the last issue of the W. H. M. I have not had the pleasure of seeing your reply.

And Another For Jock

DEAR Jock:

Too bad to have laid the foundation for the discussion of such a sensible and weighty problem and then to have had to depart from your fair country without being able to continue it. I have not seen the last few issues of the W. H. M., but I fancy your reply was interesting. It is my loss. Well, here's hoping that others have taken up the cudgels I was obliged so soon to throw down, and that you will all have a lively and profitable controversy. Best wishes.

Flo.



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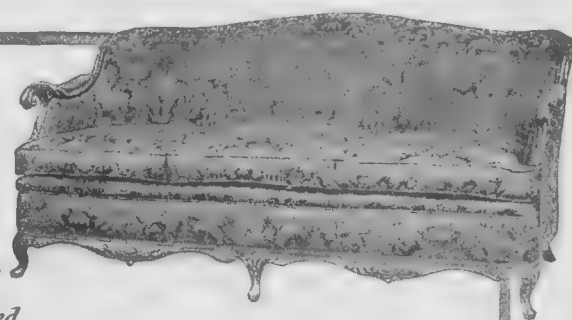
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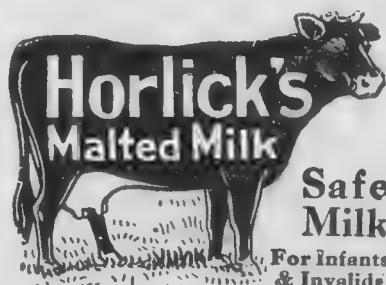
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Your Boy's Success

NO one starting out in life ever expects to fail. Youth is always hopeful, but hope alone cannot bring success.

If your hope is to see your boy a success in the world, securing independence and comfort—the vision of so many, yet the attainment of so few—adopt a regular savings plan for him now, and teach him in his tender years the value of saving something out of every dollar.

THAT WAY LIES HIS SUCCESS.

The Royal Bank of Canada

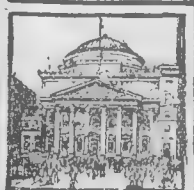
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IT is the aim of the Bank of Montreal to serve willingly in little things as well as large—to be generally helpful to its customers regardless of the size and extent of their dealings with the Bank.

For years the Bank of Montreal has co-operated with its customers, assisting in various ways in matters of finance and business.

If you require information or any other banking service, you have merely to write or call.



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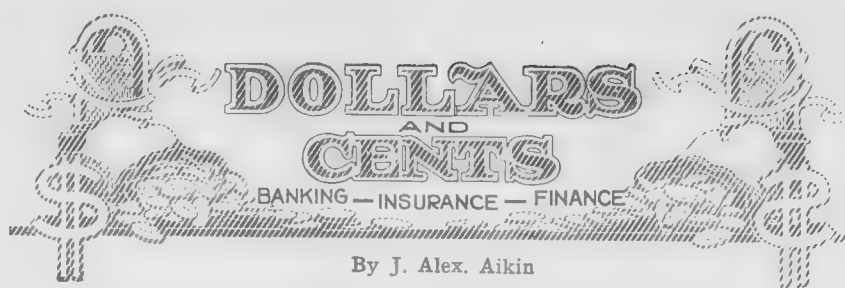
His daily contact with business problems enables him to give you competent advice. He will gladly do it.

980



UNION BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG



By J. Alex. Aikin

Far Reaching Economic Effects

THE acceptance of the Dawes plan for settlement of Reparations and replacing of French, Belgian and German finance on a more secure basis, is likely to have a far reaching effect on trade and industry in other lands. The Anglo-American bankers who took the risk for the heavy loan of \$200,000,000 to Germany had to be given first place in security over all claimants and be assured that no political opportunist will be permitted to violate the arrangement.

It is quite impossible to make a real separation in a big deal like this one between economics and politics and say there must be no politics in it. Politics made the deal possible and must be the protector of the pact in all its phases. It is too often overlooked that politics and political leaders, are responsible for all the good things which come to pass and which are securely held and enjoyed by people of all nations.

The grievous ills from which Russia has suffered since the revolution in 1917; from which Italy suffered so severely from 1918 to 1922, and acute troubles which even now beset some of the Balkan States, are due to the mad theories and wild plans of the communists who by violence would overturn the settled order, economic and political. Russia is slowly learning by experience that it is possible to achieve all that was designed. Indeed Lenin himself had learned that before he passed off, but his successors are not as free or ready to follow the light back to the old paths.

It is believed that with France and Germany back again into secure financial conditions where they will be able to carry on with safe relations between income and outlay the hopes of the Reds of Russia will be cast away. For Russia is only able to hold any place among the nations through the magnanimous treatment of Great Britain, which so far has been the only first class power to recognize the nation of organized and systematic villainy.

Increased Buying Power Ahead

THE rise of sterling to a point far above any level of the year since the agreement was accepted in its main principles, and the rise of the franc to new high level is rightly regarded as evidence that Europe will soon again take a larger part in the world's affairs of trade and commerce. It was quite remarkable that while much of the industrial products were produced by underpaid labor, through the use of base currency, the markets of the world have not been flooded to the extent that might have been expected. True, there were anti-dumping laws in most countries, and even in Great Britain measures designed to safeguard industries, yet it may be stated that the national spirit has utilised moral and patriotic sentiment to good effect.

Two plain facts stand forth in the new situation. (1) The increased buying power of the sounder money henceforth to be put into circulation in France, Belgium and Germany will create more than anything else a larger demand for better foodstuffs for the working masses, who will want better bread made of a larger proportion of wheat flour. They will want meat and dairy products, fruit and vegetables in quantities which will surely react on the market and stimulate prices.

On the other hand the better financial position into which the new international loan will put German banks and enable them to look after the needs of their clientele means renewed competition for producers of industrial products in other countries. Which is the same as saying that while there will be a revival in

demand, in prices and better markets for agricultural produce, the commodities which the farmer will have to buy are not likely to be increased in proportion. Which suggests that the end to the depression in agriculture is in sight. Let us hope so. The farmer has had his period of severe hard times and is surely well entitled to better going.

A Period of Greater Development

UNDER these conditions it is unquestionably and logically true that Canada will for the next decade experience a new era of development. The strained efforts after immigrants will no longer be strained, for Canadian lands and natural resources will draw with magnetic power men and women from other lands and capital for carrying on the effort. Once sterling is back at or near par much of it will find its way to Canada, the country adjacent to Britain and the United States which with its wealth of resources and productive power invites development and increased population. The vast prairies, the fertile fruit lands, the teeming mineral deposits, the great forests and fisheries will appeal in thunder tones to men of other lands and to Canadian exiles to return home to have a share in the nation building. Then, too, will fade away some of the now troublesome local political difficulties to give place to the larger national outlook which is now past due.

The Canadian Dollar and Public Finance

FOR some time the Canadian dollar has been worth between 99 cents and par value in New York, due it is stated to the firm favorable trade balance in favor of this country as against imports from all other countries, and more recently to the reported selling of American dollars to acquire like units of Canadian currency. This had a close relation, it is claimed, to the active movement of Canadian grain on the rise in the market, to larger exports of Canadian alcoholic beverage and to U.S. money being freely spent by tourists from across the line.

For the twelve months ending June 30th, 1924, it is estimated that 1,333,554 gallons of whisky were exported valued at \$10,277,052, as compared with 504,724 gallons in 1923 and 209,254 in 1922, valued at \$3,609,013 and \$1,313,772 for the two years. During the year ending with June 30 last, there were also exported from Canada 3,245,389 gallons of other beverages valued at \$5,379,537. This total is not large compared with the total trade but the movement of currency is said to be direct and to exercise an effective influence on exchange. It is satisfactory to know that Canadian trade maintains a steady pace and does not yet reflect the fall in federal revenues shown for customs and other receipts for the current fiscal year beginning April 1st, 1924. Returns up to the end of July show:

	Revenue	Expenditure
1923-24 ...	\$152,265,643	\$ 93,781,053
1924-25 ...	\$138,807,253	\$101,485,375

From which it appears that for the period covered revenues are down \$13,458,390 while expenditures are \$7,704,322 higher than for 1923.

On inquiry into the causes of the change it will be observed that customs revenue fell back more than \$3,000,000 and the excise revenue \$13,500,000. However, it is well to note that income tax revenue rose \$3,000,000 and other revenue accounts \$680,000.

Interest on the public debt accounts for \$2,700,000 of the increased expenditure and other departments for the remaining \$5,000,000.

Under these circumstances and conditions the campaign against the Senate must be robbed of much of the power it might have if there was a better prospect of balancing the budget during the current year. Following the 1924 budget speech there was argument pro and con for and against the claim that Canada had paid her way for the year reported upon. It was largely a matter of accounting, on which it would now appear there need be very little difficulty of arriving at a safe conclusion if revenue and expenditure continue in the ratio shown for the first four months of the fiscal year.

The Crop Outlook and Prices

ESTIMATES for the Canadian wheat crop 1924 run from 280 to 300 million bushels for the three prairie provinces as compared with the 1923 yield of 452 million bushels, a decrease of one third for the season. There is substantial encouragement however, in the prospect for \$1.50 wheat, which, if realized, will more than compensate for the lessened aggregate considered on the whole. Alberta will, it is estimated, have only half the 1923 crop while Saskatchewan will be down 75 million bushels as compared with the past two years. Manitoba is filled with good hope and expectation that the failure of 1923 will be redeemed in this year of better prices.

The effect of this year's crop distribution will be to restore the former ratio of crop movement via eastern ports and keep Vancouver from realizing on the prospect of a heavy total which depends directly upon Alberta and a portion of Western Saskatchewan. The enormous plants at the Lake ports will surely hold their own from year to year, while Vancouver will handle a large portion of the crop raised west of the Alta.-Sask. boundary.

Increased British Trade

IT is satisfactory to know that for the first six months of 1924 the foreign trade of the United Kingdom showed an improvement as compared with 1923. Exports were up £5,785,775 for the period, amounting to £338,464,802 and re-exports of £74,128,131.

Imports soared to £598,823,937, being £59,548,408 higher than in 1923. The chief increase in imports was for raw cotton and cotton waste. Exports of coal dropped 66,588,651 tons to 4,882,291 tons, a loss in value of £3,200,000 for coal alone, due it is stated to the high cost for production which made it difficult to compete with cheaper coal.

There was joy in stock circles of London over the announcement that holders of the G.T.P. debenture stock would be paid three per cent. for 1923. There are \$34,789,252 of these debentures outstanding, on which the interest amounts to \$1,395,170.

A Hint That Worked

Bishop K— is a very large man. On one of his pastoral railway journeys he was told by the porter when he boarded the train about 9 p.m. that there were no more berths left.

"That is too bad," said the bishop. "I have a hard day ahead of me to-morrow, and am worn out. What time does the last man get on?"

"Between two and three, suh."

"Well, can't you give me his reservation? He may never get on, but if he does you must wake me and I will make it right with him."

The sun was shining when the bishop was called. "Your man did not get on, after all," he said to the porter.

"Yes, suh, he did," was the reply.

"What did you do then?" the bishop asked.

"Why, boss, I just showed him your shoes and I sez: 'De man what wears dem shoes is sleepin' in your berth. If you wants to wake him you kin, but I ain't agwine to.' He is a-settin' in de day-coach."—*Harper's Magazine.*

CARRYING THE TORCH

By Janey Canuck

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OUR forefathers provided for their family, one generation after another, and in like manner we must provide for our family, as our children must in turn provide for theirs.

This may be illustrated by the old Athenian festival known as Hephaestia. The chief event on this day was a race with torches between three young men. Each in his turn ran a race with a lighted torch in his hand, and whoever could carry it to the end of the course before it was extinguished obtained the prize. They delivered it the one to the other, after they finished the course, and from that circumstance it has been compared to the duties of human life. One of the duties passed on to us is the providing of necessities for our children. Saul of Tarsus, a Roman living in the first century, declared "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel." In a word, this noblest Roman of them all said a man who did not save something for his sons and daughters was a bad man—a real rotter,—a frank opinion in which the public have always concurred.

Besides providing the necessities of life, a man should provide for the education of his children just as his parents provided for him—handed him "the lighted torch," if you will.

It may be safely asserted that your child's success in public service largely depends on the education you give him. One hundred large corporations have reported that only 10 per cent of non-college men made good in business, whereas 90 per cent of the college men succeeded. These figures may be exaggerated, one way or another, but the fact remains that knowledge is power and ignorance a handicap. Ruskin was splendidly right when he said "There is no wealth but life, and no progress but education."

Some assurance companies are now selling life educational policies so that parents may make regular deposits, thus providing a fund which shall be available at a definite time for the purpose of schooling.

This sum may be required for a business course, a technical education, a course in telegraphy, or a university degree, but the main thing is that it be immediately available at the time specified.

English and Scottish people have been more prone to take advantage of this plan than the people on the American continent, and it frequently happens that parents who have migrated come to us asking to make affidavits in order that they may collect from London or Edinburgh the amounts which have come due. In every case we know of, the parents were entirely satisfied, and were using the money to educate the child in his chosen profession.

Most of these amounts have been painfully saved—here a little and there a little—but the faithful bearers kept their torch alight in order to hand it on undimmed to the next generation. Yes, there is no doubt of it, if you can see aright, there is heroism and very definite romance in even the simple savings of the poor, to say nothing of practical utility and the soundest of commonsense.

Emily F. Murphy.

When your Boy grows up

"Girls we love for what they are Boys for what they promise to be"

How true it is! Perhaps you have begun already to build air castles above a tiny tousled head and dream of a success for your child which will far surpass any which you may have attained.

A college education—a generous start in the chosen profession—ultimate success! Your boy or your girl will have at least an even chance, you tell yourself.

There is no better method of making certain that these dreams will come true, than insuring children under the North American Life Child's Endowment Plan.

Under the provisions of this policy, you set aside the amount which you think necessary to give them the start they deserve.

Should you die the day after you paid your first premium, this Company guarantees fulfillment of the plans as originally entertained. We pay the remainder of the premiums until the policy matures.

These and other attractive features of the North American Life "Child's Endowment" policy will interest you. The attached coupon will bring our booklet "Child's Endowment"

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Send me your Booklet—
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Child's Age

Profits Reduce Twenty Payments to Fourteen

Policy 43485, issued in 1909, called for 20 premiums, but Great-West profits reduced this to 14 premiums.

Amount: \$7452	Premium \$ 246.70
Earnings credited 1914.....	197.85
Earnings credited 1919.....	353.40
Earnings credited 1923.....	557.45
Total end of 14th year.....	1108.70
Required to pay future premiums	1046.70
Cash Surplus to Assured.....	\$ 62.00

Although no further premiums are to be paid, the policy will continue to participate in profits.

Great-West Life

ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

Something Children Should Be Taught

DISCUSSING in The Manitoba Teacher the lack of useful occupation for boys and girls outside of school work, especially in towns and cities, W. J. Sisler takes the ground that the greatest defect in the education of young people nowadays is that they have too much leisure, and that it is devoted to "sport, picture shows, social gatherings, and often just simply loafing." These things, Mr. Sisler admits, give a variety of experiences, but "they do nothing toward leading the boy or girl to understand that food, clothing and shelter require work on the part of some one to produce them." He is arguing against the abolition of home work, and he urges the need of considered plans for the profitable use of hours and days spent outside the school walls. Boy Scout organizations and the similar organizations for both boys and girls are surely helping greatly to solve this problem; but after all, it is a problem which it is for parents to solve. Parents have the responsibility of seeing to it that their children do not grow up without learning that life has serious responsibilities. Children who grow up without learning this are taught it, sooner or later, by life itself.

"Words, Words, Words"

IN an address recently to an Ottawa audience, W. A. Boyes, the chief Conservative whip in the House of Commons, said that the average member of Parliament was "a sound business man, but not an orator." In view of the fact that the budget debate went on for four weeks, and that the Hansard report of each session of Parliament runs into thousands of pages, it might seem that some of them think they are what Mr. Boyes says they aren't. However that may be, the fact is becoming constantly more manifest that writers and speakers who are clear thinkers practice strict economy and careful management of their words. They do this in order to make what they write or say clearer for the reader or hearer. Of course, there are speakers and writers who are more prolific of words than of thought. If they undertake to describe a field, they proceed to fence it around with words until you have forgotten the field and are tired of the fence. We still hear on occasion gentlemen who love fondly their own mellifluous voices, as they vault from peak to peak of glittering metaphor and glide down slopes of eloquence to soar again aloft in flights of oratory. But that sort of thing is getting to be more and more out of date. People want the substance of thought. They want to read, or hear, the words of the man who really thinks, and uses language to transmit his thought clearly and effectively.

Deception, Ancient and Modern

THERE are parts of Asia where the "medicine men" of the ancient pagan cults, in order to show their magical powers, walk with bare feet on stones spread over fires made in wide shallow pits. Recent investigations have shown that among the stones are placed some that are a kind of basalt, which is of volcanic origin, extremely porous and so poor conductors of heat that one of them can be red hot at one end and cool enough at the other to be held in the hand. These are the stones the "medicine men" are careful to step on. Which reminds The Philosopher that, as research in Egypt has discovered, the innermost shrine in the chief temple in Memphis had concealed piping to a hot-air furnace in the cellar of the temple. That innermost shrine was closed from one year's end to another, except on one great festival day, when during a solemn ceremonial in the temple the door of the shrine opened of itself, and the assembled people in the temple bowed low in awe-stricken prayer. Presently, with sacred chants, the door was closed again for another year. On the day of high festival a fire was made in the furnace, and the expansion of the heated air in the shrine, which was an air-tight chamber, opened the door, which was arranged to open easily and noiselessly. Modern quacks, demagogues and other deceivers do not resort to such devices, but fool their followers with words.

The Skies Are Clearing for Canada

AN outstanding feature in the development of the economic situation is the advancing prices of wheat and oats. These advancing prices mean far more to Canada than to the United States, because the surplus of grain for export grown by the farmers of this country is immensely greater than that of the farmers of the country to the south. This country can look forward with confidence to food exports in increasing quantities. During the past couple of years manufacturing and building construction were going stronger in the States than in this country, but some time ago the tide began to run slack, and now the current has turned; and as a result, the movement of population is back to Canada. The demand for buildings in the States caused by the shortage of building during the war has now been caught up with. The boom in business in the States has ended; and basic conditions are actually better in Canada. In the financial journals of the United States there is a notable unanimity of comment on the fact that the grain growers of this country have without disaster come through a period of agricultural depression that has shaken the northwestern States to their financial foundations. The skies are clearing for Canada.

The Philosopher

The Myth of a "Ray" Menace

A FEW months ago the newspapers all over the world had much to say about the report that an Englishman named Grindell Matthews had discovered a new invisible "ray" which would stop an airplane, or a Zeppelin. So many marvels have been achieved by science in discovering, or devising, ways of controlling and using forces previously unknown to humanity, that no new announcement of a new wonder of that kind seems incredible. During the war the Germans were reported to have stopped French aircraft by means of an invisible "ray." But that was a report and nothing more. The most eminent scientists in Great Britain have investigated the questions raised by the reported discovery by Grindell Matthews of an invisible "ray" which could be used to stop or destroy aircraft, and have reported decisively that there is nothing in it. There is no "ray" possible, the report says, which can carry power, or destructiveness, more than a very short distance; that is to say, there is no "ray" which can be made use of effectively in war, either for defence or for attack. And even if it were possible, the report goes on to say, that such a "ray" could be discovered, a way of neutralizing its activity would soon be found. All known radiations have been discovered by physicists working serenely in their laboratories for the increase of human knowledge and power. They are the pathfinders. And they are positive that there is no "Ray Peril"—to use the expression which for a time was so conspicuous in the newspaper headlines.

Human Beings, Ideal and Real

THERE is wisdom in these words of the novelist, Sinclair Lewis, on his return to his native United States after a year and a half in England: "I am cured. I'll never talk of the peculiarities of England or America again. The English are an admirable people, and I like many of them. I don't like all of them any more than I like all Americans. It is a mistake to judge people by those of the same nationality whom we happen to dislike." What a different world this would be, if all the people of all the different nationalities realized the truth thus expressed by the author of "Main Street" and "Babbitt"! In this connection it is of interest to note that a leading newspaper of Paris recently asked its women readers to state the seven qualities they most admired and valued in a man, and asked its men readers to state the qualities of their ideal woman. The voting of the women gave this list of the seven qualities of their ideal man—intelligence, love of home, benevolence, industry, faithfulness, will power and honesty. The men, for their part, described their ideal woman as having love of home, love of children, faithfulness, kindness, tenderness, devotion and intelligence. Are not these the ideals of men and women all the world over? It is cheering to think that there are a great number of ideal men and women living in every neighborhood in which The Western Home Monthly circulates who possess these qualities? If we all only knew one another better, how much better we should like one another!

Truth-telling to Children

COME, dear! Mother can't buy you the candy in the window now, but if you're good, and hurry, we can get some ice cream around the corner!" These words The Philosopher heard a mother say on Portage avenue, near the busiest corner in Winnipeg. She had the child by the hand, and was intent on her shopping. The child was holding back, drawn by the irresistible attraction of a display of candy in a shop window. The mother, half impatiently, half coaxingly, dragged the child along. There was no ice cream around the corner. The Philosopher followed the mother and child into a great department store, where it was soon evident that the mother had forgotten her promise. But no doubt the child reminded her of it. This is a not uncommon way of dealing with children, not only in trivial matters, but in matters of vital importance. Lies are told to them, to hide the mysteries of life and old instincts—but it must be admitted that the problem of what to tell them about these things is formidably difficult. But the unforgivable lies to children are found in the stream of petty untruth which some parents use to wheedle and hoodwink babies and older youngsters into obedience. What happens when the child finds out that a careless—not wicked—father or mother has done that? It is not always easy to tell a child the truth; but a child should never be told a lie.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown

SEVERAL weeks ago there was mention in the newspapers of the notable fact that James Brown, formerly a working miner in Ayrshire, now a Minister in the British Government and so a Right Honorable, filled the position of Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and in that capacity, accompanied by his wife, during the continuance of the General Assembly, resided in famous old Holyrood Palace, the ancient seat of the Scottish Kings. The Philosopher did not see in any of the newspapers printed on this side of the Atlantic that came to him, Mr. Brown's address to the General Assembly. Some sentences from that noble utterance are well worth quoting here. After declaring that ministers of the gospel should not take part in "the rough and tumble of politics," James Brown said: "The church can do much to mold opinion and to guide and lead opinion in the right direction." A living church, he pointed out, must recognize its duty in "the great borderland between the provinces of the spiritual and the secular," and he added: "Enough for us to hear the voice from Heaven saying: 'There is nothing common or unclean.'" James Brown is the first commoner to be Lord High Commissioner in Holyrood Palace since 1643; among the ladies-in-waiting to Mrs. Brown while she was in residence there were several members of titled families with long pedigrees. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, when their duty in Holyrood Palace was done, returned to the little miner's cottage in which they began house-keeping thirty-five years ago and in which they have lived ever since. Has any other democratic country in the world a more impressive spectacle of true democracy in action than is presented by Mr. and Mrs. James Brown?

The First Oranges in the West

"SPAIN gave England oranges, and the Arabs gave them to Spain," says an article quoted recently in one of the Winnipeg news papers from the London Chronicle. "Oranges were unknown in England," that article continues, "until King Edward I, known as Longshanks, took to wife Eleanor of Castile, to whom a Spanish ship in 1220 brought in its cargo many Spanish fruits, among them oranges, which until then had never been seen in England." Who knows when the first oranges were brought to Western Canada? The earliest record of oranges in the West is that in January, 1874, oranges and other California fruits were brought from Moorhead (where the end of the steel on the Northern Pacific then was) to Winnipeg in a covered wagon with a stove in it, and sold from door to door. Miss Truthwaite, now in her seventy-first year, remembers that when she attended the school of Miss Davis on the bank of the Red near St. Andrew's Rapids, Miss Davis had to explain the statement in the old geography about the world being of the shape of an orange, "round, and slightly flattened at the poles." None of the girls, of course, had ever seen an orange. Mrs. Robert Tait, of Deer Lodge, remembers that in the early 1860s Mrs. Mills, who was in charge of a school within the present limits of Winnipeg, gave all her pupils a taste of marmalade from a jar she had received from Scotland by the Hudson's Bay Company's ship. "We all thought it had an unpleasant flavor," says Mrs. Tait. Mrs. Henderson, of Kildonan, remembers that the first apple she saw was in the late 1860s. "It may sound strange now," she says, "but it is the truth that there was a piano in our house before there was an apple."

A Widely Discussed Crime

WHAT an incalculable amount of comment has gone on, and continues to go on, in regard to the atrocious murder committed by two young men in Chicago, both the sons of millionaires, both university graduates, and both described as "intellectually brilliant!" And how much of that comment goes to show that it is easier to recognize an evil than to explain it, as Job found when his friends tried to account for his misfortunes! Revolting crimes are committed by individuals who are not sons of millionaires, not highly educated and not intellectually brilliant. But one or two points do appear with some clearness. The clearest is that it is quite possible for an individual to be an intellectual prodigy and a moral imbecile. Another is that an individual who is a thorough-going egoist and sets out to get the utmost in the way of "thrills," as the two youthful murderers in Chicago have declared they did, is on the way to the most atrocious crimes. The appetite for "thrills" is like the appetite for habit-forming drugs: it grows by what it feeds on, and requires constantly increasing doses. A Jewish rabbi in Chicago said a deeply true thing in connection with this case, when he said that "anyone who has lost his inherited moral and religious ideals and has gained no new ones is a peril to himself and to the community." The question of what was wrong with the education of those two sons of wealthy families in Chicago is a large and difficult one. In connection with all problems of education, it must be remembered always that when all is done that can be done by home, school and church, there is still to be taken into account the factor of the free will of the individual.



BY ALLAN CAMPELL

Raising Trees from Seed

At the end of every season, millions of tree seeds fall to earth and are lost. There is plenty of room for more trees, in fact it is the crying need of the Prairie Provinces, and we have trees that are quite hardy and of a great many varieties, the nucleus is at hand for the protection of our homes and farms, not by any means forgetting the added beauty that trees bestow upon the landscape.

When one who is starting the planting of trees on his land and means to make his present abode a permanent home, or even if that plan is not his intention, why not help to make the place more valuable for the day when a prospective purchaser comes along? In either case it is the best policy to plant good long-lived sturdy and highly ornamental trees as the predominating ones, and such description is well lived up to by the American Elm. As an avenue tree the elm cannot be surpassed, having an upright growth and not being subject to sunscald. The seed is small and not very conspicuous and ripens from the end of May to about the second week in June. After picking, it may be allowed to dry for a week or so, and sowing should be done shortly after picking.

The Birch, known as the canoe, or white birch, has the widest range of any Northern tree and although it is found growing amongst other hardwood and coniferous trees on the moister and richer soils, it adapts itself to much drier conditions. It is grown from seed and the catkins ripen about the middle of August, but will often hang on the trees for some months if not exposed to violent winds. From the experience of experts it would seem that the best time to sow the seed is in the fall.

The Basswood is another very desirable tree; it forms a handsome shade

some of the willows, the Laurel-Leafed willow for instance, then there will be an avenue of mixed trees until the main tree, such as the elm, is large enough to take full possession when the auxiliary trees may be grubbed out.

To encourage the best growth it is necessary that thorough cultivation be given through the season to ensure a loose mulch and discourage the growth of weeds.

Methods of Tomato Culture

As the tomato has come more and more into favor, certain methods of growing it have been tried from year to year and the experiences of the leading horticulturists point to some very definite conclusions.

The method of growing tomatoes unpruned and untrained should be discouraged, as the yield is far enough below the trained plants to justify the little extra work of pruning and staking. Two-stemmed plants have been found to do better than one-stemmed ones, and though green tomatoes are useful, the aim should be to produce early ripe fruit. The Alacrité is about the best for the production of early fruit and the quality is excellent.

In planting, a good plan is to set the plants out in the garden four feet apart one way and two feet apart the other. Tie the plants up to stakes and prune them to grow in an upright position.

Among the best varieties are: Alacrité, Sparks Earliana, Prosperity, Chalk's Early Jewel, Bonny Best.

Where one has a number of tomato plants staked out and the fruit still unpicked when frost may be expected any night, a good protective plan where grain sacks are plentiful is to open a sack at each plant and drop it over the stake, thus making a regular "nightrobe" for



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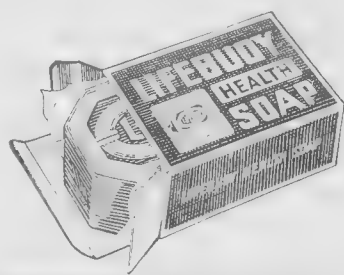
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A Well-staked Tomato Plantation

tree, and from the standpoint of bee keepers, is especially desirable on account of the excellent quality of honey obtained from its flowers.

The Basswood may be raised from seed which ripens about September 1. The seed is about the size of a pea and is very hard. It should be sown soon after picking in drills about one and one-half inches deep. Frequently the seed remains dormant in the ground for a whole season, germinating only in the second spring, therefore the ground should not be ploughed up if the seedlings do not appear at once, but left undisturbed for another year.

In the laying out of avenues, of course it is rather a slow procedure to have to wait for young trees to develop, but this may be overcome to a great extent as far as getting an avenue is concerned, by interspersing the little trees by others of the quick-growing varieties such as

each plant at sundown. This protection will turn the frost up to a good many degrees.

By careful selection from individual plants from year to year each variety may be much improved from the standpoint of earliness, uniformity and productiveness.

Winter Meals—Plus Vegetables

During the winter in the prairie Provinces, there is really not the need as much as one would suppose for the restricted diet that is encountered in the average farm or town home. The season for consuming vegetables "from garden to cooker" is comparatively short, therefore such vegetables are badly missed where no provision has been made to have them make their appearance on the table during the winter months.

This is not a question of luxurious living but a more serious question of

Continued on page 35



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PRINCIPLES OF RADIO

By W. B. Cartmel, B.S., M.A., M.E.I.C., Radio Engineer, Northern Electric Company, Limited

Electricity

EVERYONE knows that radio is something which is run by electricity. To obtain an understanding of radio is much more difficult than to understand electricity, because radio is a very wonderful application of the most profound principles of electricity. For more than a hundred years scientific men have been extending our knowledge of electricity but they were quite in the dark as to its nature until radio came along. Then they found that particles of electricity called electrons already exist in the tiny atoms that make up all substances. It has been known for two thousand years that electricity may be obtained by rubbing different substances, such as amber, jet, etc. You can sometimes get quite a spark by stroking a

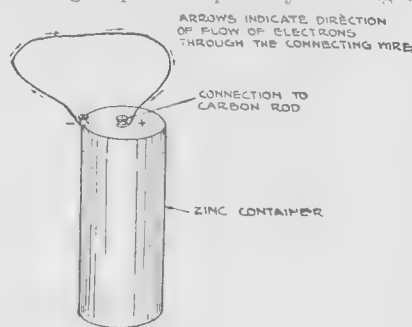


FIG. 1

Flow of Electrons from Dry Cell

cat, and it is easy to see that electricity exists in cat fur. The substances just referred to are all non-metals and were formerly known as electrics because it was easy to produce electricity from them. Substances known as metals behave quite differently in regard to electricity. In non-metals the tiny particles of electricity or electrons are very firmly attached to the atoms while in the case of metals the electrons are more loosely attached to the atoms and some of them break loose and wander in-between the atoms of the metal. If is for this reason that metals conduct currents of electricity easily because a current of electricity in the metal consists of a flow of these electrons between the atoms. In an electric battery when the chemicals

The Vacuum Tube

I am now going to explain about vacuum tubes that are used in radio and which led to our discovery of what electricity is. The vacuum tube is really very simple. The early form of vacuum tube consisted of an ordinary lamp with a few additions as shown in Figure 2. As we all know the ordinary lamp consists of a glass globe from which all the air has been pumped out, having within it a piece of very fine wire made of a metal called tungsten. We send a current of electricity through the tungsten wire, in other words we force the electrons along the wire. In forcing the electrons or particles of electricity along they bump against the atoms of the metal of which the wire is made and heat it up quite hot, in fact they make it white hot and it gives out light. Now whenever we heat a metal or any other substance sufficiently hot particles of electricity or electrons fly out from it. It does not matter whether we heat it hot by passing a current of electricity through it or make it hot by means of a gas flame. As soon as it becomes white hot particles of electricity or electrons that are within the wire fly out in all directions. This always happens in the case of lamps but people did not know about it until they were on the trail of the discovery of the radio vacuum tube. It may be asked, where do the particles of electricity all go when they fly out from the wire or filament in an ordinary lamp? We have to admit that they only fly out for a little while until they fill the space within the lamp and cover the inner surface of the glass globe. These particles that fill the space within the lamp repel other particles back so that no more fly out except a few that replace some that were thrown back again to the filament from the inner surface of the glass bulb. Now if we make a lamp with a metal plate sealed into it the lamp having all the air pumped out as usual and then connect a wire to the outer connections of the filament, particles of electricity flying from the heated filament within the lamp will land on the plate and then will flow back along the wire to the filament. A better action is obtained if we put a battery between the plate and the filament. The vacuum

equipped with vacuum tubes but because the vacuum tube plays such a very important part in the transmitting station. One of the most important things that a vacuum tube does is to amplify or strengthen signals, and before going on to explain about their use in radio it may perhaps be advisable to explain about the use of the vacuum tube in amplifying the current in a telephone line as it is fairly easy to understand about their use in a telephone line and later their use in radio may be fully explained. You know what happens when we speak into an ordinary telephone. First we take the receiver off the hook which causes a current of electricity to flow through the transmitter. Then we speak into the transmitter mouthpiece and sound waves from the

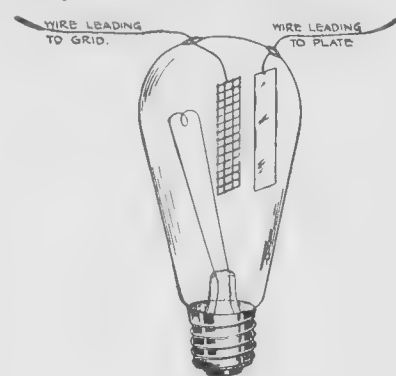


FIG. 2

Lamp with Grid and Plate Added

voice act on a metal diaphragm within the transmitter causing it to vibrate.

A steady current of electricity is flowing through the transmitter and the vibration of the diaphragm causes this steady current to be broken up and to vary in accordance with the vibrations of the voice waves. This varying electric current flows along the telephone line to the telephone receiver at the other end. As this current flows along the telephone line it gets weaker and weaker and if the telephone line is very long it is found that the current is weakened too much before it reaches the end. For this reason a vacuum tube amplifier is inserted in the telephone line

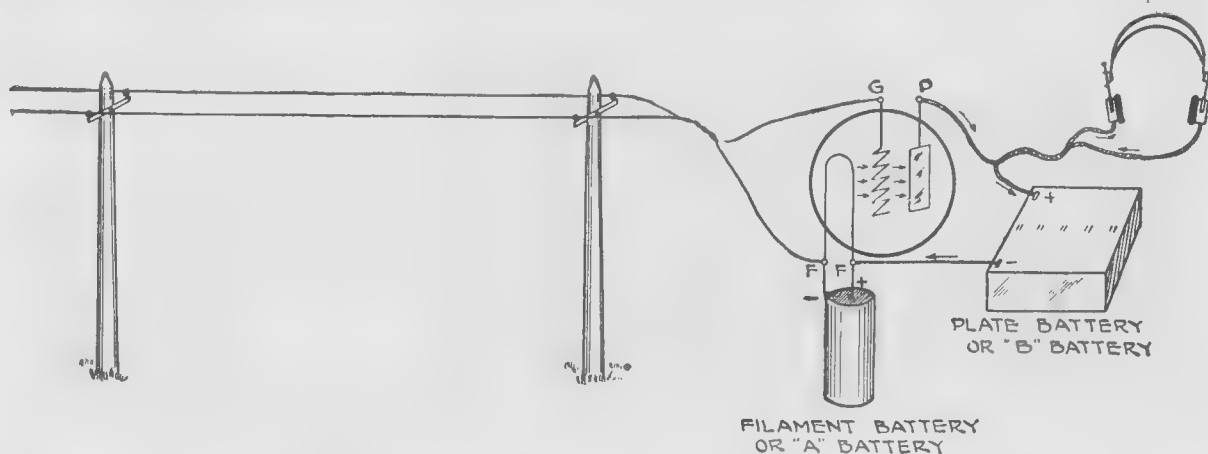


FIG. 3

Repeater Bulb in Long Telephone Line

act on one another their molecules break up and electrons or particles of electricity flow out of the battery. Take for instance an ordinary dry cell. It consists of a piece of zinc and a piece of carbon with chemicals in between. The piece of zinc is made up into a can to contain the chemicals and the carbon rod is placed in the center. If we join the outer zinc can of a dry cell to the inner carbon block by means of a wire or other piece of metal, electrons flow along the wire from the zinc into the carbon. What really happens is that the particles of electricity that come out of the battery flow out of the zinc into the wire and push the other particles that are already in the wire along and into the carbon electrode. (See Fig. 1) This always takes place whenever there is an electric current.

tube used in radio not only has a plate of metal in addition to the filament but also a metal screen or gauze or grid as it is called. A stronger signal will flow out from the plate than that which is brought onto the grid, thus giving us amplification. A modern type of radio vacuum tube such as the peanut tube differs from the above only in having a much more perfect vacuum than an ordinary lamp and in having a filament that is coated with certain chemicals which give out electrons at a lower temperature than the metal tungsten and it is not necessary to heat the filament nearly so hot, a dull red heat being all that is required.

The Vacuum Tube Amplifier

Modern radio would be impossible without the vacuum tube not so much because radio receiving sets are usually

as shown in Fig. 3, in order to strengthen the current. At the left there will be seen two wires coming from the distant telephone set bringing what is known as the voice current from the transmitter. It will be noted that one of these wires connects to the grid and one to the filament, also that a telephone receiver and a battery are connected between the plate of the vacuum tube and the filament. As we already know, a current will flow around from the battery through the vacuum tube and through the telephone receiver. This is a steady current. But notice what happens! The incoming signal from the distant telephone set coming on to the grid as shown in Fig. 3, acts on the current of electricity that through the receiver to the filament and from the filament through the meshes of the grid

to the plate. The curious thing is that the incoming signal can help along the stream of electrons that flows from the filament to the plate or it can hold it back so that a very weak incoming signal coming onto the grid acts upon the stream of electrons flowing between the meshes of the grid making it vary in accordance with the variations of the incoming signal. It will be seen therefore, that the grid acts like a valve in a water pipe. Just as we can screw up the valve and change the current of water flowing through the pipe, so the incoming signal acts on the grid and varies the flow of electrons from the filament to the plate and produces a correspondingly varying current through the telephone receiver. A similar case is where a child might turn on the throttle valve of a steam engine and thus move a load that no man could possibly move because the throttle valve controls the steam which moves the engine. In precisely the same way a weak signal coming onto the grid of a vacuum tube may act on a stronger current of electricity, and the stronger current will vary exactly in accordance with the signal.

HOME GARDEN

Continued from page 33

health, and also a question of where knowledge is power. Where there is a dry cellar with a temperature above freezing but not higher than 40 degrees Fahrenheit, there is no trouble in keeping many varieties of vegetables throughout the winter.

Parsnips, carrots, beets and turnips are splendidly preserved by packing them in boxes of dry earth or sand. Celery may be lifted in the autumn and planted in about four inches of soil on the cellar floor. If this be kept moist, without being too wet, the celery will remain fresh and crisp until March. If a root of rhubarb be dug up late in the fall and allowed to freeze and then planted in rich soil in the cellar and kept watered, it will produce tender stalks all winter.

Cabbage may be kept in good condition for a long time by hanging it by the roots from the roof of the cellar and wrapping each head in newspaper. If onions be allowed to ripen off in the sun for a few days after they are pulled, they may be kept in good condition all winter on slatted shelves in the cellar.

Memories

Little I thought in the long ago
When we swung 'neath the hawthorn tree.
(Tom was brother to Marion Flo,
John was brother to me).
That they would grow up and she would grow up
And all would go over the sea
And naught would be left of the long ago
But the old haw-tree—and me.

The pies we baked of the scarlet haws!
And the mansions made with stones!
Taunting the rook with his raucous caws
Our missiles were pine-tree cones
But they grew up, and she grew up,
And all sailed over the sea.
And nothing is left of the long ago
But the old haw-tree—and me.

The tales we told of our ventures bold
With a valorous mien and tense!
(Our daring moods soon took to the woods
When Bess mooded over the fence).
But John grew up—and Tom grew up
A nurse was Marion Flo.
And nothing is left but the old haw tree—
And me—of the long ago.

Little we thought swinging high and low
In the flowery boughs of the haws,
Three would fall to a foreign foe,
And one would weep because
My brother grew up—and—Tom—grew up—
And all sailed over the sea.
Oh! if they were all children still
With the hawthorn tree—and me!
—(Mrs.) Clara Hopper.

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No-Egg Mayonnaise Dressing: $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons Carnation Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar.

Put salt and paprika in a bowl; add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly; add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add lemon juice or vinegar. This recipe makes $\frac{2}{3}$ cup salad dressing.

No-Egg Carnation Cooked Salad Dressing: 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon mustard, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 3 tablespoons vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Carnation Milk.

Mix dry ingredients and add to melted butter. Add milk diluted with water and cook in double boiler until it thickens. Add vinegar slowly, then cool. This recipe makes $\frac{3}{4}$ cup salad dressing.

In the Carnation Cook Book you'll find recipes for a number of salad dressings, as well as other good things to eat. Write the Carnation Milk Products Company, Limited, Aylmer, Ontario, for a free copy.

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Autumn Fashion Forecasts

FLOUNCES, tunics, ribbons, insertions of lace and plaitings are outstanding features of the mid-season frocks. Straight lines lead, especially for daytime dresses.

Sports dresses show plaids, stripes and embroideries.

Three-piece costumes are shown, some with long open front coats, others with short jackets.

Smart suits of flannel in gay colors show the sleeveless jacket and plaited skirt worn with a dainty blouse of crepe or broad cloth. Cotton crepe in navy blue or beige is much in vogue for day dresses.

For dance frocks there are lovely printed silks and trimmings of lace and ostrich feathers.

A dress of crepe de chine may be trimmed with bands of lace that are edged with ruchings of the material.

A dress of printed crepe de chine may be bound with ribbon of a color to match the material.

A dress of striped silk alpaca has the body of the dress with the stripes running lengthwise, and three flounces over the front cut crosswise. The effect is very good.

A distinctive feature of many of the new models is the tunic. It may be belted, and straight, or it may flare and be held by belt or sash at the waistline. One may have the tunic on the skirt in apron or panel effect.

The peplum blouse is a version of the tunic blouse.

Flowered taffeta veiled with chiffon and often trimmed with narrow ruchings of velvet or satin ribbon is much in vogue for youthful dance frocks.

As skirts are shorter, so coats are growing longer.

A costume of flannel has a two-piece skirt hung from an underbody of chinese silk. The coat is made with the popular side closing and a notched revers collar. It is in finger-tip length.

Dresses of white batiste or handkerchief linen are worn over slips of a color and finished with a sash and bow of soft ribbon.

A dress of striped silk has a long pointed basque waist to which a double-tiered skirt is joined. A fichu collar of embroidered chiffon finishes the waist.

Silk bengaline is used for wraps and capes. Braid embroidery forms a suitable decoration for this material.

A tunic blouse of lace is smart over a slip of satin crepe.

A sleeveless blouse of Roman striped faille crepe has the neck finished with a narrow yoke band of satin.

Valenciennes lace makes a pretty trimming for a blouse of French voile.

Narrow plaitings of organdy edge the collar and cuffs of a blouse of dotted Swiss.

A circular tunic on a two-piece narrow skirt is very smart.

Printed crepe de chine lends itself well to machine plaiting.

Unbleached muslin was used for a bloomer dress for a girl of 6 years. The free edges are bound with green linen. A skirt of plaided eponge and a slipover blouse of tub silk makes a smart sports dress for a girl of 12 or 14.

Checked flannel will make a serviceable school dress. Chintz and plain linen combine well for beach and country dresses.

White madras decorated with stitchery in colors made a dainty "creeper romper." Pink checked gingham is also good for such a garment.

Buttons are again in evidence as trimming on coats and dresses.



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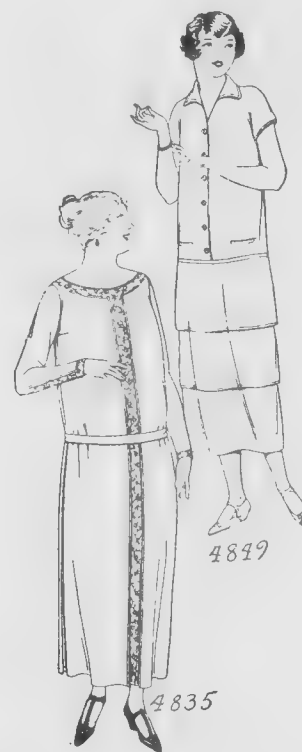


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4842



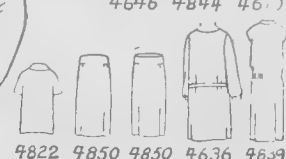
4829



4821



4826 4646 4844 4610



4822 4850 4850 4636 4639

A Simple Summer Frock—4839. Nothing so cool and comfortable for warm days as the style here portrayed. The fullness at the waistline is attractively disposed of in tiny plaits or tucks. The collar is smart. A string or Windsor tie may be worn with this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Collar and sleeve facings of contrasting

material require $\frac{1}{4}$ yard. The width at the foot of the dress is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

An Up-to-Date Sports Suit—4822-4850. This stylish model is composed of Ladies' Waist Coat Blouse 4822, and Ladies' Skirt 4850. White flannel is here portrayed with facings of black suede. This style is also good for ratine, or silk alpaca also in sports silk or crepe.

The Blouse is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42,

44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. To make this suit for a 35-inch size will require 5 yards of 22-inch material, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard for facings, if made as illustrated. The width of the skirt at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

Two separate patterns mailed to any address

on receipt of 15c for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl—4844. Embroidered voile, figured silk, linen or crepe would be attractive for this model. The panel on the back may be omitted. The sleeve may be in wrist, or in elbow length.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves $\frac{1}{2}$ yard less material will be required.

A Simple Frock—4636. Green jersey cloth or brown serge, or, the ever reliable navy blue in wool crepe would be very serviceable for this model. Braid or stitchery could be used for the decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 54-inch material.

A Pretty Undergarment—4842. This combines a vest and drawers in "step-in" style. Long cloth, nainsook, batiste, crepe and crepe de chine may be used for this model. A ruffle of embroidery, lace or of the material may be added for trimming.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 or 40-inch material. To trim as illustrated will require 5 yards of edging or lace, 2 or 3 inches wide.

A Simple Apron Model—4610. Easy to adjust and very comfortable is this apron. One could

A Jaunty Cape for a "Little Miss"—4476. Practical and altogether comfortable is this design. The fronts are double breasted, and rolled to form revers that meet a broad collar in notches. The Pattern is good for any of the cloakings now in vogue, also for fur, velvet and other pile fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

A New and Stylish Coat Model—4834. This features a new shoulder and the popular scarf collar. The design is good for all cloakings, and also for fur and pile fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. For cuffs, facings and collar of contrasting material $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40 inches wide is required.

A Popular Model for School Wear—4843. Plaid gingham with facings of linen is here portrayed. This is also a good style for flannel, alpaca, crepe and linen. The sleeve may be in wrist length or, in short length finished with a cuff.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. For collar facings and cuffs of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard is required.

A Good Style for the Woman of Mature Figure—4835. Silk alpaca and embroidery are here combined. One could use figured and plain silk, linen or crepe.



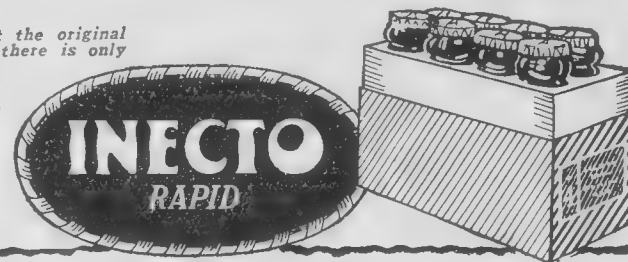
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make this of sateen or gingham. It is also attractive for cretonne with binding in a plain contrasting color, or, for unbleached muslin, with bands of striped seersucker.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material.

A Popular Blouse Style—4821. This "man-nish" model has the popular bosom and link cuff. It may be softly tailored, or stitched throughout. The collar is convertible and may be buttoned close to the neck or open at the throat. Crepe, English broadcloth, linen or satin could be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3 yards of 32-inch material.

A Pleasing House or Morning Dress—4646. This style is especially suited to stout figures. It is in slip-on style. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or cut short in shaped outline.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 42-inch size requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. For collar, facings and vest of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard is required. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

A New Dress for a Little Miss—4826. Dimity, voile, printed cottons, gingham and wash silk will be attractive for this pretty little frock. It may be finished with tiny sleeve caps, or with the wrist length "bishop" sleeve.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material if made with sleeve caps. If made with long sleeves 3 yards will be required.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, if made of one material. If made as illustrated, it will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of figured material 18 inches wide, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of plain material 40 inches wide. The width at the foot is $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

A Stylish Youthful Frock—4849. This is a good model for slender figures. It is suitable for alpaca, linen, jersey and crepe, also for flannel and taffeta.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

A Simple Morning Frock—4841. Chintz in a pretty pattern, dotted percale, gingham or lawn would be good for this style. It is also nice for tub silk, linen and ratine.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material. For collar, pocket and sleeve facings of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40 inches wide is required. The width of the dress at the foot is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.

A Pretty Apron—4640. Figured cretonne with bindings of black sateen is here portrayed. One could also use unbleached muslin with embroidery, or chambray in a contrasting color for trimming. Lawn, cambric and percale are also desirable and serviceable materials for this apron.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material.

A Popular Model—3921. Every "small" person likes comfort, and never more than at playtime. In this neat and simple play suit "fashion" has contrived to develop a practical garment. The smock and knickers are cut in one, so the garment stays "together," and is easy to adjust.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2-year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pongee, crash, linen, gingham, chintz and cretonne are nice for this style.

A Good Suit for a Small Boy—4829. This style of suit has been generally accepted as one that insures comfort and is boyish. The model here shown may be made of linen, ratine, seersucker, serge or jersey.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Any pattern sent for 15c in silver or stamps. Address Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Canada.

For
HALITOSIS

use
LISTERINE





The Wealth of Your Garden

DURING the summer and autumn we should make the best possible use of the delicious vegetables in our gardens, when they are at their best. The simplest way of cooking them is usually the best.

Vegetables should be crisp and firm when ready to cook. If they have become withered or limp, they should be put in cold water till the crispness is restored.

Boiling or steaming is the most common method of cooking vegetables. The water should be really boiling when the vegetables are placed in it or over it when steamed, and kept at that temperature during the cooking process, or the food will be soggy and water soaked, and not nearly so delicious.

If vegetables are not over cooked, and if seasoned properly, not masked with elaborate sauces, the family will soon overcome their objection to eating the food which is so essential to their well-being. The smallest possible amount of water should be used, and it should not be thrown away, but used in soup, or gravy or sauce, or much valuable mineral matter is lost.

For some unknown reason, green or wax beans if cut diagonally rather than straight across the pods, seem more tender, being served in diamond-shaped pieces rather than in squares.

Green corn should be cooked only long enough to set the milk in the kernels.

Soft water is preferable to hard for cooking vegetables. The addition of soda injures the flavor and removes valuable food properties.

One of our leading authorities assures us that we may serve vegetables four times a day for a whole month, without repeating a single dish, not counting potatoes, we have such a variety and there are so many ways of preparing them.

Cooking in an uncovered kettle preserves the color of vegetables better than when it is covered.

Harvard Beets

Wash small beets, and cook in boiling water or in a fireless cooker till soft. Remove the skins by placing for a minute or two in cold water, then rubbing the skins off. Cut in slices or cubes, and reheat in a sauce made of $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. cornstarch and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. vinegar, boiled together till clear. Before serving add 2 tb. butter.

Boiled Cabbage

Remove the outside leaves, cut in pieces, and take out the tough stock. Soak in cold water to which a little vinegar or salt has been added, to cause any insects which may be present to come to the surface of the water. Vinegar is preferable to salt, as the latter toughens vegetables soaked in salted water. Cook in boiling water in an uncovered kettle till tender. The uncovered kettle prevents a disagreeable odor. Cabbage becomes very indigestible when over-cooked. Drain, chop, and season with butter, salt and pepper.

Scalloped Cabbage

Put boiled cabbage in a bake dish with alternate layers of cream sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake in the oven till the crumbs are brown.

Cucumbers

Remove a thick paring from a green cucumber, to avoid the bitter flavor which is found near the skin. Cut in slices and crisp in cold water, not salted. Drain when ready to serve.

Boiled Cucumbers

Cucumbers too old to serve raw, sliced, may be peeled, cut in pieces, and boiled in salted water till tender. Drain well, mash, and season with salt, pepper and butter.

Swiss Chard

Wash the chard well, and cook in a very small quantity of water till tender. Drain, chop and season with salt, pepper, butter and vinegar.

Boiled Peas

If the pods are washed before shelling, the peas will not require washing. Remove from the shells, and cook in a small quantity of boiling water. Add salt after boiling for ten minutes. Do not waste the water which is drained off the peas when cooked. Season with salt, pepper and butter, or pour over them a cream sauce. If the peas have stood some time after picking, the flavor will be improved by adding a teaspoon of sugar while cooking. Some persons think peas are improved by cooking a sprig of mint leaves with them.

Summer Squash

Wash the squash and cut in thick slices, steam or boil in salted water. Drain well, mash and season with salt, butter and pepper.

Winter Squash

Split the squash into convenient sized pieces, scoop out the seeds and stringy portion, and steam, boil, or bake the squash. Remove from the shell, mash and season.

Broiled Tomatoes

Wipe the tomatoes, cut in halves, and cut a piece of each rounding side. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in egg and crumbs, and broil for eight to ten minutes.

The One-Plate Meal

TABLE service may be much simplified during the hot weather, without lessening the pleasure of the meal while adding much to the comfort of the housekeeper.



New Potatoes, Roasted

On way of accomplishing this result, is to serve the main course directly on the dinner plates, eliminating vegetable, gravy, meat and sauce dishes. The plates may be carried directly to the dining room, or to the porch on a very hot day.

Or, if the family is not too large, and one has a platter large enough for the purpose, the dinner may be nicely arranged on it, and served at the table. This method is particularly good for a cold meal. Care should be taken to avoid colors which would clash.

Number I

In the centre of the plate, place a mound of mashed potato, in the centre of it, depressed with a table spoon or bottom of a cup, slip a poached egg. Two or three slices of ripe tomatoes on a lettuce leaf, and a neat heap of green peas, make an appetizing dinner.

Number II

An individual mould of jellied veal, new potatoes sprinkled with parsley, a mound of spinach or Swiss chard, and broiled tomatoes.

Number III

Meat balls, creamed new potatoes, wax beans, buttered new beets. The plates should be arranged with the beans separating the potatoes from the beets, as the latter would be liable to discolor the white sauce on the potatoes and make them look "messy."

Number IV

Scrambled eggs on toast, buttered green peas, new potatoes, cauliflower. The yellow of the egg, with the green of the peas, is an unusually attractive color combination.

Number V

On the centre of a platter pile steamed rice. Around and over it, arrange chicken, cut in pieces and stewed with the well-seasoned gravy. Around this arrange a circle of tomato slices, with sprigs of parsley arranged at intervals among them.

Number VI

Roast lamb placed in the centre of a large platter, and surrounded by mounds of mashed potato, hollowed in the centre, with the hollows filled with peas.

The dessert following such a dinner as one of those suggested above, may be fresh fruit, with a plain cake or cookies, or some simple pudding made earlier in the day, and served cold.

Simple Desserts

Orange Salad

Arrange layers of sliced oranges, on a lettuce leaf, sprinkling each layer with powdered sugar and shredded cocoanut. Sliced oranges when served alone should not stand long after slicing, as they are apt to become bitter.

Grapefruit Salad

Separate sections of grapefruit, and remove skin and seeds carefully from each section, taking care not to break the pieces of fruit. Arrange on a lettuce leaf and serve with custard sauce, cream dressing or mayonnaise.

Prune Whip

Prunes, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Whites of 5 Eggs Lemon Juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb.

Pick over and wash prunes, then soak several hours in cold water to cover; cook in same water until soft; remove stones and rub prunes through a strainer, add sugar, and cook five minutes; the mixture should be of the consistency of marmalade. Beat whites of eggs until stiff, add prune mixture gradually when cold, and lemon juice. Pile lightly on buttered pudding-dish, bake twenty minutes in slow oven. Serve cold with boiled custard.

Peach Custard

Arrange alternate layers of stale cake and sections of fresh or canned peaches in glass dish, and pour over boiled custard. Bananas may be used instead of peaches.

Jellied Walnuts

Gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ box or Boiling Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Granulated Gelatine, 1 tb. Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Cold Water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Orange Juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Lemon Juice, 3 tb.

Soak gelatine twenty minutes in cold water, dissolve in boiling water; add sugar, fruit juice; strain, and cover bottom of shallow pan with one-half the mixture. When nearly firm, place over it, one inch apart, halves of English walnuts. Cover with remaining mixture. Chill, and cut in squares. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored.

Continued on Page 41



Bread,

is the indispensable food. You may tire of everything else, but good, home-made bread never palls on the healthy appetite. The best bread is easily made at home with **ROYAL YEAST CAKES**. Full directions with each package.

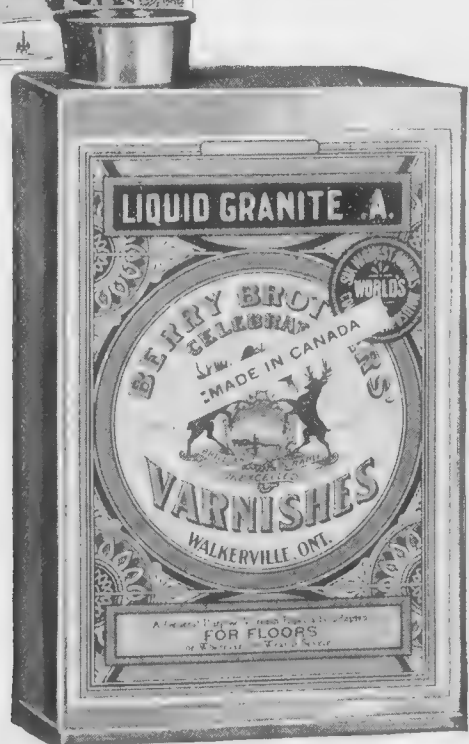
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Liquid Granite

FLOOR VARNISH OF DISTINCTION

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 38

Feeding Harvesters and Threshers

WHEN several hungry men are added to the family during the season of harvesting and threshing, the busy farmer's wife is forced to spend most of her time in cooking. Much can be done by preparing foods which will keep, in quantities large enough for several meals. The tea and coffee might be measured into little cheese-cloth bags. Fruit may be stewed and put in the cellar. Steamed pudding will keep some time.

Stewed Apricots

4 lbs. dried apricots 3½ c. sugar

Wash the apricots well, and let stand over-night in sufficient water to cover. Next day, cook them in the same water till tender but not broken, in a kettle set in dish of hot water, if one has not a fireless cooker. When nearly done, sprinkle the sugar over the top but do not stir.

Stewed Figs and Rhubarb

Figs, 2 lbs. Sugar, 6 c.
Water to cover figs Rhubarb, 6 lbs.

Wash the figs thoroughly, add hot water to barely cover them and soak till plump, wash and cut up the rhubarb. Put in a kettle in alternate layers with the figs and sugar, and pour over them the water in which the figs were soaked. Set in a pan of hot water, or the fireless cooker, and cook till tender.

Baked Rhubarb

Rhubarb, 10 lbs. Sugar, 3 qts.

Wash rhubarb and cut in pieces, removing tough skin. Put in a kettle with the sugar, let stand an hour or more, then cook in a slow oven for two or three hours.

Bran Cakes

Flour, 4 c. Soda, 4 t.
Bran, 8 c. Milk, 1¼ qts.
Salt, 3 t. Molasses, 2 c.
Raisins, 1 lb.

Sift the flour, salt and soda together, add the bran and mix well, then add the molasses and milk and raisins. Beat well, and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes, or till done. This recipe makes about 50 muffins.

Graham Gems

Graham Flour, 5 c. Shortening, 5 tb.
White Flour, 5 c. Salt, 5 t.
Sugar, 1 c. Sour Milk, 5 c.
Soda, 2½ t. Eggs, 5
Baking Powder, 5 tb.

Some Good Cookery Hints

1. When cooking a goose or a fat duck, put the bird into a pan or container of sufficient size. Cover, or nearly cover with lukewarm water, and bring to the boiling point. Then gradually reduce the heat and simmer for fifteen or twenty minutes. Remove the bird, and partly cool. Have the dressing ready, and preferably this should be heated, after being made, in a skillet or kettle. Stuff the bird, sew up, sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper, and roast in a moderately brisk oven, allowing half an hour to the pound. Add water from time to time, so that the fat will not burn.

When ready to make the gravy, drain off most of this fat and set aside. Add hot water, and make the gravy as usual by thickening the flour, season to taste, and strain into a hot gravy boat.

The water in which the fat fowl has been cooked first may be set aside in a cold place. The fat will harden and may be skimmed off. This fat may be put with that turned from the dripping pan. It can be melted together, strained, and used for cooky shortening, for the shortening of spice cakes, or chocolate cakes, and some especially relish it as a medium in which to fry onions, or apples, or onions and apples combined.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the milk gradually, the well-beaten eggs and the melted shortening. Fill gem pans half full, and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes, or till done.

Pies

Pies must be made in great numbers. One of the well-known raisin firms has recently put on the market a raisin pie fruit, all ready for use. It comes in gallon cans costing from \$1.10 to \$1.25 a can, and is already sweetened and thickened. Some people might like to add a tablespoon of lemon juice to that quantity, or a few drops of vinegar to each pie. It will keep for a considerable time after the can is opened.

Baked Indian Pudding

Scalded Milk, 2¼ qts. Salt, 2 t.
Molasses, 1 c. Ginger, 2 t.
Indian or Corn Meal, ¾ c.

Add the milk slowly to the corn meal, cook 20 minutes over hot water. Add molasses, salt and ginger. Pour into buttered baking dishes and bake in a slow oven three or four hours. Serve with cream.

Baked Apple Pudding

Peel, quarter and core apples, fill baking dishes half full, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon or nutmeg. Add water to come half way to the top of the apples. Bake till partly soft. Roll out to ½ inch thick, egg roll mixture, which is baking powder biscuit dough in which half of the liquid is beaten egg, the remainder milk, or milk and water. Put on top of the apples, brush with milk, sprinkle with sugar, and bake till done. It is wise to cut a hole in the top to permit the steam from the apples to escape. Serve with nutmeg or vanilla sauce, or cream.

Bean Stew

Kidney Beans, 1 qt. Water, 2 qts.
(or White Beans) Butter, ½ c.
Tomatoes, 2 qts. Diced Potatoes, 2 qts.
Celery, chopped, 2 cts.
Salt and pepper to taste
Onion, chopped, 1 c.
Soak the beans overnight. Drain. Mix the beans, tomatoes, celery, onion and water, and simmer several hours. About 45 minutes before serving, add the potatoes, butter and seasoning.

Excellent for supper. Canned beans may be used, which will save the long cooking. Celery salt may be used in place of celery.

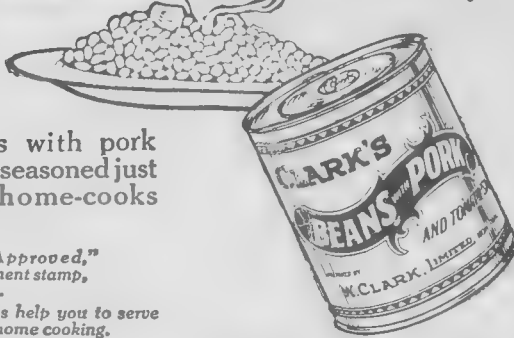


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Let the "Clark" Kitchens help you to serve excellent food with less home cooking.

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Children do enjoy the puddings and custards prepared with fresh, sweet milk and

Brown & Polson's Corn Starch

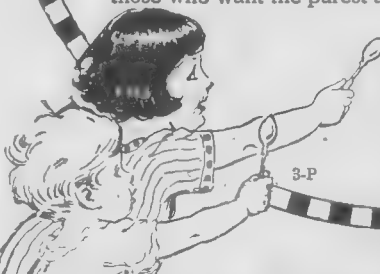
Of greater importance is the fact that such appetising dishes are easily digested and therefore nourish the active little bodies better than heavier and more expensive foods.

For nearly 70 years Brown & Polson's Corn Starch has been made in Paisley, Scotland, and used all over the world by those who want the purest and best.



Ask your grocer, too, for "RAISLEY" and make your own self-raising flour. It ensures perfect results if you use one part to eight parts of ordinary flour.

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BETTER COOKERY

Continued on page 41

4. During that part of the year, when eggs are high serve desserts and make breads and cakes which call for fewer eggs or no eggs at all. There are many such. The trouble is that such recipes are sure to be scattered in so many different places, or in so many different books that they are hard to find. A way to get around this trouble is to have an Eggless Reference Book. This may be just a note book in which are classified different kinds of cookery. Under these heads there will be the name of the recipe, the book and page where it will be found, and any special remarks about its desirability. Then when you wish to make eggless muffins, or apple sauce cake, or pineapple tapioca cream without eggs, you can locate the rule without delay.

5. The water in which onions are boiled may be saved, and will make the base of a delicious soup. A can of tomato soup may be added, or a few beef cubes dissolved in this, and a clear soup served. Or the cubes and a few vegetables, and a little rice added and a vegetable soup made.

The thrifty housewife wastes nothing. When there is only a small quantity of beef or even Hamburg steak left over, this may be used as the base for one or two mince pies, by adding three times the quantity of apple, chopped raisins, currants, a little molasses, sugar, and perhaps the remnants of a tumbler of jelly. The whole may be cooked down and seasoned, so as to make an excellent pie filling. For those who find the regulation mince meat mixture too rich, a few cracker crumbs, or from two to three tablespoonfuls of boiled rice per pie may be added to the mince meat mixture. Either crackers or rice will absorb the rich juices and will not be discoverable.

6. If an especially good pumpkin pie is desired, make a regulation crust in the usual way. Have it cold. Prepare the pumpkin mixture allowing at least one cup full of stewed, sifted pumpkin to each pie. Then put the filling into a saucepan, and heat on top of the stove, before the egg has been added. Lastly, beat in the egg, turn into the pie shell, and bake in an oven of moderately brisk temperature. By following this rule, the filling of the pumpkin pie will bake while the crust is baking, and there will be avoided a milky center which calls for the pie being left in the oven, to the end that the crust is often scorched.

7. Most dairy stores, and many dairy or milkmen sell buttermilk. This is especially desirable for making griddle cakes, muffins, and even dark cakes. It requires very little shortening to accompany it, and is cheaper than sweet milk.

8. A pair of scales in the kitchen will soon save their own price. The best kind is one of the registering variety which is accurate, and will show at a glance whether full weight has been given or not. If a store persistently makes mistakes in weight, the case should be reported, and the reason learned. A few cents loss daily on such purchases of goods as come by weight will aggregate a substantial amount at the end of the year. Many times, clerks who would be careless are more particular if they know that the housewife will check up and report any shortage or error.

"Two-Fold Thoughts"

Moon, burnished gold, high hung in
night's blue dome,
Glimpsed through black traceries of leaf-
bare trees,
You voice in me a poet's discontent
To paint in words God's harmonies of
night
So vividly that coloured sounds might
live.

Companions talk, in trivial tones and gay,
My thoughts crowd on, to answer what
they say,
Yet, Old World Moon, your magic still
floats down
Lone, mystic cloisters of my half dumb
soul.

—May Percival Judge



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With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

Resolutions Passed at the Annual Women's Institutes Convention, Winnipeg, June 10-11-12, 1924

1. Be it resolved that we, the Women's Institutes of Manitoba, recognizing the value of Home Economics Education for young women, establish a scholarship of \$50.00 (fifty dollars) to be given to a First Year Degree Student for use in her second year in the Manitoba Agricultural College. This scholarship to be awarded on the basis of general proficiency and personal excellence.

2. Inasmuch as we believe that women should be placed exactly on an equality with men in respect to the granting of divorce, and whereas a bill incorporating this principle will be introduced in the Federal House at Ottawa next session, dealing with the matter, we, therefore, as delegates at the District Convention at Pilot Mound, and endorsed by the Provincial Convention, urge the members of the Women's Institutes throughout the province, to stress, through the influence of their representatives, the need of support of this bill.

3. That whereas, under our present Federal laws, we have no such status as "Canadian" citizenship, and whereas, the registration of citizenship under the present laws very often entails one of two things, incorrect registration or considerable expense and time in obtaining past records and data, and whereas, the majority of Canadians feel that as Canada has taken her place in the world proportionately equal with other nations, her sons and daughters are old enough to have a name of their own; therefore, be it resolved that this fourteenth Annual Convention of Manitoba's Federation of Women's Institutes now assembled in Winnipeg, do

humbly petition the Federal Government to enact legislation making it legal for any person born in Canada, of either born or naturalized Canadian parents, to be registered as a "Canadian" Citizen.

4. Resolved that a president of a local Women's Institute hold office not longer than two consecutive years.

5. Resolved that the Manitoba marriage law be amended to provide:

(a) That marriage licenses be issued by the clerks of municipalities.

(b) That only ministers who are certified by the proper ecclesiastical authorities shall be authorized to solemnize marriages.

6. Resolved that we, the members of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba, hearing of the sad bereavement that has come upon some of our fellow members, desire to express our heartfelt and sincere sympathy to: Mrs. C. S. Stevenson, Shoal Lake, who has recently lost her splendid young son; Miss Butler and Mrs. Hall, whose mother, a member of the Charleswood Institute, is lying grievously ill at the present moment; To the Women's Institute of Benito, Mrs. Horel, one of their members, having died as the result of an accident, which occurred as she was motoring to the district convention at Bowsman River, and that the convention secretary be asked to write and express this our sympathy.

7. We, the Women's Institute members of Manitoba, at the Annual Convention in June, 1924, desire to place on record our appreciation and thanks to Mr. S. T. Newton for his sympathetic help during his term of service as Director of the Extension Service.

THE PROBLEM OF STORAGE

BY ANN WINTER EVANS

IN these days of apartments and small bungalows, we often recall with regret, the good, old houses with their big attics and store rooms but as the comic paper says "them days are gone forever." We are thankful they have, when cleaning days comes, for with vacuum cleaner and oil mop one can clean a whole apartment in about the time it took to do one good old-fashioned room with its tacked-down carpet, heavy furniture and bric-a-brac. However in the small house the problem of storage becomes a serious one.

One way in which people obviate this difficulty is by not storing so much. When the immediate need for an article is past the second-hand dealer is sent for. There are things however of occasional or seasonal use which must be stored.

In our small abode, we have found bags of great help in solving the problem. This idea is not new of course—our grandmothers had rag bags, button bags, duster bags and various other kinds—but it is this old idea amplified.

Anything can be stored in bags that won't crush. For instance we store our winter flannels in bags and when fall comes round the same bags hold the summer clothes. We have a bag for pieces of flannel for mending, etc., a bag for cotton pieces, one for odds and ends of ribbon and lace and so on ad infinitum. The bags can be made of different kinds of material so they can be distinguished at a glance or they can be made of unbleached cotton and plainly labelled. They can hang on low nails in a clothes closet and will take very little room. If a new need arises, an old pillow case serves very well until a bag can be made.

A wider use of chests is a great help

also. They take up floor space of course but have the advantage of being seats as well. We have a chest instead of a piano bench. It holds all the music and a pile of magazines as well. A small chest in the bathroom makes a fine seat and holds the clean towels. In the bedroom a small chest serves for a seat in front of the dressing-table.

When space is at a premium one is always tempted to use that vast area under the bed, but it is very apt to become the "CHAOS" that college roommates know all about, and cause much annoyance on cleaning day. This drawback is overcome by having a large, low chest made that fits under the bed. If it has good ball-bearing castors there is no trouble in pulling it out and in and it is a splendid place to store bedding that is not in use.

For shoes there is nothing better than racks which can be bought and fastened to the clothes-closet door. They are great trouble-savers.

These few suggestions are handed on to you in the hope that you in your small home may find some of them as useful as we have in ours. It is a big saving of time and trouble to have "a place for everything" even if we seldom reach the perfection of having "everything in its place."

A Case in the Short Circuit Court

A chap was arrested for assault and battery and brought before the judge.

Judge (to prisoner): "What is your name, your occupation and what are you charged with?"

Prisoner: "My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery."

Judge: "Officer, put this guy in a dry cell."



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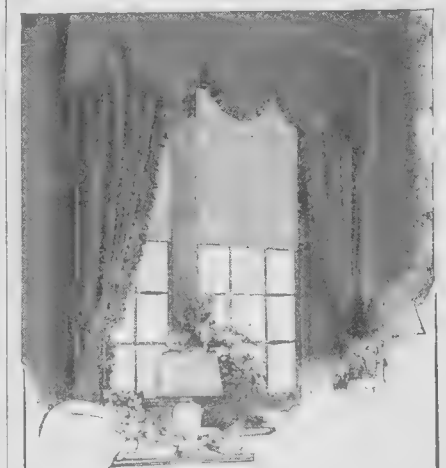
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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

THE SUICIDE

Continued from page 13

doubts and fears at last, and was ready to play a hand with death.

"Dearest," said the note, "when you read these lines I shall not be of this world. Try and believe that what I have done is best—best for both of us. Try also to forgive and, if possible, forget.—Your wretched Clarence."

The young man addressed an envelope, inserted the note and laid the missive on the desk-top beside a photo in an oval frame. But as he did, the eyes of the girl in the photo caught and held him. Up till now he had studiously avoided looking at the picture. Perhaps he had been afraid of the reproach that he felt might creep into those eyes.

But now, it was too late even for such reproach. He took the photo up and looked long and tenderly upon it, and then pressed his lips to the cold glass. Sighing, he replaced the pictured likeness of the girl whose heart he was going to crush. Then he glanced at the clock on the desk. It was just 2.07. In less than three minutes, therefore all would be over!

He sat down again and took up the revolver. Leaning back he closed his eyes, and his lips began to move slowly as he counted: "One—two—three—"

The door burst open! A messenger boy stood there saying something.

THE young man opened his eyes and sat up straight, staring perplexedly and in an aggrieved way at the intruder. After all his careful preparations, it was most strange that he had neglected to fasten the door.

"K. and L. has jumped two points!"

This was what the boy said, or shouted. "We've been callin' an' callin' yuh on the 'phone," he went on, "An' yuh never answered—"

The young man dropped the revolver, which clattered to the floor, and sprang forward. Joy had spread over his face as the morning sun spreads over the twilight-dawn, and for a moment he stood gripping the edge of the desk and panting, and gazing at the messenger.

"Yep—she's shootin' way up! 'Change has went clean crazy!" continued the boy excitedly. "The boss says to hang on close an' not sell out for your life. The Pritchard syndicate is in now, buyin' right an' left!"

The young man shot forward and clutched the lad's shoulders. His lips moved but no sound came forth. What he was reiterating was: "Is it true?" He drew his tongue across his dry lips and tried again to speak.

"True? You betcher life it's true!" returned the boy. "Gee! Yuh needn't turn the water works on, though!"

For tears were raining down the young man's cheeks.

The sound from the back of the room ceased abruptly. A voice took its place:

"Jumping Jeremiah, but my arm's sure done up with all this cranking!"

A man with a megaphone under his arm and another man in shirt-sleeves came forward and joined the other two.

"How did I do it?" asked the young man, as he wiped the tears from his face with a silk handkerchief, and turned to the man with the megaphone.

"Oh, so-so," was the reply. "But say, Bill, can'tcha get a little more pep into that last part? It don't seem to have the wallop that the first part has. And I'd make that writing sorta shaky, see? I gotta take a close-up of the letter and it's gotta look true to life, y'understand. I sure must hand it to you for that pump work, though. Boy, you can weep like Niobe and then some! No, don't wipe off them crocodile tears yet—we're gonna go over that last part again."

"The Chorus"

The valley sleeps, the night is still,
When muffled sounds like krill, ker,
rill,
Croak out across the marshy land
From countless frogs who join the
band
Of krill, krill, ker rill, ker rill.
The chorus grows more loud until
Quite suddenly it dies away,—
Long silence—then one lazily
Croaks krill, krill, ker rill her rill.
While others sleep, and all is still.

—May Perceval Judge.

UNFOUNDED FEARS—Continued from page 12

"What! Why—" The look on Miss West's face told Elva why. Inwardly she stormed. "She liked him herself and didn't want him to like me," she thought. "The cranky, selfish thing."

THAT evening Elva walked down to the library. She had seldom entered the massive stone edifice, but she walked in with an assured air, took a magazine in the reading room and sat down in a corner where she could observe the other readers. Her heart leaped as she saw a dark head at the other end of the room lift from its book and a pair of brown eyes look into hers. She smiled very faintly and returned to her magazine. She could not have found it very entertaining, for soon she walked solemnly out of the room. Once on the sidewalk she had not taken five steps when she was joined by the owner of the brown eyes.

"Good evening, Miss Keane," he said. "Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry Miss West sent you away. What will you do now?"

"I have a job in a garage. Haven't you your car? Shall I call a taxi?"

"Oh, no, don't," she exclaimed nervously. "Haven't you time to walk home with me? It isn't far. After my coming down to the library to tell you how sorry I am Miss West is so mean."

"What if I hadn't been there?"

"I knew you would be. You told me you spent many evenings reading in the library, and I just knew you'd be there."

"I don't think I'll be there any more."

She looked up at him in dismay. Did he not want to see her? She knew that he liked her; his eyes told the story. And she, oh, she liked him better than anyone she had ever seen! It was because of her position and his. He thought a workingman could never be anything to her. If he only knew!

"I was helping Anna in the kitchen all afternoon," said Elva, irrelevantly. "I made some cookies with nuts in them."

"Good!" he responded heartily. "Here is your door. Good night."

"But—you won't be at the library?" Her trembling voice almost shook his reserve, but he managed to answer lightly, "No, I believe I will leave town. Goodbye, Miss Keane." And he was down the steps and swinging up the street with his long stride.

That night Elva cried and stormed. Why couldn't she love a workingman and be happy? Or if she couldn't do that why did a workingman need to be so nice? She would love to cook his dinner, and to make nut cookies for him.

In the morning she did not go down to breakfast. At ten o'clock she was surprised to see her mother come softly into the room.

"Oh, mother dear, I'm so glad to see you! I didn't expect you till tomorrow."

"Elva, what is this Miss West has been telling about you?"

"What is it, mother?" asked Elva, innocently.

"She says you have behaved shockingly with the chauffeur, that you went driving with him alone quite unnecessarily, and seemed to treat him as an equal."

"He is an equal! He's the finest man I ever saw! Miss West knows he is good. He told me all about his farm in the west and showed me how the engine of the car works and—"

"Elva!" Mrs. Keane's voice was shocked. "And he—I suppose he became familiar and took advantage of your kindness?"

"Familiar! He was as familiar as—as a proper chauffeur."

"It's a wonder he didn't make love to you," went on Mrs. Keane, severely.

"It is a wonder," said Elva, gloomily. "I tried hard enough to make him."

"Elva!" Words failed to express Mrs. Keane's pain.

Miss West came to the door. "A phone call for you, Mrs. Keane," she announced, without looking at Elva.

FIVE minutes later Mrs. Keane burst excitedly into Elva's room. "It's Douglas Kenderdine," she cried. "He's in town and coming to call this afternoon. Brighten up, Elva. I know you'll like him, darling. If he's at all like his father he is very nice."

"He'll be horrid, and I know I sha'n't like him, and I won't fuss up for him at all."

That afternoon Mrs. Keane dressed with elaborate care, but Elva slipped into an old blue dress and then sat at her dressing table, moodily staring at herself.

"We must be dressed early, Elva," said Mrs. Keane, "for Miss West is out and we will meet the boy ourselves. He—" She was interrupted by the ringing of the door bell. "There, he's here already, and I'm not dressed. You go down, Elva, and do be nice to him," she ended in a panic. With some misgivings she watched Elva's rebellious figure go toward the stairs.

When Elva saw her caller the rebellion suddenly vanished. She held out her hands. "Dick!" she whispered.

"Not Dick any more," said the tall man who smiled down at her as he held her hands in his. "Dick disappeared last night, gave place to Douglas Kenderdine. Do you think you can like him?" He looked now into her face with that expression she had longed to see there.

"Perhaps," she said softly. "But why—why did you—"

"To see you before you knew who I was. Dad had his heart set on my coming to see you and your mother, and he wanted me to—well, he wanted me to like you, and I thought you might be—well—"

"Horrid?" supplied Elva, dimpling.

"Yes, that was what I was afraid of. But you're not horrid," he continued, still holding her hands. He dropped them as he heard Mrs. Keane's step on the stairs, but that good lady read the whole story in Elva's radiant face.



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ROSE OF THE WORLD—Continued from page 8

worked fine. Seems that red roses were his last gift. So we set 'em in behind the curtain, all doused with perfume and she was fetched up alongside and told to sniff hard. Then I pulled back the curtain and give her one flash and she sank on to her knees and begun to pray or something. When she went home she left promising Aunt Cassy a cheque for fifty dollars."

They had been speaking in low tones because of the presence of people in the front room. Now a sudden murmur of sound arose and the curtain bulged at one end and admitted the form of the prophetess herself. Pauline had risen and was arranging Brent's pillows, a guilty flush almost obliterating her freckles. But Madame Cassandra was preoccupied with quite another matter and had not overheard them. She bustled up to the invalid.

"Dearie, won't you do us a great favor?" she begged, in her most ingratiating tone. "A dear young couple under the influence wish to become one."

Brent's mouth fell open.

"You—you mean they want to get married!"

"Yes, dearie. Friends from beyond the veil have expressed the wish and they are both willing. They are deeply under the influence."

"They must be," said Brent.

"Will you do it?"

"Do what?" asked the invalid, wonderingly.

"Tie the knot," said Madam, playfully. "You needn't even rise for I shall bring them out here."

"I—I—"

"I hate to ask it, dearie, but it seemed such a godsend to have you right here, so handy."

from his throat there was a cry from the seance parlor: "Madame! Madame!" Mrs. Seeley billowed away. Pauline sprang to a slit in the black curtain.

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" she whispered back over one angular little shoulder.

"What's up?"

"Oh, just another swoon. It's the would-be bride. She caught it off'n Miss Manning yesterday. They're throwing water on her. Guess the wedding don't come off to-day. . . Say! That was a thin shave for you!"

Brent's eye wavered under the blue-green glance of this grotesque young elf. He was almost positive she had winked.

"Wh—what do you mean?" he demanded, feebly.

"Oh—nothing. But don't worry. I ain't as loose-mouthed as I look. I never squeal on a pal, I don't."

And now Madame returned.

"Dearie, she ain't in a fit condition I'm afraid." She began, "Some other day—"

"Oh, sure," returned Brent, cheerily.

"But I have another favor to ask."

"Is—is it a baptism?"

"No, dearie."

"Or a funeral?"

"You will have your little jokes! No, it's only this: Miss Manning is here begging for another sign from Robert. She complained yesterday that the manifestation was—er—too sudden, almost in the way of a shock. She is very high-strung, the sweet child. Now I thought we might—that is, we could for once introduce a little—a little—"

"Bluff?"

"Well, that's putting it very bluntly, but you see what I mean I think. Hold out your right hand."

Brent extended a muscular member.

"Yes, it's the average size I think. I want you to clasp Miss Manning's hand through a hole in our black-glass cabinet, Mr. Brent."

"Anything to oblige," murmured her guest.

"You won't be visible yourself and your hand will only be vaguely luminous, but the clasp will be—"

"Warm and genuine. I'll do it."

"Thank you, dearie. You're an obliging boy and so like my poor, dear William—"

"Shall I squeeze very tight?"

"Be guided by her, dearie. If she seems to expect it—"

"She wears some rings on her right hand," said Pauline, warningly. "One's Robert's solitaire. Flashiest piece of ice ever you saw—"

"Polly, see if Miss Manning is ready."

Miss Manning was. So Brent rose. He was wearing a borrowed bathrobe over pyjamas, and velvet slippers, and demurred a moment, looking about for his clothes. But Madame playfully tapped his shoulder and urged him ahead. She opened the door of a small cabinet at the end of the room and he entered and took the stool it contained. A circular hole in the glass front looked out over the seance parlor. The rest of the front was opaque. Madame flung a black cloak about him and withdrew. All was quiet out in front.

Presently there was a renewed murmur of voices followed by a complete hush. Brent was conscious of soft footsteps approaching and then of a small white hand being introduced through the circular hole. He looked down at it trembling there and in the gloom saw the flash of jewels. A curious smile curled about his lips and he seized the hand in a quick, firm grip, and bent his lips to it.

The next instant there was a gasp and a smothered little scream from the owner of the smaller hand. Followed a confused babble of voices. Brent was found two minutes later by Mrs. Seeley in his chair, reading.

"Dearie," she began, shaking her head with mock severity, "I'm afraid you've shaken the faith of followers. This was no time for practical jokes! Now give me the rings and I'll go out and explain."

"Rings?" queried Brent, raising his eyebrows.

"The rings you pulled from Miss Manning's fingers."

"But I didn't—"

"Come now dearie—Mr. Brent," said

Continued on page 46

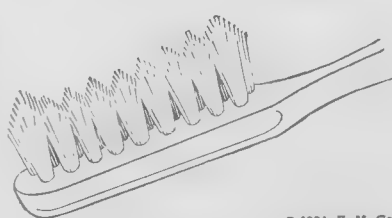
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ROSE OF THE WORLD—Continued from page 45

Madame very soberly, "a joke is a joke, but—"

"I tell you—"

"He ain't got the rings, Aunt Cassy," spoke up Pauline.

Her Aunt wheeled.

"Leave the room, Polly," she said, sharply.

"All I did," explained Brent mildly, "was salute the lady's hand with a loverlike and lingering kiss. I—er—sort of figured she'd expect it."

At this juncture Miss Manning herself appeared. She had evidently postponed the fainting or overlooked it completely. She suddenly stood before them, a tall and slender figure of outraged dignity, blue eyes flashing and head thrown back. Brent turned from Madame to her, his hands still outspread in the gesture of wronged innocence. But even as his glance took her in the hands dropped. His eyes started and his lower jaw fell.

"You!" he exclaimed.

She also seemed amazed for the expression of her piquant face underwent a change and she stared open-mouthed at him.

"Jack!" she murmured, "Jack Brent!"

"There's the telephone, Aunt Cassy," sang out Pauline. "You're nearer to it than I am."

But Madame didn't budge. The dramatic had always held a fascination for her and this savored of an unusually interesting *contretemps*.

"Yes," said Brent, casually, "I've been here since last Thursday morning, after the party at Scoville's."

Madame interjected a word of explanation, beginning at the point where her niece Polly was crossing the street with the morning's milk when she was nearly run over by "this young preacher."

"The young renegade!" she exclaimed good naturedly, smiling. "And the tricks he does play! Give the lady her jewelry, dearie. He's the image of my first husband, Miss."

"He isn't a preacher," Miss Manning said coldly. "That was the masquerade costume he wore at the masked ball. He—"

"May I have a few words with this young lady alone?" Brent begged.

Madame reluctantly withdrew, pulling Polly with her. The seances were becoming noisily impatient and welcomed her clamorously.

"I absolutely haven't got your rings," Brent began, hurriedly. "Do you believe me or not?"

"Oh, I believe you," smiled Miss Manning, coolly, putting her hand into her pocket and drawing out three rings which she displayed on her palm. "It

was just my little trick to see behind the scenes. You didn't know me for a sleuth, did you?"

"I know you as The Unresponsive One," Brent said, gloomily.

"I'm Rose of the Daily World. They put me on this bit of investigation a week ago, and believe me I've got some copy, Jack!"

"Working with the police?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, no, we'll let others do the apprehending. I'm merely investigating and making it public. I'm known as Miss Manning here and I've excelled myself as an emotional actress—if I do say it."

"I saw you coming to the seances from my window here. But I never would have associated you with the high-strung Miss Manning. . . . Allow me to condole with you over the Robert person."

She looked searchingly at him and saw that he was quite serious.

"They call me the star sob-sister," she remarked.

"You mean—then this Robert—"

"—Is purely mythical. Part of my stock-in-trade. But tell me, what in the world were you running away from in clerical garb? I left the party early with my story so I'd catch the first edition. What happened after that? I suppose you boys were racing roadsters?"

"Chasing a robber that got into the library. The Scovilles hushed it up afterward when they found it was their own nephew. At least I suppose so from not seeing anything about it in the papers."

"I must be going," said Miss Manning.

"Rose, if you and I were engaged—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"—and I were to shuffle off," he went on ignoring her remark, "would you—er—take on as badly as you have over this Robert? Remember we were almost engaged once," he looked at the rings sadly.

"Paste," said Rose of the World.

"I've got a real one," he said, eagerly. "Bought it long ago on a forlorn hope. Will you wear it?"

"If it fits," said Rose, demurely.

A red head with "basket-handle" braids thrust itself round the curtain end.

"Oh, gee!" its owner whispered.

"Look at them!"

But the opulent arm of Madame the Prophetess jerked the speaker back.

"Hush!" she whispered, "Who knows but that they're under the influence, child! And for one of his profession to endorse our cause—"

"Whadda yuh mean, profession?" said Pauline, sturdily, "You ain't never heard him talking in his sleep!"

THE "HOSANNA SONG"—Continued from page 10

had disappeared. Curious folks called to learn the particulars and sympathetic ones to console. But mother saw no one except the Minister. To him she told the whole story. He looked perplexed.

"It seems certain that the child must have started out in a fit of disobedience. Perhaps took the wrong train."

"But Gladys never was disobedient, and there is only one train through before six. She was gone at supper time."

So, after a few kindly words, he left her to wait in an agony of suspense for father.

Once more a round little nose was flattened against the window pane in Number Eight and a pair of bright brown eyes were looking out into the dark. The bus was just backing up to the sidewalk and the driver was just turning from his seat. Without waiting for ceremony, a tall man threw open the door and hurried up the steps.

Annabel danced back and dragged mother towards the door.

"Daddy's come! Daddy's come!"

Mother stood strangely quiet. It seemed to Annabel she wasn't as glad as usual when father came. With a bound, the girl was down the hall alone and—snuggled up against a big beaver collar that belonged to Gladys. As for father, he was in Number Eight with mother when the girls got there.

The roses in the cheeks of Gladys were the scarlet blossoms of shame, as she clung sobbing to mother, and father had to explain.

"Don't say a word, mother dear, the child's suffered enough already. What you've suffered will punish her ten times more. You see she got headstrong, comes by that naturally enough, when you consider myself, I'm sure. Thought she'd run over to the city on her own and score a triumph at the Charity Concert, but that big conscience of her's, inherited from you, commenced to operate, before she was thirty miles from town, and she must get off at Centre Crossing, meaning to come straight back."

Mother interrupted, "Then, why didn't she come in on the morning train?"

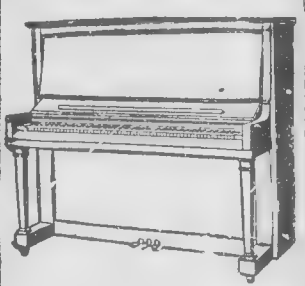
"Oh, she forgot to tell the clerk to call her at five a.m. You see she was quite herself through it all."

"Or send a message," further demanded mother.

"Never thought of it. Supposed you'd know where she was."

"Child, child!" was all that mother said, and father resumed.

"So, when I came through this afternoon, who should board the train there, but my lady Gladys herself, looking pretty serious, and be it confided in the bosom of the family, with the princely sum of ten cents in her pocketbook!"



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THE HOSANNA SONG—Continued from page 46

Father's laugh was good to hear, especially since nobody had laughed before for twenty-four hours at a stretch. He went down to the office and turned the thing off as a good joke. Nobody but mother ever heard the details of the conversation between himself and Gladys on the journey from Centre Crossing.

NEARLY everyone in town made an extra effort to attend the Christmas service. Maybe the geese in that region are the kind that baste themselves, or maybe the inhabitants believe in late dining. Anyway, most everybody was there.

When the Ingrams came up the aisle there was a curious rustle in the audience.

The sermon was done and, in the choir, a rich young voice was singing "The Holy City." People bent forward eagerly to listen. Such singing was not to be heard very often in Ashton.

"Doing unusually well!" thought father, always proud to hear her sing. "But—what can it mean?"

Annabel sat waiting for the Hosannas. She liked the whole song but she always held her breath for that part.

The lovely voice began, "Hosanna!—"

It trembled and broke. The singer sank to her seat in the inexpressible mortification of her first failure. She knew how dreadful it all was but she couldn't have sung the rest if her life hung in the balance. She just sat with her face bowed on her

hand and wondered if she could bear it.

The Professor played an interlude and beamed over his shoulder to reassure her. Gladys saw him not.

Annabel, from a front pew, took in the situation with a quick perception of childhood. She slipped to her feet by father's knee.

The organ had reached the "Hosannas" once more, a thin, sweet, childish voice sang bravely to the accompaniment which gently softened to meet it, the glorious words which close the solo,

"Hosanna! Hosanna!
Lift up your voice and sing!
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Hosanna to your King!"

A moment of surprised silence reigned in the church. Before she had time to be frightened, Annabel was safe in father's arms.

After the benediction Gladys, who had almost forgotten her embarrassment, came hurrying toward them. Annabel met her with a face wreathed in smiles.

"I knew that old frog had come back in your throat, so I finished for you. Weren't you glad?"

Gladys tucked the warm little hand into one end of her muff and whispered so nobody heard but Annabel, "It was beautiful of you, darling. I don't believe he'll ever come again."

And he never did, for he was only an imaginary frog that comes in people's throats when they are sorry.

ELSIE'S FLIGHT—Continued from page 16

"When she doesn't know to what she is going," rejoined Elsie. "But I know; and I'm not going back."

IT was easy to keep her resolution except on those days when a letter came from Robert, then Elsie wavered. She did so long to do things for him and to cook his favorite pie.

"I'm going to be different," she told her mother one day. "I'm going to open a business."

"What kind of a business?" asked Mrs. Walker, ready to fall in with a sensible plan.

"I'll start a typewriting office because it doesn't take much capital," said Elsie. "I've thought it all out. I'm very good at copying."

"I think it is a splendid plan," agreed her mother, remembering how well Elsie had typed in the olden days. "I don't mind putting a little capital in it too. I'll help you all I can."

The next few weeks were busy ones for Elsie; she hadn't even time to be sad when her weekly letter came from Robert.

"I'll get him off the farm," she said "See if I don't."

With this end in view, she worked with an energy she could never have put into farm work, for her whole heart was in her business. She put up with disappointments, with slack days, with hard brain work; but she never wavered. She loved her work. It brought her into contact with "people." It gave her well-read, clever acquaintances, and, in time, even friends. She started in on a cash basis, so there could be no big debts, "such as they had on the farm for machinery," she explained. In dividing the work, she never forgot that her mother was no longer young, and she always left her the easiest tasks, the interviewing, the mailing, the keeping in order. She herself did most of the typing, and sometimes she had to give some out.

"You've enough work to employ a girl or two now," remarked her mother, one evening as Elsie sat copying.

"I don't want a girl here, mother," answered Elsie.

"You mustn't kill yourself," said Mrs. Walker.

"I've no intention of doing that, just when I've begun to really live," replied the daughter, looking up from her work. "Still, I don't want any girl typists. I've already engaged a man as a secretary."

"A man!" echoed Mrs. Walker. "What will Robert think of that?"

"He'll have to put up with it, I expect," was Elsie's answer. "However, I've already told him and he said he had no objections."

"Strange," muttered Mrs. Walker; but she did not say any more then. Elsie's head was bending over a MS. She seemed very busy.

It did not appear so strange the next morning when Robert walked into the office.

"I've rented my farm," he said to his mother-in-law. "No chance to sell just yet. I heard there was a chance of work here, so I guess I'll be the new secretary."

"Not the secretary," laughed Elsie. "The partner."

"As you like," he replied, looking around the neat, trim office, with satisfaction. "Tell me how business is at present."

"It's pretty good," said Elsie, opening a big book and putting it in front of the new "partner."

Elsie kept her word. She never returned to the farm—not even four years later, on the day of the sale.

"I said I'd never go back," she affirmed. "And I haven't!"

"The Call of the Bells"

In a dim old cave, on the side of a hill,
A quaint little old man dwells.
On summer nights when all is still,
He rings three tiny bells.

The first calls forth the dewdrops bright,
And they come, like welcome showers,
To quench the thirst, in the stilly night,
Of the grass, and the leaves, and the flowers.

The second bell, like music sweet,
Calls the south wind from the vale;
It comes, to fan the summer heat,
And to dance with the moonbeams pale.

The third wee bell, with silv'ry sing,
Calls to the flowers rare—
Bidding them open their hearts, and fling
Perfumes to the soft night air.

Then, the moon sinks low in the distant west,
And over the hill peeps the sun;
The little old man hies off to his rest,
For he knows that his work is done.

And the birds awaken the earth with song,
As they call to the clouds for the rain;
But the little old man slumbers deep and long,
Till it's time for the bells again.

—Olive Macken



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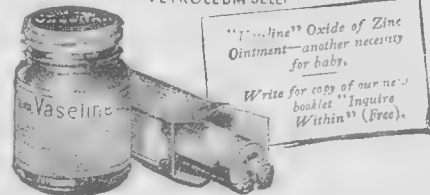
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HEIRLOOM MASCOTS—Continued from page 14



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as a gift to Lockhart. It has not only endowed its successive owners with prosperity and good fortune in many ways, put has the virtue of staunching a bleeding wound, of preventing fever, and of curing divers diseases.

The Fairy Flag of the Macleod, however, makes the Lee Penny mere commonplace. Tradition has it that this tiny ensign of creamy silk, wrought with strange embroidery, was presented to the Chief of the Clan of MacLeod by fairies in return for a kindness done by him on their behalf. The assistance to be obtained by wafting it is restricted to three times. When used for the third occasion, not only does the flag disappear but its owner as well, notwithstanding his wish is gratified. Once, when the Macleods were being slaughtered in a fight with another clan, the ensign was waved, and the victory became theirs. Once again, three generations ago, when the direct line stood in all danger of dying out through lack of a male heir, the flag was shown—as is well authenticated—and in the year ensuing the Macleod of Macleod carried a son in his arms. Macleod will be wary of the third use of his Fairy Flag.

HOWEVER, not all the mystery mascots of Britain are hidden away. The Otways of Jersey, like many old families,

have a secret of which they do not boast, and the Otway Cup is relating to it. Generation after generation of the Otways has for an untold reason kept this beautiful specimen of the goldsmith's handicraft always in the same place. That is, their heirloom is to be seen chained securely to the first lefthand leg of the dining-room table in their ancestral home. The cup or beaker is of antique gold studded with jewels. Some early Scandinavian goldsmith made it to delight the eye of a Viking king, and it is of a remarkable but most barbaric and sinister beauty.

There is no explaining away the influence which those talismans have had, and appear to have yet, upon the families owning them—an influence that in the majority of instances deals with good fortune and happiness. Yet there is misfortune attached to several mascot heirlooms.

A pear is a prosaic thing. But because the injunction connected with the so-called Coalston Pear was broken, one of the greatest and proudest of noble families in Scotland—the Brouns—fell from their high estate into comparative poverty. A Broun of Coalston fell in love with the daughter of the "Gifford Warlock," mentioned in Scott's "Marmion," and married her. The same afternoon as he was standing under a heavily-laden pear tree with

his father-in-law, the latter who was reputed to be a "warlock"—have knowledge of the supernatural—presented him with a pear, promising him that as long as the pear remained whole and unblemished, Broun and his descendants would prosper and flourish. Certainly, after this, the Brouns grew, generation after generation, more and more powerful, more and more wealthy, until they formed the greatest family on the Scottish Borders. The pear was treasured carefully.

Late in the seventeenth century, however, one of the ladies of the family was curious enough to bite this forbidden fruit, marking its hard surface with her teeth. Shortly afterwards a series of misfortunes came to the four brothers and their father. In the end, two generations later, the last of their vast estates had to be sold. Their lineal representatives, the Earls of Dalhousie, have never ventured to repeat the act of their far off ancestress. The mummified fruit, at this day, shows where the irreverent young woman indented it, some 200 years ago.

Science and logic make light of such talismans. Yet, the fact remains, these heirloom mascots effected and effect that which they were, and are, understood to achieve. We know little or nothing of the Unseen Forces surrounding us.

SPEAKING OF ORNAMENTS—Continued from page 19

its neatly pompadoured locks, is so entirely unlikeness-like and yet so completely engaging with its appealing grin—did the sculptor intend it for a ferocious glare?—that I at least could not withstand him.

I saw him in a second-hand store window, singled him out at once from a dingy mass of broken furniture, cracked crockery and tarnished gilt frames, hurried into the store, paid fifteen cents for him, carried him home in triumph and have loved him ever since.

"It's an atrocity," says my artistic sister Daphne. "I should think you'd be ashamed to have it in your room—to let anyone know that you'd even look at it. One does not have to have even a faint glimmer of artistic taste to know that it is an utterly impossible ornament!"

Yes, I know. But then it is not an "Ornament"; it is a "Joy," and there it shall stay.

I doubt if Daphne, with her Japanese prints, Cloisonné and kindred highly conventional artistic possessions, has ever had out of any or all of them the thrills of pure delight that my poor old lion gives me every time I look at him.

Then there is my trilobite—but no, I must leave my own collection—"clutter," Cora calls it, because as I said aforetime, these are not "Ornaments," and "Ornaments" are what I am writing about.

IT was in the shop that I first realized them. I was waiting at the book counter for my change when my eye fell on a counter opposite around which people were pushing and surging. It was just before Christmas and I was yearning for suggestions in the way of gifts for such of one's Christmas list as could not be sent a book.

"Here must be the very things," I thought, and proceeded to investigate.

It was a motley collection; pots and jars of all shapes, sizes and colors; candles and candlesticks messed over with dribbles and drippings of sealing-wax; weird creations wrought in brass, copper, wood, paper, silk and satin.

"What is this for?" I asked a harassed salesgirl, holding up an awesome pot.

"It's an ornament," she snapped.

"What do you suppose this is used for?" queried a thin woman on my right, indicating a concoction of feathers, ribbons and beads.

"Oh, it's just an Ornament," answered her companion.

On my left a young girl was remonstrating—"You don't want that, Mother, what will you ever do with it?"

"Why, it's such a pretty Ornament; it will be just the thing for Aunt Jane."

I left the shop in a thoughtful mood. Down the street a sign attracted me—"Big Christmas consignment of Eastern Ornaments."

With lively interest I gazed at the specimens exhibited in the window—articles in hammered brass, copper and bronze: pots, candle-sticks, boxes, idols, incense-burners, etc. All perfectly useless. Few really pleasing in color or design. They were "just Ornaments."

I had promised to have tea with my sister at our church bazaar so I hurried on.

The Parish Hall was gay with gaudily decorated booths, animated sellers and chattering buyers.

I passed the Apron Booth, Handkerchief Booth and Babies' Booth and then I came to one riotous with color, four-square in the middle of the hall, and I stopped, fascinated.

Here were displayed squares of oilcloth painted gaily, tin pans, empty cold-cream jars and bottles, enamelled in gay colors and garnished with bright sealing-wax; there were queer things of chintz, dried branches of trees painted green with red beads sewn on them; there were poppy seed-pods painted gold, silver, yellow and blue; there were gilded cobs of corn; and, hanging everywhere, were parrots cut out of wood and painted in screaming colors.

It had upon one the effect of a great mental discordant clatter.

A friend holding out a fearsome kind of doll made of black, purple and green cretonne with a minute body and flabby arms and legs at least two feet long, waved the atrocity at me enthusiastically: "You are going to buy a Wump, I know! Isn't he too perfectly darling! He is simply too absolutely dear!"

"I am sure of it, whatever the price. What's it for?"

"Why, it's an Ornament. Carry it on your arm downtown, as the New York women are doing, or put it in the corner of your divan. It's a perfectly killing Ornament."

"Are all these things—the pots and pans and dead flowers and beaded branches and parrots just—Ornaments?" I asked.

"Well, of course, what would they be? Will you have a parrot?"

I shook my head. Heaven forbid!

"Do you like those parrots?" I enquired of my sister as I joined her at one of the little tea tables.

"Yes, Mrs. Prout did them. They are very artistic."

"Better than my lion?"

She regarded me with the sister's expression of contemptuous tolerance.

"Your lion! It's an outrage! The parrot is an Ornament!"

THAT night as I sat in our drawing room, I looked about it with new interest.

"That dish with the little china flowers all over it is a quaint thing," I said at last.

"Only discovering it now?" drawled Daphne. "Mother had it before you were born."

"I'm only now wondering what it is for," I answered mildly. "I don't remember ever seeing flowers in it."

"Why, of course not!" cried Daphne, "Flowers in that! It's not a vase, silly, it's an Ornament!"

My mother picked it up with a sigh. "It's a clever invention for holding dust," she corrected, "and these little flowers are so frail."

"Do you like it, Mother?" I asked.

"No," said my Mother, "I can't say that I do. I never did like that kind of thing, but it was Aunt Jessie's wedding gift to us and—oh, well—it does for an Ornament."

My curiosity aroused, I proceeded to make enquiries regarding this, that and the other article in brass, copper, silver, porcelain, etc., scattered around the room.

It was made evident that with scarcely noticeable exceptions my Mother did not like any of them; that they entailed a tremendous amount of work in the way of dusting and polishing and were a source of perpetual anxiety lest the maid of the moment might smash, crack, or otherwise damage them.

"Why bother with them at all, then?" I asked in bewilderment. "Why not give them away to someone who does like them? Why?"

"My dear girl, have you suddenly gone quite mad?" broke in my sister. "How could Mother give away all the Ornaments?"

Her voice, as she breathed the sacred word, suggested ancestral bones, at least. But Mother did not seem so shocked.

"It would not hurt me in the least to part with most of them," she observed placidly, "except my Mother's old vase."

Her gaze fell lovingly on a queer unlikeness affair of exquisitely clear red glass. It broadened out at the top and from its rim fell a row of sparkling crystal drops—"danglers," I had called them from babyhood, and I too loved "the dangly vase," whose deep red stem glowed with liquid fire and whose "danglers" at a touch tinkled with a musical cadence inexpressibly sweet.

"That old-fashioned thing!" cried Daphne, "I wonder you still keep it here. You can hardly call that an Ornament!"

"No," I muttered, "I'd put that in the same class as my lion. But I wish you

Continued on page 49

SPEAKING OF ORNAMENTS

Continued from page 48

would explain to me, Daphne, just what an Ornament is."

"Why, it's something that adorns or ornaments, of course," she answered briskly. "You seem more than ordinarily moonish tonight."

I have spent a week since then pondering the question of Ornaments. Everyone has them and—I have found by careful enquiry—nearly everyone is bound by them and practically every housewife is overworked by them. Few people who possess them seem to derive any real comfort or even pleasure out of them, for they are usually found in greatest profusion in rooms least frequented by the family. When they possess any kind of pleasant association or intrinsic interest they apparently cease to be Ornaments and are merely Souvenirs or Little Trifles!

Yet they so dominate Woman's Sphere that a family lacking them is without the pale at once.

"OH, yes, we are quite settled now," said a little bride happily to me the other day as she proudly showed me over her new home.

"We are so comfortable and have everything we want—except, of course—" She looked about the pretty, attractive little drawing-room and her voice dropped—"of course we haven't yet got many Ornaments."

"Do you want any more than you have?" I cried, "I think it is perfect as it is."

"Well, as a matter of fact," she cried gaily, "I don't. I hate places cluttered up with a lot of meaningless odds and ends and I do like to have room on a table to put candy or sewing or a book without having to first clear a space for it; but Bob's Mother dropped in yesterday and she thought it looked bare and she and Mother are both going to send us some knick-knacks. Of course I suppose one must have Ornaments."

And so—speaking of Ornaments—Why?

Why must one be burdened with clutter that means nothing but added work, that suggests nothing, recalls nothing, and arouses in neither owner nor beholder any sensation of pleasure, curiosity or even passing interest?

Year by year honest toil that might be made so worth while if otherwise applied; money that might be spent so profitably in other directions, time that might be occupied so much more worthily in polishing minds and spirits than mere Things, are pitifully, hopelessly, irrevocably squandered in the producing and possessing of those curious and diverse articles known in the aggregate as Ornaments.

Please someone tell me why in this wonderful age of Enlightened Womanhood there still prevails this overwhelming dominance of women by their Ornaments!

HELPING GREEK REFUGEE CHILDREN

The Save the Children Fund, is asking the help of the Empire for the half-million starving women and children refugees in Greece, evicted from Turkey under the Treaty of Lausanne. Canada is already responding in gifts of money and foodstuffs. A Western committee has organized a grain campaign for the prairie provinces, with C. W. Rowley, 305 Scott Block, Winnipeg, as honorary treasurer. The premiers of the three provinces, Hon. T. A. Crerar, H. W. Wood and other leaders endorse the appeal, and the United Farmers, Grain Growers, Elevator Companies and other organizations appeal literature. The administration are assisting in the distribution of the appeal literature. The administrator of the fund in Greece is in the hands of a Canadian, Dr. Kennedy, who sends the most urgent messages for help to those suffering and innocent victims of war.

A famous lady—

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A YOUTHFUL CHAMPION

Continued from page 21

Dolly choked the tremble out of her throat and brought steadiness to her lips. "Would you please let me see," she said "the man who draws the pictures?"

But he found loveliness and pathos, and something he could find no name for, in the upraised face, and he took her hand and bore her off into one of the rooms for some of the others to see.

"I've found a fairy and lost my heart, and all between the bottom stair and the top," he said.

Men in their shirt-sleeves sauntered up to look and smile.

"Whose is she?" someone said.

"Mine," said the man—"treasure-trove—does anyone else set up a claim?"

But no one did. She seemed to have dropped from the skies. She owned she had no father or brother or uncle belonging to the place.

"But who brought you?" said one. "Surely so small a thing is not at large alone. How did you come?"

"In the boat," she answered, the pink of shy distress in her cheeks. "Peterson is taking care of me."

"And who's Peterson?"

The pink deepened to red, for she was sensitive of the smiles.

"Our postman."

The man who had found her drew her closer to him.

"She shan't be teased," he said. "I know what she wants—she has told me. She wants to see the man who draws the pictures here; she's fallen in love with him, that's what it is."

The smiles increased.

"We all draw the pictures," they said.

Six of them to seek amongst! Dolly looked from one to the other patiently, pathetically. Most of them seemed kind, ordinary, harmless. Which of them could it be?

"But," said one man, "I thought small girls only liked pictures of fairies and dolls and pussies. You don't look at our pictures, do you? You don't think we draw pretty things?"

"Oh, no," said Dolly, "oh, no." The fervor of her answer was tinged with reproach. She moved closer to her first protector; his beard seemed fatherly, his eyes were kind, and she found no teasing laughter in them. Perhaps he would help her to find what she sought.

"Won't you tell me?" she said, very low—almost in a whisper—"would you please tell me which of them makes the ugly pictures of my farvie?"

Still his eyes were only kind—there was not a trace of fun in them. "Suppose you tell me your farvie's name," he whispered back.

She told him trustfully. Then a gleam of amused understanding passed over his face. The week's caricature had been a monstrous one.

"It's Allerdig's little girl!" he told the others.

"So that is it?" they said. "And the pictures you think do not do him justice?"

Dolly looked at them gently a moment, then she drew something from under her small red cloak—something wrapped in brown paper that she unfolded carefully. They saw a big panel portrait of Allerdig as kindly nature had made him and a skillful photographer touched up into still greater manly beauty.

"This is my farvie," she said with a little childish catch of breath. She showed it to them, holding it out with her two little trembling hands. "He is just like this, just. He is not fat a bit. His lips are like everybody's lips. Didn't you know what he was like? Oh, what made you think he was so ugly and horrid?"

THEY looked at the pleasant pictured face abashed; not one had a word to say, for to a man they had all tried their pencils on the well-known features. They looked hard at the portrait, hard at each other, and not a smile broke up their serious mouths. Nobody wanted to stand convicted in those sorrowfully questioning gentle eyes, and nobody spoke to take the blame.

Then the bearded man found courage. "But," he said, "but my dear little girl, there's not one of us who doesn't like your farvie tremendously; we all think he's the best man in the country."

Dolly looked as unbelieving as so polite and timid a little soul could. "Do you really?" she said, and looked at them all very earnestly. There had seemed only two solutions of the thing to her, either they were ignorant of her father's appearance or else an enemy had done it. "Do you really?" she said.

One and all endorsed the statement. Two or three said they knew him—were most friendly with him in fact.

"It's only fun, you small one," the man with the beard said. "He does not mind at all. I've even shown him one or two before they were printed, and he only laughed. You wee, little foolish one, it's nothing in the world but a joke."

Dolly's face seemed to express the fact that she found it a very poor one.

"He only pretends not to care," she said; "he does not like people to know he minds. But sometimes" her voice dropped to a half-shamed whisper—"sometimes it makes him so misrubble he has to cry."

A tear, clear and heavy, trembled on her eyelash, and the hearts of all of them were her trampling ground at the sight.

"Is there anything you would like us to do?" said the bearded man, so conquered by that dewdrop he would have liked to change the policy of the paper forthwith.

Dolly looked at him gratefully.

"If you would please draw a proper picture of him," she said, "just so that people would see what he is like. Will you? And with a coat and trousers on, please. Oh, what made you think he wore skirts and things? And he never screws his eye up like that—at least only a teeny bit. You won't forget will you?"

"No," said the man with the beard. "I will remember everything. All the world shall see now what he really is like. Here is my hand on it."

Dolly shook it, with happier eyes. She gave him the photograph. "I had better lend you this, hadn't I?" she said, "for fear you might forget anything. But you will take care of it, won't you? It used to be my mamma's, and I got it out of her room. Will you give it to Peterson, please, to bring back to me?"

A helmet and a red shoulder came round the angle of the door.

"You promised as 'ow you'd be ready," Peterson said.

Dolly moved to him instantly.

"I didn't think you would be quite so quick," she said, apologetically. "Have you been waiting long? I am quite ready now. Peterson, dear."

The bearded man satisfied himself that she would be seen home safely. If only work had not pressed, she would have had a bodyguard of six.

She shook hands all round, peacefulness in her eyes.

"Good-bye," she said.

But her first finder claimed a kiss as reward for his promise. She put up her face instantly, even set her soft small mouth in kissing-wise. "Thank you very much," she said.

When Peterson bore her in to her own gate twenty minutes later he had no cause to complain of the warmth of his welcome, for Bridget, half distracted, was just setting off to the telegraph office to send the bad news flying to her master.

Dolly was shaken a little and told she was a real, bad, little girl; doubt was even cast upon the probability of anyone so small and inherently wicked being allowed to enter heaven when the time came round.

"Go upstairs," Bridget said; "go upstairs at once; an' if I see the tip of your shoe outside the nursery door today, it's wishin' you'd never been born, you'll be!"

Dolly went without a word, climbed the broad red-carpeted steps, unfastening her cloak all the way. The sudden burden of the knowledge of all the trouble she had given the servants quite crushed her.

At the top step she paused a minute. Ought she not to go back and tell Bridget how very sorry she was?

She turned hesitatingly. But Peterson was just inside the hall and the front door was half shut, and Dolly saw his big scarlet arm go round the lilac print waist of her injured nurse.

She turned and continued her journey so hurriedly she nearly fell over Brian who, unwatched, was revelling in the keen joy of going down the top stairs head down-

wards and with his hands for feet. When he righted himself and his head looked a little less like bursting, he pointed an accusing finger at her.

"Naughty Dolly," he said. "Me won't love oo. Dolly been velly naughty."

Then his eyes fell to the tempting stairs again. "Hold my leggies," he said, persuasive dimples all over his face. "Blidget don down. Twick, Dolly, hold my leggies and let me be a wheelballow."

But Dolly felt so great a sin as she had committed in running away behaved her to avoid small naughtinesses and she bore the little fat boy off to the nursery. His utmost persuasions all that day could not induce the "tip of her shoe" to trespass beyond the door, and her meekness under punishment, and her exemplary conduct afterwards eventually mollified her nurse.

WHAT day is it, Bridget?" was the early morning question again till the correct time of week came round.

And at last Bridget said, "Thursurday, and be bothered to it. It's Ann's day out, and all the breakfast things to wash."

Peterson brought his usual budget-letters, ordinary papers—the paper. Dolly carried them in with heroic self-restraint, for her fingers were tingling to break the wrapper.

"Oh, if you only would open it now!" she said at last when her father, writing steadily, took no notice of her.

Then he put down his pen and looked at her and it, and tried not to smile. He knew instantly which "it" of all his budget she meant, for the bearded man had told him everything, and his heart was very tender for the trouble she had borne for love of him. He assumed ignorance, however, that her enjoyment might be greater.

"Open this?" he said. "Why it's the dreadful paper that makes such an ugly man of your farvie."

"Oh, do open it," she said, and gave his arm a gentle push to hasten operations.

He slit the wrapper, opened the covers, turned the advertisement leaves. How her heart was beating!

Then a little glad "Oh," burst from her lips for the front page lay open before her. Farvie full length, and such a beautiful farvie! The photograph was nothing to this. He was a king here, a real, royal king, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, and a magnificent throne hard by. Subjects bent to him; two were kissing his hands; everyone's eyes were on him!

And such a kingly, beautiful face it was. Farvie might indeed have been glad if the gods had dealt so generously with him, but to Dolly such a thing as flattery there could not be where this face was concerned.

"The Squatter's King," said the letter-press. There were some clever sarcastic things written too, but the bearded man had known she could not read.

"Well," said farvie softly, "is this better, my small one?"

He looked at the dear little face, so sweetly proud with love of him.

"Now everyone will know how you look," she said—"everyone."

"Everyone," he said.

"May I have it?" she asked. "Please for my c'lection? I want to show Ann and Bridget."

"I think there is something better here," he said, and found a large thin parcel among his letters. "It is addressed to Miss Allerdig."

"Me!" cried Dolly, and tore the wrapper off, pink with excitement. The original of the picture confronted her, colored however with no small skill. Underneath it the bearded man had written "My farvie."

Her delight was boundless; her eyes were clear, happy again; her brow the peaceablest thing in the world. She hung over it all day; at night when she went to bed she made Bridget pin it inside the mosquito-nets for her.

FOR another week or two, beautiful pictures graced the paper. Then after that the paper did not come. "I won't take it any more," farvie said, and had it sent, at the bearded man's request, to his office in the city, instead of through Peterson's and Dolly's hands to the studv. This was because the Red Paper pencils, to sustain their reputations, were forced

to tend into their old ways again. But Dolly, secure in the knowledge that all the world now knew what her father really was like, recovered her spirits, and became merely six years old once more.

The bearded man had proof of this. Going up to nursery heights one evening with her father to renew his acquaintance, he stumbled upon her giving an object-lesson to Brian on just how human wheelbarrows should go downstairs.

"You drop your head down too far," she was saying. "Put your hands further apart and do it like this."

"Like this" was a mass of yellowy curls upside down on one stair, a little body in white muslin on the next two higher up, two slim small legs in black stockings and ankle-straps still higher.

Down she came, hand over hand, Brian in jealous emulation far behind. At the foot she righted herself and bounded up.

"Oh!" she said to the bearded man. Then her mood being expansive and child-like, and her memory good, she put up her face to kiss him and her arms to encircle his neck.

September

Stealthily, warily creeps the dusk,
Through the gates of the August
eves;

The corn is ripening in the husk,
The fairies are tinting the leaves.

Down the hill, with a jaunty grace,
A lilting song on her lips;
Winding her form in misty lace,
Careless September trips.

Arms filled with asters and lavender
sweet.
Chrysanthemums, lilies fair;
Purple clematis trailing her feet,
Crimson vines twining her hair.

Laden with raindrops, pearly in the
sun,
Up from the glen sweeps the breeze;
Silken cobwebs, newly spun,
Sway and swing from the trees.

A lingering pause at the turn of the hill,
A farewell to summer days;
A wistful regret, then a quickening
thrill.
As a dreaming world drifts in soft
haze.

Amber skies blending to tints of rose,
Burst into flame in the west;
Twilight, kindling, chants a repose.
To little brown birds in their nest.

In a burnished sky a Crescent hangs low,
Jewel-set with the Evening Star;
Radiance, dipped in the afterglow,
Lures the nightshades from afar.

Oh! the tang in the air is telling us all,
That the year is passing along;
So, tuning our hearts to the autumn
call.
We'll greet September with song.
Olive Macken.

Excess of Caution may be indiscreet;
Test not the River's depth with Both
your Feet.

We should be more concerned in giving
the world our best than in getting its best.

Two Teutons, though tutored to shoot,
Were caught when they lingered to loot.
A Yank did his duty
Took charge of the booty,
And kept the two Teutons to boot.

To paddle your own canoe is the first
step towards having your own private
yacht.

The angry Brawler's wordy Bluster shows
His Foe precisely where to plant his Blows.

If you are inclined to worry, burn your
bridges behind you before you come to
them.

The virtue of staying power depends on
where it keeps you.

Alert old Rats are harder far
To catch than Kittens think they are.

The man who knows his own limitations
has already acquired a considerable store
of useful knowledge.

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THE STRENGTH OF MEN—Continued from page 5

on the steel blade that posed. It caught the glint of the swift descent ere it went blankly out as if extinguished by the sweep of the knife that thudded deep into the log of the wall. With unerring skill it was driven, straight between arm and body, not even grazing the skin!

Across the semi-darkness then struck the mocking laugh of the man Bibault. He loomed, a dim bulk in the doorway. In one hand were blankets and rifle; with the other he waved that black bottle.

"Farewell, Monsieur Toupin!" he called. "Ba oui! I am very bad fellow for sure; but Alec Bibault goes not for to kill a brave man tied up like the papoose of a squaw. I go to the far country where the live body must be strong to follow. Louiselette Rochon goes with me!"

THE great cry of Antoine Toupin brought no response but a laughing from the darkness without and the pad-pad of running feet, dying quickly away. In vain he struggled wildly to free himself, gnashed his teeth, wept in his frenzy. Not till his breath was quite gone did he regain control of thought and not till then did he feel the tug of his coat, pinned to the log with the knife of the forgetful Bibault.

Wonderful thing, the control of thought! More wonderful still, the renewal of hope! In the face of the rising moon the shadow of the wolf-willow lay far-flung on the ground; it did not reach so far by half when the Poet of St. Cecile sped forth into the night, a shining of silver clinging close to the swing of his hand.

Straight for the river he dashed; but Bibault's canoe was gone. Straight away then by a path that skirted the village—a shadow distraught in the night, that leapt like the hurrying leaf in the wind toward a light in a house on a knoll. Blindly he stumbled into the bush-girt path.

"Louiselette! Louiselette!" and at the shout a figure rose out of the long grass—a figure that came flying wildly down the path towards him.

"Antoine! Is it you? Oh mon Dieu! Is is you? Antoine! My Antoine!"

With frightened sobs she threw herself into his arms and he crushed her fiercely to his breast.

"Where is he?" he demanded hoarsely, shaking himself free. "Where is he, I say?"

"No, no! He has gone. He—he made me so scared! I ran out and hid in the grass! Oh Antoine!" she choked. "He is a bad man! He came, all smelling so of the drink—all reeking with the drink! And his eyes—mon Dieu! Ah, mon Dieu! how they rolled! He said he would take me to some far country where you could not find me and oh, he made me so—very—scared!" She clung to him, trembling. "I have been very wicked. I love you, Antoine,—just you, my Antoine. But you were so much of the time filled with the memoriams and I thought it would be fun to tease you—just a little to tease you! So I—!" She clutched hysterically at his arm.

Far down the river, a black dot on the silver water, swept a lone canoe. Very distinct in the quiet night, the sound of singing:

"Some girls are dark; some girls are not—
Marie, Angelle, Lucille, Charlotte—
To love just one is a very funny thing
When the arm, he feels like the old hen's wing!
Rouli roulant, ma boule, roulant;
En roulant, ma bo-u-le!"

The singing voice grew fainter till at last the river's bend quite closed it away and the night silence settled down. A cur barked foolishly in the village.

Antoine Toupin, the poet, breathed deeply, a new light in his eyes. At last with strange softness he spoke.

"Ah, my Louiselette, he is not such a bad man as you think, that big voyageur there! But come. See, you are all shivering with the cold."

Very slowly before them in the white light of the moon their two shadows walked as one.

SPIRIT LAKE—Continued from page 7

investigate. He found two white men in a half starving condition. During a snowstorm they had lost the packet trail and had stumbled upon Standing Wolf's trail. This they were following in the belief that they had regained the right road. Two of their dogs had starved to death. Taking compassion upon them, Standing Wolf gave them liberally of his buffalo meat and, bidding them follow him, soon set them upon their true course. He showed them, also, how to follow an unseen trail by the feel of the foot; so that, should another storm arise, they might not again lose their way. Moreover, he gave them a rough map of the region, drawn upon birch bark, and then bade them farewell.

As the northern trend of the packet trail lay for nearly a day's travel in his direction, Standing Wolf followed it. That evening he came upon a camp of Wood Crees, old friends of his and decided to remain with them for a few days. About four o'clock next afternoon the yelping of dogs was heard to the south, and the Indians quickly hid the buffalo skins in the woods. A half-breed came running through the forest. It was Kipling, the famous runner, who was breaking the trail for the Mackenzie River packet (mail), and who was a friend of Standing Wolf. He informed the hunter that the Mounted Police were upon his track; that two white men had told the Redcoats that they had seen three Indians with fresh buffalo meat and green buffalo hides in their possession.

At once the camp was all excitement. Each man lent a hand at harnessing the dogs, packing the sled, or cooking a hurried snack for Standing Wolf and his sons. The distant cracking of a dog whip almost threw them in a panic; but when Kipling had assured them that his partner had promised not to let the police train pass his dogs, they quieted down and waited until the other half-breed hove into sight.

"Now, At-tick, my son," said Standing Wolf, "show that you are not unworthy of your name. Let your pace be as fast as that of the caribou. Go ahead and beat the trail."

Having bidden his friends adieu, Standing Wolf was turning to go when Ka-kaik, or The Hawk, addressed him:—"My brother, we know that you are not only a great hunter and a strong runner, but a wise man, too. We are sure that the Redcoats will never find the buffalo skins in your possession. The white dogs are nothing but a pack of liars and thieves who rob us of our land, and then try to imprison us for hunting the game that the Master of Life has given us. But you, my brother, are well named Standing Wolf; to you we say farewell without a grain of fear."

A few hasty hand-shakes, a crack of the whip, and they were off. When darkness came on, the moon shone out, and—as if in rivalry—the Northern Lights appeared. Long double shadows clung to their heels as they strode through the desolate muskgs. From afar the prowling beasts of the night watched them speeding over the snowy expanse.

On nearing the edge of the forest, Standing Wolf looked back over the lake they had just crossed and beheld, far behind, a fire. Spelling the dogs just inside the timber screen, the Indians rested upon the sled and watched the flickering light upon the distant hill. It was blinking at irregular intervals. It was a signal-fire. Their old friend, Ka-kaik, was passing a blanket in front of the flames to spell a warning to them that the police had again set out upon their trail.

THEY resumed their journey at once. After a couple of hours' run, they halted in the heavy timber to infuse some tea. Refreshed, they again took to the road. Midnight saw them upon their old trail—the one they had made during the westward journey. The going was now easier, and they settled down to a steady pace. All night long they travelled. Dawn found them still under way. When they had reached the eastern shore of a lake some five miles wide, Standing Wolf bade At-tick climb a neighboring hill to see if the police were in sight. Driving the dogs behind the hill, the hunter stopped to cook breakfast,

SPIRIT LAKE—Continued from page 52

while The Marten unharnessed and fed the weary "geddies"—as sled dogs are called in that part of the country.

At-tick returned with the news that he had seen three men and a dog train come out upon the lake.

Harnessing the dogs, they resumed their flight. On they went through heavy timber where the wind rarely penetrated, and where the snows had sifted gently down among the trees, decorating the forest with beautiful white forms. All that day the fugitives put forth their best speed. Upon crossing a lake, they were surprised and mortified to find that the police were only a couple of miles behind. As Standing Wolf urged the dogs on, he thought of what his life would be in the white man's prison. He wondered whether he ought to ambush his pursuers. But that would endanger the man who was driving the police trains and perhaps he was a half-breed and a friend.

The dogs had great difficulty now in keeping up their usual gait. By midnight they were at the point of exhaustion. They had now been about two weeks upon an unbroken trail, while the police dogs had not only started comparatively fresh, but had had a well-beaten path to follow.

Standing Wolf halted the train and told the boys to feed the dogs, while he ascended Bear's Head peak.

The night was brilliant with the glory of the Northern Lights. On the summit he stood for a long time with his head bowed reverently toward the northwest; for he was communing with the Buffalo Spirit. The boys had finished their supper when he returned to the fire and told them that he had been talking with the Buffalo Spirit, and that it had advised him to change his course.

"My sons," continued he, "be not afraid. The Buffalo Spirit has shown me how we may gain an advantage over the Redcoats, and how the old black bear, now lying in his 'wash' near Moose Horn Lake, will not only help us to prove that the white man is nothing but a child when he travels the Strong Wood Country, but will also help us to turn the Redcoats from our trail."

Once more they started. Now Standing Wolf led the way. Turning from the old path, he broke a new trail to Long Lake—a lake running for twenty miles or more almost parallel to the trail they had just abandoned. By sunrise they had reached it, and then Standing Wolf explained why he had turned so far out of his way to travel upon the open.

"My sons," the Buffalo Spirit advised me to leave the old trail that runs through the shadowed woods and to travel upon this lake instead. Have we not small dogs and big snowshoes? When the sun rises higher, the crust will be weakened and we shall have the advantage over them: our big shoes will bear up our weight and our little dogs will leave the crust unbroken; but the Redcoats and their dogs will be forever floundering through.

"Now, my sons, strike out with a light heart, for the sun is rising higher and the old bear is waiting to help us to fool the Redcoats."

AS the warmth of the sun increased, Standing Wolf sent The Marten, the lightest of the party, to run before the dogs, while he and At-tick ran on either side of the sled to lessen the chances of breaking through. All day long they plodded steadily over the vast field of snow, whose dazzle threatened them with snow-blindness. This was the hardest day of all; for, though they had on their large hunting shoes measuring from five to six feet in length, they frequently broke through. Fortunately, their dogs, on account of their light weight, were spared this ordeal.

By two o'clock in the afternoon they had reached the lower end of Long Lake, and were then about six miles ahead of the police. After a short run through the woods, they came to Moose Horn Lake. Upon entering the forest on the farther side, Standing Wolf halted the train close to where the old black bear was hibernating. In a few minutes he found the exact spot. A frosty formation about a little hole told where the bear was lying in its "wash."

Breaking away the icy rim, he jabbed his axe-handle into the hole, and vigorously prodded the bear to awaken him. Presently the drowsy beast began to bestir

himself. When he had poked his snarling head out of the hole, Standing Wolf raised his gun and, taking aim, said:—

"Good day, my brother; I am going to trouble you. The Buffalo Spirit told me that you would help us to escape the white man's law. I need your paws. Turn your head away, my brother, for I am about to kill you."

When the bear was dead, he told the boys to light a fire and unpack the buffalo skins, while he skinned the bear. After removing the skin and claws from the bear's paws, he directed The Marten to draw the skin of the fore paws over the toes of his moccasins, and then to pad the empty spaces with moss. Stretching the skin of the hind feet over his own moccasins, he took a tumpline and loaded most of the buffalo hides upon his back; while At-tick assisted The Marten to load himself with those that remained.

"My son," he said to The Marten, "be careful to tread upon only your toes. Your footprints are to represent those of the fore feet of a bear, while mine are to represent those of the hind feet. Now lead the way, and remember that if we fail to deceive the Redcoats, we shall spend many moons in the white man's prison."

Away they went, cautiously picking their steps here and there among the bushes and turning in and out among the trees, but all the while taking care to tread where the snow was firmest, the more easily to outwit the police. They played the game with zest. From time to time they halted to scratch here and there among the undergrowth, to turn over a rotten log, or to paw up the soft snow, after the manner of bears in search of roots or mice. In a word, they left faultless signs of the passing of a hungry bear.

After a quarter of a mile from the trail they found a suitable spot in which to cache the robes. When they had disposed of them, they made a little detour, and returned to where they had left At-tick cutting up the carcass. To complete the mystification, they walked about the bear's "wash" with careless steps; and, finally, Standing Wolf put on his snowshoes and trod upon the bear tracks to make them look as if they had been there before the Indians had arrived upon the scene. When all this had been done to their satisfaction, they loaded the sled with as much meat as the dogs could haul, headed straight for home, and in less than an hour reached their lodges.

THERE they found three Indians who had halted in their northern journey to spell their dogs and drink a cup of tea with Standing Wolf's women. They were young men, sons of Standing Wolf's friend, Muk-wah, on their way to hunt caribou many miles north of Spirit Lake. Without waiting to join them in a cup of tea or a smoke, Standing Wolf addressed them:—

"My sons, I see you are travelling light and that your dogs are fresh. That is well, for the Buffalo Spirit told me that the sons of my old friend Muk-wah would be ready to do me a service. We have been to the Buffalo Hills and have had a successful hunt. The Redcoats are upon our trail, yet they do not know our names, nor have they seen the men whom they pursue. You, my sons, are great runners and brave men. You will be glad to lead the Redcoats on a fruitless chase, especially when you know that you will be helping your father's friend. I ask you to trade sleds with me, and to wear our snowshoes instead of your own. As a present, I give you the skin and the meat of the bear I have just killed. There is little danger, my sons, for the Redcoats have been without sleep or rest for several days, and by now their dogs must be nearly exhausted."

The young men, ready for any adventure, acquiesced at once. The exchange was soon made. Muk-wah's dogs were hitched to Standing Wolf's sled without its having been moved from the track on which it came from the Buffalo Hills. The three young men slipped their feet into the thongs of the others' shoes, and, chuckling at the thought of outwitting the white men, set off upon their Northern journey.

Muk-wah's sons were little more than out of sight when Standing Wolf and the boys made out three men coming up the lake. Soon they recognized them to be members of the Mounted Police. On

their arrival, Standing Wolf invited them in to supper. After the meal and an interchange of tobacco, all smoked in silence. When at last the pipes were out, the sergeant, through his half-breed interpreter, told Standing Wolf that he was trailing three Indians who had been killing buffalo. As the trail from the Buffalo Hills led to his lodge, he advised him to hand over the skins, and save further trouble.

"I am not aware that any of my people have ever brought buffalo skins to this camp," replied the hunter.

"Then," said the sergeant, "I must search your lodges."

"You may," assented the hunter, with a courteous inclination of the head.

The police hunted high and low without discovering any trace whatever of either buffalo robes or fresh bear's meat or skin. They were more bewildered than ever upon finding that the trail they had followed from the Buffalo Hills continued beyond the camp in a northerly direction, and that another new trail from the south had been made by the very snowshoes and sled lying there before their eyes.

Darkness put an end to the search. At day-break the police again examined the trails about the camp, but their investigation only added to their bewilderment. To their questioning Standing Wolf replied:—

"Why do you pale-faced children question a man whom you do not trust? Cannot you read the signs in the snow? If you look a little sharper you will find that the trail of three men, who came from the west, passed through here yesterday, and that it leads off again to the north. They did not tell me that they had been hunting buffalo. They came to invite me to go with them on a caribou hunt, and they are now on their way to the edge of the Barren Grounds. I doubt if you can overtake them, for I see that both you and your dogs stand in need of rest. Moreover, the hunters have a night's start ahead of you. They told me that they would not sleep until this evening; they and their dogs are in condition."

The police consulted together. The sergeant asked Standing Wolf the nearest way to Fort Determination.

"I will show you," he answered, "if you pay me."

An order for the amount having been handed to him, he led them to the head of Bear Creek, and gave them a roughly drawn map of the route to follow.

The constables went ahead to break the trail. Jourdain, the half-breed who was driving the dogs, lingered a moment to bid Standing Wolf good-bye. Holding out his hand, he said:—

"I am your half-brother and your friend; tell me, who helped you out of the hole? I will not give you away."

Shaking the half-breed's hand, Standing Wolf replied:—

"The Buffalo Spirit."

Continued in October Issue

Take Your Boys Along

I used to walk in Springtime and in Summer and in Fall
Among the fields and in the woods, and sought their secrets all;
Yet other people found these things I never seemed to see—
The rarest flowers, the brightest birds, the first wild bumble-bee.

But now the pleasant walks abound with interest, more and more;
I see all kinds of beauty that I never saw before;
The fields are filled with wonders and the woods resound with song,
And brighter glows the sunshine, when I take my boys along.

There's one who recognizes every bird among the trees,
And one who seeks the habits of all insects that he sees;
There's one who loves the flowers wild, and all delight to share
With me the varied joy they find in nature everywhere.

If you are growing weary of the world where you must live,
And ever-changing seasons very little pleasure give;
If life is dull and empty, and if all your plans go wrong,
Just try what changed the world for me, and take your boys along.

—H. Gilbert



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Something to Work at

THE following problem was sent in to us by Mr. R. G. Chase, of Milestone, Sask. The answer will appear next month. Try to solve this yourselves and see how nearly right you are.

A wealthy farmer had two sons, John and William, and when the boys became old enough to go out into the world and do for themselves, their father gave them each an equal amount of money and sent them forth to seek their fortunes.

John, the elder of the two boys, was very ambitious, and hard working, and so increased his fortune that at the end of one year, it was equal to the original number of dollars multiplied by itself.

William, on the other hand, was so lazy and indolent that he made nothing during the entire year, but merely kept his original capital intact.

During the second year, John, by great diligence and frugality, added to his fortune until, at the end of the year it was four times as great as it was at the beginning, but poor, easy-going William ended his second year from home with only three dollars more than his father had given him.

During the third year, which was one of great business depression, even John was unable to make any money, but by constant and painstaking endeavor, kept from going behind, with the exception of a matter of three dollars, on the year's transactions.

This was a very unfortunate period for poor William, who lost during the year a full half of what he had at the beginning.

There is one very striking peculiarity, and that peculiarity lies in the fact that, appearances are sometimes deceiving with reference to the finances of these two young men, which teaches us that in spite of John's thrift and William's seeming slothfulness, William ended his third year from home with double the amount of money possessed by John.

How, in the name of all that is wonderful, could this be possible?

SOMETHING TO PLAY

Call Ball

The players stand in a circle, or if there is a large number they scatter over the field. One chosen to be the thrower has a ball which he throws into the air, at the same time calling the name of a player. The one called must run forward and try to catch the ball before it has bounced more than once. If he succeeds he becomes the thrower, but if he fails he goes back to the group. The same player continues to be the thrower until another catches the ball.

Trades

The players are divided into two teams A and B. Team A thinks of some trade or occupation, such as "digging potatoes," washing windows, etc., and advances to a line on which the other team is standing. As Team A advances, the following conversation ensues:

Team A: Here we come.
Team B: Where from?
Team A: Winnipeg.
Team B: What's your trade?
Team A: Lemonade.
Team B: How do you do it?

The players on Team A then perform the action while the other players try to guess the trade. As soon as a player on Team B gives the correct answer, the whole team chases the players on Team A as far as their goal line, trying to catch as many as possible before they reach there. Any Team A players who are caught return with the catchers and become members of their team. The game continues in this way until a certain number of team players are caught by Team B. Then Team B choose a trade, and Team A does the guessing.

Somewhat.—"My friend asked the missionary, "are you travelling the straight and narrow path?"

In silence the man handed over his card which read "Signor Ballancio, Tight rope Walker."—The Square Deal (Baltimore).



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

QUEEN'S DOLL'S HOUSE

Continued from August Issue

All Modern Conveniences

THE main wall, however, with its fireplace surrounded by oil paintings and shelves of richly bound little volumes on both sides, forms the background of the library. On the floor a woven carpet has been patterned after a design in the Kensington Museum. Here stand three desks, one covered with red and black dispatch boxes from Government departments.

On the top of another desk are a royal invitation (about half as large as a two-cent stamp), a stand of the royal note paper, envelopes and menu cards, the King's check book (it is a microscopic reproduction of the check books issued by one of the West End branches of Lloyds Bank), a small bust of Goethe, a small framed photograph of the Queen, the royal seal, a reading glass, a penwiper, a fountain pen and a calendar.

The third desk holds copies of The Times, The Morning Post, The Daily Mail, Country Life, The Strand Magazine, Pearson's Magazine, and The Saturday Review, all reduced by photographic processes; a microscopic A.B.C. railway guide, an equally small Whitaker's Almanack, an incredibly tiny box of matches and pipes, and the King's visiting cards.

With the pipes there is a very small tin of Dunhill's Smoking Mixture, although, as a matter of fact, the King does not smoke a pipe. The King's cards, which are so small that I had to use the library's tiny reading glass to read them, are worded "King George V." The King never uses cards except when he goes abroad, and since he rarely, if ever, goes abroad, the inclusion of his cards in the Dolls' House library must be ascribed to the passion of the designers for completeness.

There is also a chess table, with a set of red and white ivory chessmen in place; a games table with cards and dice; two globes; a case of Purdy guns and Joubert fencing foils, and a small Chatwood safe.

This wealth in detail may leave the impression that the King's library has been crowded, but such an impression is not intended to be given. Its book-lined walls, its three desks, its minor details, are well spaced, and at that we have mentioned only a few of the minutiae found in the room, to show with

what richness and thoroughness it has been equipped. Nothing like the work has ever been attempted before, and nothing, it seems, could ever surpass it in the exquisite pains with which it has been conceived and executed.

TO return to the rotunda, on the opposite side from the King's library is the saloon, in which the two thrones stand, on a dais, in gold and crimson velvet. It has been furnished in the Louis XV manner, the needlework on the little chairs being done in crimson on a gray ground, the work of Mrs. de Pennington who is 75 years of age.

At the opposite end from the throne dais is the Broadwood piano, its case finished in gold. It is a jewel of workmanship, and if you have the patience to touch its tiny keys with the point of a pin you may play a tune on it.

The fireplace is of white and brown Buddha Gaya marble, the gift of the Government of India. The ceiling is the work of Charles Sims, R.A. The oils that cover its walls are the work of the following artists: The King and Queen, Sir William Orpen, R.A.; King Edward and Queen Alexandra, Sir John Lavery, R.A.; George III and Queen Charlotte, Harrington Mann, the mother of George I, by Sir Arthur Cope, R.A. Four small paintings are by Adrian Stokes, R.A., and the panels over the doors by Lady Patricia Ramsay.

Returning again to the rotunda, you climb the grand staircase (in spirit), and on the second floor, above the King's library, you enter the King's bedroom. The canopied bed in crimson and gold was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens after the manner of the Queen Anne period and was executed at the Royal School of Art Needlework. A lamp, a tiny Bible, and a gold cup and saucer stand on the bedside table. The carpet is also of needlework, done by Mrs. Roland Alston. Chinese panels done by George Plank cover the walls and ceiling.

Next door is the King's bathroom, his tub of green African verdite being equipped with six faucets, including shower faucets. All of them may be turned on, and water flows from them. In fact, there is nothing of a mock nature about the place except the Government blue books in the King's library, in which nothing has been written, and the kegs and bottles in the beer cellar, which contain nothing, since real beer would burst them.

A Complete Dining Room

LEAVING the King's apartments and crossing the second floor of the rotunda, we find the dining room in the opposite wing of the house. This is one of the richest rooms in the little building, and on its table is a complete dinner service for eighteen persons, the work of Garrard's, London silversmiths.

Over the mantelpiece is A. J. Munning's oil painting of the Prince of Wales. On each side of the fireplace are Edward III and James V of Scotland, both by Sir William Llewellyn. At one end of the room is Ambrose MacEvoy's copy of Winterhalter's Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort and family. The ceiling is by Gerald Moira, all this in a room only 42½ inches long, 20 inches wide and 15 inches high.

The chairs are exactly 3 inches high and the table 2½ inches. If you saw the tablecover off the table you would take it for a pocket handkerchief, except that pocket handkerchiefs are not made of such fine Irish linen. It is the work of the Old Bleach Linen Company of Belfast.

THE Queen's apartments are at the back of the house. Her sitting-room has been done in gold and blue by Edmund Dulac. Her bedroom is in sky-blue. Beside a canopied bed of woven blue hangings is an oil painting of her mother, the Duchess of Teck, by Glyn Philpot, R.A., and on the other side a painting of Mary Queen of Scots, by Gerald Bell, A.R.A. Her carpet has been woven by the School for Crippled Girls at Stratford-on-Avon. The tub and basin next door are of alabaster and the bathroom floor is of mother of pearl. Above her bedroom is the day nursery, decorated with nursery tales by Edmund Dulac.

Except for the garden beneath the windows of the saloon in which the thrones stand, the rest of the Doll's House consists of servants' quarters, kitchen and cellars. One might also mention here the garage, with its floor of tiny red and white brick, which opens out from the basement floor beneath the windows of the King's library.

The servants' quarters may be briefly mentioned. Among them is a linen room, completely equipped, and a box room in which the royal trunks, boot-boxes, hat-boxes, etc., have been exactly reproduced. Their address tags bear the tiny words, "His Majesty the King" and "Her Majesty the Queen."

A complete set of kitchenware has been contributed by Doulton, the water fittings have been installed by John Bolding, and among the dishes on the kitchen tables are six egg cups of Wedgewood ware, with eggs in them about as big as tiny beads. The sinks are complete even to such details as soap, as are also the King's and Queen's bathrooms. There is even a mousetrap with a mouse in it. The floor is of birch and consists of 2,700 tiny blocks.

Rules for Doll Coloring Competition

1. Children up to eleven years old may compete.
2. All work sent in must be your own.
3. Put your name and address plainly on each page. You may send in more than one page if you wish to but you may only win one prize. Neatness and care will count largely in deciding the prize.
4. All dolls should be in by September 15 and the prize winners will be announced in October.

Color this Dolly

When you have done so as neatly as you can, cut or tear out the page and mail it with your name and address to: Bobby Burke, The Western Home Monthly, Bannatyne and Dagmar, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Prizes will be given to those who send in the best work.

A special prize will be given to each one of you who sends in one subscription to the Western Home Monthly.

A Modernist.—Teacher—"You'll have to stay in after school and work on your geography lesson. You didn't locate a single one of the cities."

Willie—"I can't locate them; but I know how to tune in on the whole blame lot."—American Legion Weekly.

Please, Mr. Owl

By Fred Scott Shepard

Please, Mr. Owl, you seem so wise,
As you look down with staring eyes,
I wonder if behind them lies
A wealth of knowledge you have gained?

Perhaps they are but a disguise,
The camouflage of one who tries
To play a part—that which implies
A wisdom which is only feigned.

Men often seem to be most wise,
And owlsh look, whose words appraise
A dearth within; whose speech belies
That they with wisdom are ordained.

REPLY

Lest this be so, I would advise
That they are only truly wise
Who passing moments rightly prize,
That useful knowledge be obtained.



(Illustration used by permission of Hodder & Stoughton Ltd., Toronto, Canada)



COSY CORNER CUT OUT COMPETITION

SEE RULES ON OPPOSITE PAGE

Napoleon's Secret

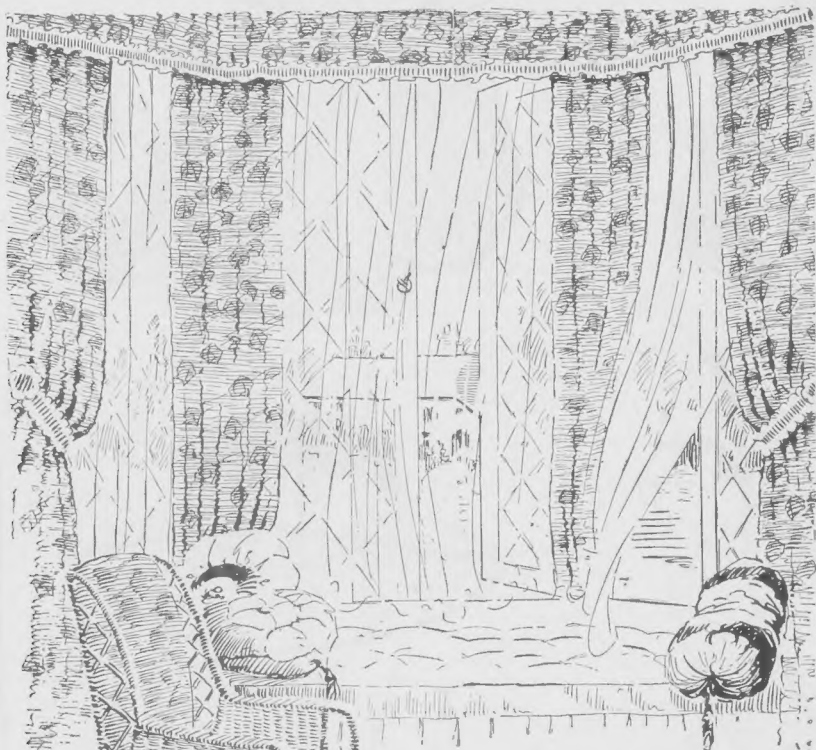
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One Who Had Gone Astray

By Fred Scott Shepard

IT may not generally be known that the words of the hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," written by Elizabeth C. Clephane and set to music by Ira D. Sankey, were the outpouring of the love of a sister's heart for a brother who had wandered afar from his home and homeland and whose death in Canada in 1851 is spoken of by one writer as "one of the tragedies of early Canada."

George Clephane who came from a fine Scottish family, had become addicted to drink. It is supposed that he came to Canada with the expectation that in a new country and amid new surroundings he might gain the mastery over this weakness, but having been brought up as a man of leisure and being unaccustomed to farming, he was unable to make a success of such a life and in despondency at this gave way to drink again and died in the home of his friend, Dr. Mutch, at Fergus, Ontario, on May 2, 1851.

Young Clephane was buried in the churchyard of the old St. Andrew's Presbyterian church at Fergus and every year a few people make their way to this place to visit this grave marked by a simple tombstone on which is inscribed:

In memory of
George
eldest son of
Andrew Clephane, Esq.,
late sheriff of
Fifeshire, Scotland
OB 2 May, 1851
Age 32

He was not, as many have pictured him, a wild young man, but was likeable, good looking and well educated and was declared to be a perfect gentleman, except when under the spell of his one evil habit.



St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Fergus, Ont.

It is not known just when the sister wrote the words of the hymn, as they were not published until after her death in 1869, but having come to the attention of Ira D. Sankey while he with D. L. Moody was engaged in evangelistic services in Edinburgh in 1874, they were sung by him to music he improvised as he sang at the close of one of Mr. Moody's impassioned appeals and stirred the great audience as nothing else had done. A sister of Elizabeth Clephane was in the audience that night and for the first time heard her sister's poem sung as an appeal to those of whom "The Shepherd made answer: 'This of mine has wandered away from me.'"

A movement is now on foot by the Bible class of the church at Fergus to restore and care for the grave of George Clephane, as also other of the graves of the earlier days of Fergus. Thus interest may be renewed in the truth so well presented in the hymn that the ninety and nine are not enough for the Shepherd who made answer:

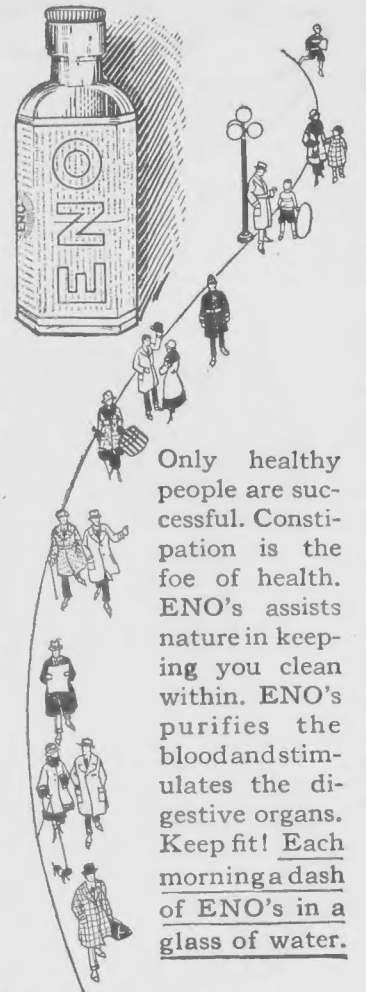
"This of mine has wandered away from me.

And, although the road be rough and steep,

I go to the desert to find my sheep."

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